14 May 1983 35p US $1.95 (by air) ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 80c DnKr 14.50 Fr NF 10.00 Ger Dm5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 225pts IR 50p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CREATURES

ONCE A FAKIR ALWAYS A FAKIR

by Richard Cook

MUDDY WATERS

COATI MUNDI

NIC ROEG

Siouxsie makes her bed and lies on it. Pic Anton Corbijn.

BATCAVE TOUR ● RESIDENTS DATES ● WOMAD RETURNS ● WELLER 45 ●

THE SPECIMEN have arranged to take the Batcave on tour around the country, with Alien Sexfiend appearing on most dates, plus inimitable DJ Hamish. This follows the recent release of the Batcave album 'Young Limbs And Numb Hymns', and coincides with the May 27 release of The Specimen's own single 'Returning From A Journey' on London Records. We are promised that the Batcave will transform the venues concerned "with a curse of blasphemy, lechery and blood — so a night of tasteless, yet glamorous, fun will be had by all".

Batcave is in action at its London base in Leicester Square on May 25, June 1, 8 and 15. Other confirmed dates are Glasgow Night Moves (May 26), Leeds Warehouse (30), Manchester Hacienda Club (June 2), Nottingham Asylum (3), Rayleigh Crocs (4), London Charing Cross Heaven (6), Bristol Trinity Hall (10), Hastings Downtown Saturday (13) and Hickstead Cinderella's (14).

***THE RESIDENTS** have now confirmed their UK visit next month, plans for which were revealed exclusively by NME last week, and they'll be playing four major concerts here — at Birmingham Town Hall (June 27), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Liverpool The State (29) and Edinburgh Town Hall (30).*

Tickets for the first two shows are all at the one price of £4, and for the last two they are all £3.50, available from box-offices. Mail orders are also being accepted as follows, and in each case the name of the addressee is that to which cheques should be made payable: Nitelife Promotions, 2 Harrisons Pleck, Moseley, Birmingham B13 8BD (Birmingham); Rank Leisure, Hammersmith Odeon Box Office, Queen Caroline Street, London W.6 (Hammersmith); Royal Court Theatre, Roe Street, Liverpool 1 (Liverpool); and Regular Music, 25 Johnstone Terrace, Edinburgh 1 (Edinburgh).

This will be the first opportunity for UK audiences to see this mysterious cult band, whose masked faces have hidden their identities for ten years, and whose music is equally unique and bizarre. It's appropriate that their visit has been arranged by Some Blzzare!

THE STYLE COUNCIL release their second single through Polydor on May 20 — it's called 'Money Go Round (Parts 1 & 2)', and it runs to a total of nearly eight minutes. Alternatively, the unbroken track is available as the A-side of the 12-inch format, with 'Head Start To Happiness' and 'Mick's Up' on the flip. All publishing royalties will go to Youth CND.

● Review on page 14.

The Hazel O'Connor Fan Club — a KGB front? Pic Ed Barber

Style Councillors — or Soviet spies? Pic Bleddyn Butcher

X. MOORE reports from the march on the facts and the fictions and, with three weeks to election countdown, explains YCND is vital.

ON SATURDAY May 7th, 40,000 people, predominantly teenagers, demonstrated in London against the nuclear arms race, marching through the capital to a festival in Brockwell Park, Brixton, in support of Youth CND.

The festival following the march showcased an impressive bill (Damned, Hazel O'Connor, Madness and The Style Council), attracting a crowd estimated by YCND at 70,000.

It was *impressive* and Fleet Street, fittingly, sidestepped any embarrassment by quoting police figures. Indeed, not since the days of the ANL carnivals have the dailies cut figures so heavily (a desperate attempt to bring them, if not in line with, then at least in sight of Lady Olga Maitland's 150-odd Women For The Bomb).

Disarmament is, significantly, an issue which the Tories have been *forced* to debate in the run-up to June 9th. The appointment of Michael Heseltine to nobble CND in the propaganda war shows not only that Thatcher's government are embarrassed by (particularly) the fight over US bases in Britain but indeed frightened by the overwhelming support that opposition has received.

DAVE HILL reports from Brockwell Park on the fun, the factions, the Style Council's brief visit and the Nutty Boys' pop sanity.

CND'S GREAT achievement has been to rekindle the flame of idealism in these crushingly disenchanted times. And it's a startling fact that the campaign's Youth wing, who organised this festival, is the fastest growing political organisation in the country.

Their aim with this shindig was to reach out to otherwise indifferent members of the 'Second Generation', as well as to converts. It was never going to be an easy ride — nonetheless, it was a fascinating afternoon.

The march left Victoria Embankment late, and so a lot of us missed The Damned, who have a wonderful name for a band aligning themselves with a Roman Catholic priest in trouble with his earthly boss.

I heard they went down extremely well, particularly with their hardcore fans who behaved exactly as Damned fans are supposed to. There's no need to go into detail. In the absence of an Araldite tent, they maintained their places at the front for an intriguing performance by Hazel O'Connor, fast becoming the Mayhem Generation's answer to Joan Baez.

Exactly what Hazel did remains unclear. The words — also the tunes — of her dramatic songs were obscured by an iffy sound system, and continual interruptions from a selection of missiles, which though a lot less potent than

SUMMER WOMADNESS

WOMAD IS to be revived this year as part of the ambitious five-week Capital Music Festival, being staged at various venues around London between June 24 and July 31. The first World of Music, Arts & Dance in 1982 was inspired by Peter Gabriel, and staged over one weekend at the Royal Bath & West Showground in Somerset — but this time it will spread over 12 successive nights (July 5-16) at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall.

The object of WOMAD is to blend indiginous Western music with cultures from around the world, but although last year's event was highly praised, it wasn't a financial success — probably due to its location, and its new setting within the Capital Festival should overcome this problem.

At least 12 countries from four continents will be represented in WOMAD '83, and among the better known names involved are 23 Skidoo, Rip Rig & Panic, Shriekback, Orchestre Jazira, Gasper Lawal's Africa Drum Oro Band, The Frank Chickens, Aldeone, Ekome, English Gamelan Orchestra and the Penguin Cafe Orchestra, with the probability of a couple of big-name headliners to come. The event also involves workshops and films.

The Capital Festival covers a wide cross-section of musical styles, and it includes Rod Stewart's concerts at Earls Court (June 25-27) and Mezzoforte's show at the Dominion (30), both previously reported. Here's a run-down of some of the other main attractions:

Fats Domino brings his full blues package to the Royal Festival Hall for his only UK appearance this year on July 18.

Jazz is well catered for with the Dollar Brand (also known as Abdullah Ibrahim) Quartet, playing the Brixton Ace (July 9), Palmers Green Intimate Theatre (10), Deptford Albany Empire (11) and Kensington Commonwealth Institute (12). Jaco Pastorius, the former Weather Report bassist, appears with his jazz-fusion Word Of Mouth Band at Hammersmith Odeon on July 2. And Herbie Hancock presents his latest VSOP II outfit, featuring ace trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, at the Royal Festival Hall on July 19.

Folk takes the form of a two-day festival at Hayes Beck Theatre, and among the principal acts are Richard Digance, The Firm and Cosmotheka (July 2); Roy Harper, Neil Innes, Dave Cousins, Arizona Smoke Revue, Chris Newman and Proper Little Madams (3).

An Afro-Caribbean Festival is

Fats Domino plus R&B haircut

NME INSIDE INFORMATION

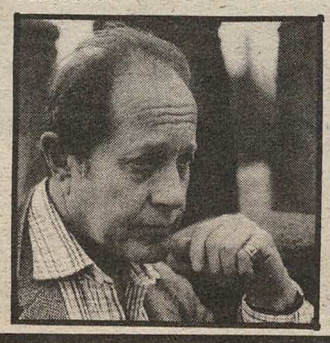
4 CHART SCAN
8 FOXTON SOLO
11 SMITH-EREENS!
12 DA BOOKS COOK
13 HOW GAUCHE!
14 SINGLES
16 SILVER SCREEN

6 STORMY MUNDI

Adrian Thrills scoots over to New York to see if there's life after Kid Creole, and is nearly sold a dummy.

20 A MAN INTO TIME

Or, Nic'n'Dick'n'flicks. Nic Roeg tells Richard Cook about Eureka, Bad Timing, The Man Who Fell To Earth and other reel lives.



23 DEATH OF A DELTA BLUES KING

Muddy Waters will roll and tumble no more. Charles Shaar Murray pays his last respects to the man who brought the blues from Mississippi to the Windy City.

24 DREADFUL CREATURES
26 LPs
31 REGGAE RUNNINGS
32 TOUR NEWS
33 RECORD NEWS
35 GIG GUIDE

39 LIVE! WITH STYLE
42 PRINT SOLDIERS ON
45 X-WORD
46 GASBAG
47 T-ZERS

BROCKWELL ROCKS ● CAN YOUTH CND SAVE US FROM WAR-RY TORIES? ●

NUCLEAR

For all its faults — its failure to mobilise the Trade Unions behind the anti-nuclear movement, and its over generous praise for the crusading elite dancing on the silos at Greenham — CND still enjoys massive (albeit sometimes passive) support amongst Britain's youth.

It is both massively popular and massively important — despite loose talk in certain areas of disarmament being 'high-brow' politics, it is at present the *only* issue which could draw 70,000 people to a park in South London.

Why CND? It is the biggest popular political movement precisely because the issue is the *bottom line,* the most basic of protests... a protest to survive. It is massively important not simply because of the urgency — tho' in 1983 with Thatcher and Reagan still riding high, the stark choice is certainly 'socialism or barbarism' — but, crucially, because it opens up an array of questions about how our lives are run and challenges that whole system.

Simply, CND is a fundamental *challenge,* and as the Cappucino Kid said, *"So the hue may be blue at the moment but boy! girl! can we do something about it with the colours we possess!"*

A Kremlin agent makes a personal appeal. Pic Ed Barber

MADNESS

being held in Brixton Angel Park on the afternoon of July 10, and 12 groups feature in a Steel Band Festival at Wembley Conference Centre on July 30. There's also a nostalgia concert at Croydon Fairfield Hall on July 24 with Freddie & The Dreamers, Gerry & The Pacemakers, The Troggs and Joe Brown. And Capital disc-jockeys host the 'Junior Best Disco In Town' for under-18s at the Lyceum Ballroom on July 31 (1.30-5.30pm).

Many other activities feature in the festival schedule — including buskers, brass bands, processions, fairs and firework displays. Most of the principal concerts will be recorded and offered to the ILR network, and a special deal is being worked out with London Transport for a travel and ticket package. And Capital's John Burrows revealed this week that at least a dozen more events are still in the planning stage.

those we had gathered to oppose, irritated Hazel sufficiently for her to punctuate each number with long-suffering requests for a cease-fire. It was never achieved. But Hazel is nothing if not game, and for that she won my respect.

Here's John Peel: "Sadly, I've a few of these personal messages for you," he says. "It would be nice if we could cut down on these. It all gets rather boring, a bit like the '60s. You know, 'Michael has lost his Insulin,' that sort of thing."

Peel is great on these occasions. You can always rely on him to puncture the shrill excitement of more *Committed* stage speakers who always manage to piss everyone off, when — having made our point by turning up — all we really want to do is get stuck into some serious festival self-degradation.

Of course, the Commited are here in force on ground level. The Revolutionary Communist Group, the Communist Party, the Socialist Workers Party, and the Labour Party Young Socialists are all here. Lady Olga Maitland and her Women For Defence — or, as Steve Bell aptly calls them, Women With Fur Coats, Nuclear Bunkers And Shares In The Defence Industry For Cruise And Trident — seemed to have stayed at home.

Amongst various stalls selling food, there's one selling feminist literature, some people from *Race Today,* and a fanzine stall where a bunch of hilarious yobs are making more noise than anyone else. *Cool Notes* fanzine (a startling rag containing some indecently humorous material) had as valuable a perspective as any. Their article on the Greenham Peace Camp starts like this. "I suppose it was inevitable that I should get around to covering the subject of nuclear weapons. Only an idiot could ignore a subject as important as this."

Unsophisticated maybe, but it certainly bettered a thoroughly counter-productive contribution — and I feel no pleasure in reporting this — from three of the Greenham women themselves, who came across as sanctimonious and acutely embarrassing as they harangued the audience about "peaceful interpersonal relationships" and the like, sadly misreading the spirit of the event.

But no one could have missed the air of anticipation which preceded Style Council's appearance. By now the numbers had swelled way beyond the 'official' estimate of 40,000, and Weller and friends took the stage to a mighty cheer. They did two numbers, 'Speak Like A Child' and 'Money Go Round.' They did them very well indeed, and then they went away again.

True, things were behind schedule and public parks have to be locked up for the night. But just two numbers. Hmmmm. A disappointment.

Madness, though, put a finishing shine on the day's excursion as only they could. They lobbed CND T-shirts into the crowd. They played all their hits. They lifted everybody's hearts just a little, and showed their unmistakable sincerity for the cause without being one bit preachy about it.

Darkness fell, and as we tramped through Brixton High Street, past transit vans packed with constabulary on time-and-a-half, I reflected that these nutty boys are the stuff that civilisation is made of. I don't want to lose them. I'm quite sure you don't either.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	TRUE — Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	1
2	2	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION — Human League (Virgin)	4	2
3	7	TEMPTATION — Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	4	3
4	13	PALE SHELTER — Tears For Fears (Mercury)	3	4
5	3	WORDS — F.R. David (Carrere)	6	3
6	4	BEAT IT — Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	3
7	8	WE ARE DETECTIVE — Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	7
8	15	DANCING TIGHT — Galaxy (Ensign)	4	8
9	5	LET'S DANCE — David Bowie (EMI)	8	1
10	12	BLUE MONDAY — New Order (Factory)	8	8
11	17	OUR LIPS ARE SEALED — Fun Boy Three (Funbx)	3	11
12	6	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND — Culture Club (Virgin)	5	2
13	11	TRUE LOVE WAYS — Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	11
14	10	FLIGHT OF THE ICARUS — Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	10
15	9	LOVE IS A STRANGER — Eurythmics (RCA)	5	5
16	34	BLIND VISION — Blancmange (London)	2	16
17	21	FRIDAY NIGHT — Kids From Fame (RCA)	3	17
18	14	ROSANNA — Toto (CBS)	4	14
19	22	MISS THE GIRL — Creatures (Polydor)	4	19
20	24	LAST FILM — Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	4	20
21	30	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU — The Beat (Go Feet)	2	21
22	18	I AM ME (I'M ME) — Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	7	18
23	16	BREAKAWAY — Tracy Ullman (Stiff)	6	5
24	20	YOUNG FREE AND SINGLE — Sunfire (Warners)	4	20
25	19	OVERKILL — Men At Work (Epic)	4	19
26	(—)	SHIPBUILDING — Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	1	26
27	29	FUTURE GENERATION — B52s (Island)	2	27
28	33	CREATURES OF THE NIGHT — Kiss (Casablanca)	2	28
29	26	I'M NEVER GIVING UP — Sweet Dreams (Ariola)	4	26
30	(—)	NOT NOW JOHN — Pink Floyd (Harvest)	1	30
31	23	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT — Tracie (Respond)	7	9
32	42	FAMILY MAN — Hall & Oates (RCA)	2	32
33	(—)	BUFFALO SOLDIER — Bob Marley (Island)	1	33
34	48	CANDY GIRL — New Edition (London)	4	34
35	41	THUNDER AND LIGHTNING — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	7	11
36	32	MUSIC (PART 1) — D Train (Prelude)	2	32
37	(—)	STOP AND GO — David Grant (Chrysalis)	1	37
38	31	THE TWIST — Chill Factorr (Philly World)	4	31
39	44	SWEET MEMORY — Belle Stars (Stiff)	4	36
40	25	SHE'S IN PARTIES — Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	5	19
41	50	GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES — Elton John (Rocket)	2	41
42	(—)	COUNTDOWN — Rush (Mercury)	1	42
43	37	MUCK IT OUT — Farmers Boys (EMI)	2	37
44	35	MINEFIELD — I-Level (Virgin)	4	32
45	(—)	DON'T STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM — Modern Romance (WEA)	1	45
46	40	FIELDS OF FIRE — Big Country (Mercury)	7	11
47	(—)	HEY — Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	47
48	28	OOH TO BE AH — Kajagoogoo (EMI)	6	5
49	46	ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH — Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	2	46
50	(—)	CATCH 23 — GBH (Clay)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	LET'S DANCE — David Bowie (EMI)	4	1
2	2	THRILLER — Michael Jackson (Epic)	21	1
3	4	TRUE — Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	9	3
4	11	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND — Meatloaf (Epic)	2	3
5	10	THE LUXURY GAP — Heaven 17 (Virgin)	2	5
6	6	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT — Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	4	3
7	3	CARGO — Men At Work (Epic)	3	3
8	5	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) — Eurythmics (RCA)	11	1
9	9	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK — Thompson Twins (Arista)	11	2
10	7	THE FINAL CUT — Pink Floyd (Harvest)	7	1
11	8	WHITE FEATHERS — Kajagoogoo (EMI)	3	8
12	14	THE HURTING — Tears For Fears (Mercury)	9	2
13	22	LISTEN — A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	2	13
14	12	TOTO IV — Toto (CBS)	11	3
15	(—)	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES — New Order (Factory)	1	15
16	20	YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK'N'ROLL — Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	2	16
17	(—)	SONGS — Kids From Fame (BBC)	1	17
18	17	RIO — Duran Duran (EMI)	43	2
19	15	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN — Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	4	12
20	13	WAR — U2 (Island)	10	3
21	19	THE KEY — Joan Armatrading (A&M)	9	7
22	21	PRIDE — Robert Palmer (Island)	4	15
23	40	TWICE AS KOOL — Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	2	23
24	28	ELIMINATOR — ZZ Top (WEA)	4	28
25	18	MUSIC FROM LOCAL HERO — Mark Knopfler (Vertigo)	4	10
26	32	CHARTRUNNERS — Various (Ronco)	8	7
27	16	HIGHLY STRUNG — Steve Hackett (Charisma)	3	16
28	23	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR — Marillion (EMI)	7	4
29	34	STONEKILLERS — Prince Charles And The City Band (Virgin)	2	29
30	38	LIONEL RITCHIE — Lionel Richie (Motown)	18	9
31	(—)	WE ARE ONE — Maze (Capitol)	1	31
32	27	KIDS FROM FAME LIVE — Kids From Fame (BBC)	5	16
33	31	HELLO I MUST BE GOING — Phil Collins (Virgin)	26	2
34	25	KISSING TO BE CLEVER — Culture Club (Virgin)	21	2
35	(—)	MAGICAL RING — Clannad (RCA)	3	25
36	30	SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE — Ramones (Sire)	3	30
37	33	STREET SOUNDS III — Various (Street Sounds)	4	26
38	(—)	CHINERA — Bill Nelson (Mercury)	1	38
39	26	GRAPES OF WRATH — Spear Of Destiny (Epic)	3	23
40	39	DAZZLE SHIPS — Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	9	6
41	24	JARREAU — Al Jarreau (WEA)	4	24
42	41	STEVE MILLER LIVE — Steve Miller (Mercury)	2	41
43	(—)	NIGHT DUBBING — Imagination (R&B)	1	43
44	(—)	WAITING — Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	8	7
45	35	BUSINESS AS USUAL — Men At Work (Epic)	17	1
46	50	MONEY AND CIGARETTES — Eric Clapton (Duck)	8	15
47	(—)	THE HEIGHT OF BAD MANNERS — Bad Manners (Telstar)	1	47
48	29	FASTWAY — Fastway (CBS)	3	29
49	36	POWER AND THE GLORY — Saxon (Carrere)	7	10
50	37	LIVING MY LIFE — Grace Jones (Island)	3	37

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
2	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	LOVE IS A STRANGER	Eurythmics (RCA)
4	TWIST	Chill Factorr (Philly World)
5	WE ARE DETECTIVE	Thompson Twins (Arista)
6	DANCING TIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)
7	NEVER GONNA STOP	Midnight (Tivoli)
8	STOP AND GO	David Grant (Chrysalis)
9	MAMA TOLD HER	Combo Passe (IDS)
10	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
11	COST OF LIVIN'	J. Walter Negro & Nicky Tesco (Albion)
12	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Forrest (CBS)
13	FLASH DANCE	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
14	MUSIC	D Train (Prelude)
15	SOME OTHER PLACE	Rockets (CGD)
16	YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR LOVE	David Joseph (Island)
17	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
18	YOUNG FREE AND SINGLE	Sunfire (Warner Bros)
19	FASCINATION	Human League (Virgin)
20	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND	Culture Club (Virgin)

Chart by Theo Loyla — Mobile DJ 0227364806

AFRICAN LPs

1	MUSIC OF MANY COLOURS	Fela Anikulapo Kuti/Roy Ayers (Phonodisk — Nigeria)
2	MAKOROKOTO 7"	The Four Brothers (Earthworks — Zimbabwe)
3	DOUBLE DOUBLE	Nyaboma (Celluloid — Zaire)
4	MAA JO	King Sunny Ade (SAL — Nigeria)
5	IT'S ONLY MONEY 12"	Chantage (Celluloid — UK/Guinea)
6	DEDE PRISCILLA	Lea Lignanzi (Discafrique — Central African Republic)
7	MA COCO	Pablo Porthos (Discafrique — Zaire)
8	LOVE 12"	Orchestre Jazira (Earthworks — UK/Ghana)
9	IJINLE ODU	King Sunny Ade (SAL — Nigeria)
10	LE RETOUR	Lolo Lolitta & Tchico (Badmos — Ivory Coast)
11	AMI OYOMIYA	Bebe Manga (SIIS — Ivory Coast)
12	PROPULSION	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddyson — Zaire)
13	NEW SOUNDS OF AFRICA	Mensy (Discafrique — Cameroun)
14	LET THEM SAY	Prince Nico (Polydor — Nigeria)
15	NALELI CONGO	Kosmos (Safari Sound — Congo)
16	LIVE ABIDJAN	Youssou Ndour Et Super Etoile De Dakar (AKG — Senegal)
17	SAMANTHA	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddyson — Zaire)
18	KENDOU WERENTE	Orchestre Baobab (MCA — Senegal)
19	BA CAMERADES	Kosmos (Safari Sound — Congo)
20	ETOILE DE DAKAR	Various Artists (E.T. Senegal)
21	LE BEACH	Wuta Mey (Eddyson — Zaire)
22	JOCKER	Asi Kapela (Afromania — Congo)
23	MANDJOU	Ambassadeur International (Badmos — Mali)
24	ISE LOGUN ISE	Alhaji Barrister & His Supreme Fuji Commanders (Siky Oluyole — Nigeria)
25	PANORAMA DU SENEGAL	Various Artists (MCA — Senegal)

Chart compiled by Earthworks — 01-969 5145.

The Number One Fela

45s INDEPENDENT

1	(1)	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
2	(3)	ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)
3	(15)	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
4	(2)	PEPPERMINT PIG	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
5	(7)	TELECOMMUNICATION EP	Blitz (Future)
6	(10)	CROW BABY	March Violets (Rebirth)
7	(4)	SEBASTIAN	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
8	(16)	ALICE 12"	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
9	(19)	A GIRL CALLED JOHNNY	Water Boys (Chicken Jazz)
10	(14)	CATTLE AND CANE	The Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
11	(6)	ANGRY SONGS	Omega Tribe (Crass)
12	(5)	ANACONDA	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
13	(8)	MEGALOMANIA	Blood (No Future)
14	(12)	BAD SEED	Birthday Party (4AD)
15	(13)	HANGOVER	Serious Drinking (Upright)
16	(22)	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)
17	(23)	COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES II	Various (No Future)
18	(29)	BANDWAGON	Test Card F (Tango)
19	(21)	CEREMONY	New Order (Factory)
20	(20)	MONEY'S TOO TIGHT	Valentine Brothers (Energi)
21	(11)	LIFE ON THE RED LINE	Violators (Future)
22	(9)	WHITE RABBIT	Damned (Big Beat)
23	(—)	FURNICE/GUYS AND DOLLS	Darkness & Jive (Red Rhino)
24	(—)	BAD BOY	Adicts (Razor)
25	(—)	BEATING HEART	Section 25 (Factory)
26	(—)	TAKE IT ALL AWAY	Red Lorry Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)
27	(27)	OCEANIC EXPLORERS EP	Expo Facto (Probe)
28	(25)	SOMEWHERE/HIDE	Danse Society (Society)
29	(—)	CATCH 23	GBH (Clay)
30	(—)	WEREWOLF	Erazerhead (Flicknife)

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	(—)	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
2	(1)	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
3	(2)	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)
4	(3)	LAZY WAYS	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
5	(6)	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
6	(9)	1981-82 — THE MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)
7	(4)	SONG AND LEGEND	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
8	(7)	IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO	Conflict (Corpus Christi)
9	(5)	BEFORE HOLLYWOOD	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
10	(8)	ENFLAME	Passage (Cherry Red)
11	(14)	GANG WARS	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)
12	(12)	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)
13	(23)	MOVEMENT	New Order (Factory)
14	(11)	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)
15	(—)	THE WHIP	Various (Kamera)
16	(10)	LET THE TRIBE INCREASE	The Mob (All The Madmen)
17	(15)	GARLANDS	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)
18	(30)	REASON WHY	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
19	(13)	CARE	Shriekback (Y)
20	(17)	A DISTANT SHORE	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
21	(16)	DIG THIS GROOVE BABY	Toy Dolls (Volume)
22	(21)	TWICE UPON A TIME	Hawkwind, Friends And Relations (Flicknife)
23	(19)	NORTH MARINE DRIVE	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
24	(—)	CALL OF THE WEST	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
25	(24)	EARTH Vs SHOCKABILLY	Shockabilly (Rough Trade)
26	(18)	SURPRISE, SURPRISE	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
27	(27)	CHAOS UK	Chaos UK (Riot City)
28	(—)	STRIVE TO SURVIVE	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
29	(—)	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)
30	(29)	REBEL SONGS	Decorators (Red Flame)

REGGAE 45s

1	MR MONEYMAKER	Barrington Levy/Purple Man (Hitbound)
2	MINISTER FOR GANJA	Jim Brown/Rapper Robert (Studio 1)
3	CHILDREN OBEY YOUR PARENTS	Michael Prophet (Vivian Jackson)
4	STAND UP AND FIGHT	Freddie McGregor (Jah Life)
5	I'LL BE AROUND	Otis Gayle (Studio 1)
6	PASS THE CHALICE	Ranking Devon (All Nations)
7	CAN'T STOP RIGHTEOUSNESS	Gladiators (Hitbound)
8	YOUR LOVE GOTTA HOLD ON ME	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
9	ROOTS WITH QUALITY	Third World (Observers)
10	CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS	Simple Simon (Hitbound)
11	WAR AND CRIME	Trevor Junior (Youth Promotion)
12	YOUTH NEEDS PROMOTION	Fathead (Thunderbolt)
13	MONEY	Cornell Campbell (Gorgon)
14	PHYSICAL FITNESS	Santana (Gamble)
15	REBEL CRICKETER	Rapper Robert (Spiderman)

REGGAE LPs

1	DUB ME CRAZY PART III	Mad Professor (Ariwa)
2	I AM READY	Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
3	VERY BEST OF	Ruddy Thomas (Mobiliser)
4	SPREAD OUT (PASS THE LASER BEAM)	Don Carlos (Lee)
5	LOVE IS AN EARTHLY THING	Michael Prophet (CSA)
6	LIVE AND DIRECT (ACES VOL I & II)	Various Live DJs (Intense)
7	NO MORE FRIEND	Meditations (Greensleeves)
8	MEGATON DUB	Lee Perry (Seven Leaves)
9	CHECK IT	Mutabaruka (Alligator)
10	LIVE AT DICK SHEPHERD YOUTH CENTRE	Various Live UK DJs (Raiders)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1

JAZZ LPs

Evans above!

1	THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA	Gil Evans (Mole Jazz)
2	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
3	LET ME TELL YOU	Leo Parker (Blue Note)
4	TRADITIONALISM REVISITED	Bob Brookmeyer (Pacific)
5	BLUES IN TRINITY	Dizzy Reece (Blue Note)
6	AFTER LIGHTS OUT	Tubby Hayes (Jasmine)
7	WEST COAST BLUES	Harold Land (Jazzland)
8	STAR PEOPLE	Miles Davis (CBS)
9	FACE TO FACE	Peterson/Hubbard (Pablo)
10	ROUND MIDNIGHT	Monk/Mulligan (Milestone)

Chart Courtesy of Mole, 374 Grays Inn Road, London WC1

USA 45s

1	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	JEOPARDY	Greg Kihn Band (Beserkley)
3	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
4	COME ON EILEEN	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
5	DER KOMMISSAR	After The Fire (Epic)
6	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Columbia)
7	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
8	MR ROBOTO	Styx (A&M)
9	LITTLE RED CORVETTE	Prince (Warner Bros)
10	I WON'T HOLD YOU BACK	Toto (Columbia)

USA LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
3	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A&M)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Columbia)
6	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
7	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
8	H2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9	RIO	Duran Duran (Capitol)
10	THE DISTANCE	Bob Seger And The Silver Buller Band (Capitol)
11	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia
12	WAR	U2 (Island)
13	THE CLOSER YOU GET	Alabama (RCA)
14	TOO-RYE-AY	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
15	KIHNSPIRACY	Greg Kihn Band (Beserkley)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMANY 45s

1	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI)
2	BILLIE JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	BRUTTOSOZIALPRODUKT	Geiersturzflug (Ariola)
4	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
5	HEY LITTLE GIRL	Icehouse (Chrysalis)
6	UP WHERE WE BELONG	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)
7	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)
8	DER KNUTSCHFLECK	IXXI (Metronome)
9	MR ROBOTO	Styx (A & M)
10	MANUEL GOODBYE	Audrey Landers (Ariola)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

FRINGE LPs

1	WINTER COMES HOME	David Thomas & His Legs (Re)
2	RESIDUE	The Residents (Ralph)
3	KATRA TURANA	Katra Turana (Telegraph)
4	GENERATIVE THEMES	A.M.M. (Matchless)
5	LIVE IN PRAQUE & WASHINGTON DC	Chris Cutler/Fred Frith (Re)
6	NOTHING IS...	Sun Ra (La Base)
7	MAN OR MONKEY?	Cassiber (Riskant)
8	A DOUGHNUT IN BOTH HANDS	Phil Minton (Rift)
9	CASABLANCA MOON	Slapp Happy/Faust (Recommended)
10	NEGATIVLAND	Negativland (Seeland)

Courtesy of Recommended Records.

POP VIDEOS 20

1	(1)	DURAN DURAN	(EMI)
2	(5)	COMPLEAT BEATLES	(MGM/UA)
3	(4)	THE WALL	Pink Floyd (EMI)
4	(3)	VIDEOTHEQUE	(EMI)
5	(15)	HUMAN LEAGUE	(Palace)
6	(—)	GISELLE	(PRT)
7	(—)	QUEEN'S GREATEST FLIX	(EMI)
8	(6)	ABBA — THE MOVIE	(MGM/UA)
9	(12)	THE HIGH ROAD	Roxy Music (Spectrum)
10	(11)	AROUND THE WORLD	The Police (EMI)
11	(—)	ONE MAN SHOW	Grace Jones (Island)
12	(—)	KATE BUSH	(EMI)
13	(10)	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton John (EMI)
14	(17)	NON STOP EXOTIC VIDEO	Soft Cell (EMI)
15	(—)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	(Mountain)
16	(—)	SHEENA EASTON	(EMI)
17	(—)	ONCE UPON A TIME	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polygram)
18	(—)	COMPLETE MADNESS	(Stiff)
19	(16)	HOT GOSSIP	(EMI)
20	(19)	THE NUTCRACKER	(CBS/Fox)

By courtesy of HMV Shops Limited.

BOOKS 10

"Ello John, gotta new sculpture?"

1	MINOR CHARACTERS	Joyce Johnson (Picador)
2	TEN YEARS IN AN OPEN NECKED SHIRT	John Cooper Clarke (Arena)
3	ESSENTIAL BLISS	Garratt & Kidd (Pavement Press)
4	COLOR PURPLE	Alice Walker (Womens Press)
5	HELLFIRE	Nick Tosches (Plexus)
6	SALVADOR	Joan Didion (Chatto & Windus)
7	I NEED MORE	Iggy Pop (Karz-Cohl)
8	THE VISITATION	Michelle Roberts (Womens Press)
9	IMAGE, MUSIC, TEXT	Roland Barthes (Fontana)
10	THE SEXUAL OUTLAW	John Rechy (Futura)

Charts courtesy of Compendium Book Shop, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1

FRED FACT

Verily I say unto you... 'True Love Ways', the latest vinyl epistle from St Cliff, was one of the four songs Buddy Holly waxed on his last recording session. Recorded by the bespectacled Texan at New York's Pythian Temple — a building funded by a masonic mob known as The Knights Of Pythius — it was cut on the same day that Holly used the studio's three-track machine to also lay down 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore', 'Moondreams' and 'Raining In My Heart', the latter making a fairly recent appearance in the UK charts during 1978, during which year Leo Sayer hired a fork-lift truck to raise him to recording-mike height. And 'True Love Ways' hasn't fared too badly along the way, not only giving Holly a posthumous hit in 1960 but also helping Peter and Gordon to a bundle of boodle some five years later. Now Cliff's revived the ditty one more time and if there are those among you who feel that our Abbey (Road) chorister is going secular then I'll impart the info that 'True Love Ways' is actually based upon 'It'll Be All Right', a hymn once recorded by The Angelic Gospel Singers. Pass the collection box around, someone. Amen. **Fred Dellar**

5 YEARS AGO

1	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
2	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
3	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)
4	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
5	AUTOMATIC LOVER	Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)
6	LET'S ALL CHANT	Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)
7	JACK AND JILL	Raydio (Arista)
8	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)
9	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
10	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)

10 YEARS AGO

1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	HELL RAISER	Sweet (RCA)
4	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
5	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
6	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
7	GIVING IT ALL AWAY	Roger Daltrey (Track)
8	MY LOVE	Paul McCartney & Wings (EMI)
9	NO MORE MR NICE GUY	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
10	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie (EMI)

15 YEARS AGO

1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int)
3	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
4	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
6	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
7	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
8	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	Herd (Fontana)
9	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
10	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

20 YEARS AGO

1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Parlophone)
3	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
4	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	I CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
6	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
7	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
8	TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS	Del Shannon (London)
9	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
10	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

DEEP PURPLE

GILLAN

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am 109

DWARFED BY the high-rise concrete maze of midtown Manhattan and the stark silhouette of a US Navy battleship masquerading as a floating maritime museum, a couple of lonely figures sit on the dock of the bay and stare across the Hudson River towards the bland New Jersey skyline.

The two men are both small, bald and stocky. They could almost pass as a pair of identical twins, the only difference between them being their dress — one wears a sharp brown suit and the other a casual kimono and a pair of scuffed khaki commando strides.

Away in the distance, rush-hour traffic trundles down West Street, windows wound down and horns blaring as the stifling humidity puts a thousand tempers on a short fuse. Down by the jetty, however, everything is serene, the only sound coming from the shrieking gulls that circle above.

But time never stands still in New York City, and the calm is soon broken by a scuffle on the waterfront. The character in the kimono has grabbed the man in the suit and is wrestling him to the ground. As a possé of pedestrians stop and stare in horror, the commando floors his opponent with the ease of a Martial Arts expert, leaving him limp and apparently lifeless on the tarmac.

But the worst fears of the onlookers are unfounded. The victim of the attack is not now another New York crime statistic, and his assailant is anything but a violent mugger: it is just song and dance man Andy Hernandez doing what he does best... playing the fool.

Andy is the one in the kimono. The hapless chap in the suit is just a mannequin, a lifelike plastic dummy imported from Germany for the video that Andy — as Coati Mundi — recently shot for his 'Como Esta Usted' single. The clowning is largely for the benefit of photographer Kevin Cummins, who had been snapping away while Andy was wrestling with his plastic pal.

The fun finished, we turn away from the waterfront to head back towards midtown. Andy slings the dummy over his shoulder as he walks, much to the bemusement of passing drivers, many of whom feel moved to bellow insults at the sight of such an odd couple. Hernandez, naturally, is far from oblivious to the interest he seems to be causing.

"I just influenced that guy's life," he grins as another muffled jibe comes from the window of a passing car.

You just influenced his *life?*

"Yeah... that guy will go home and tell his family all about this little Puerto Rican character he saw dragging a dummy around Manhattan. He'll never be the same again."

Of course, he might just dismiss it: to most New Yorkers, little Coati is probably just another one of the hundreds of crazies who clutter up the streets of their city.

ANDY HERNANDEZ has been playing the clown for as long as he can remember. As a kid at Rice High, a Roman Catholic school in Spanish Harlem, he would amuse his classmates by dancing on top of a brick wall. Years later, when he first teamed up with his mmusical sidekick August Darnell in Doctor Buzzard's Origina! Savannah Band, he was attracted to the ensemble not by their penchant for style and elegance, but by their ridiculous sense of humour.

And now, as he picks up the threads of a solo career that began back in 1981 with the quintessential 'Que Pasa' single, the clowning is still very much to the fore.

"When I go out on the street in New York, it always makes me feel like a kid. When I'm by myself, I act like an adult and, in terms of my principles and morality, I am an adult, but out in the street I'm just a kid.

"I believe that there's still a child in every adult and the music that I make often leans towards that child. If I'm having my picture taken, I don't need to put on the air of a cool star. Let me be silly! I need to be silly sometimes to get away from the other pressures.

"When I make music, I have fun doing it. I really enjoyed making my album and single, so even if it doesn't sell, at least I'll know that I had fun doing it."

Planet Sound, a studio on West 30th Street, is the nerve centre from where Andy Hernandez has been hatching plans for his sugar-coated solo career. It is here where he records and rehearses; and this is where we go — the dummy Coati still in tow — to discuss the importance of being Mundi.

Although his ties with August Darnell have certainly not been severed, Coati Mundi is now channelling most of his creative energy away from Kid Creole And The Coconuts and into his own work: playing the goofy stooge to Darnell's suave, straight sophisticate is something that Andy does well and willingly, but it is hardly the kind of role to satisfy his wilder artistic urges.

And this is why he has signed a solo contract with Virgin Records, the first fruits of which have now ripened into an album bearing the unwieldly nameplate, 'Little Coati Mundi, The Former 12 Year Old Genius', a spoof on the title of Little Stevie Wonder's first LP.

The record should surprise a lot of people. Mundi's talent was never fully exposed on any of the Kid Creole albums, but 'Genius' finally gives the little master full vent to express himself and unveil his abilities as a writer, vocalist, arranger,

DOUBLE TROUBLE

producer and instrumentalist (vibes, marimba, flute, keyboards and percussion). It also, of course, has a substantial smattering of his dry streetwise wit.

But the real spice of this music is its diversity. Combining the rhythmic feel of the South American samba, via Spanish Harlem, with a cute blue-eyed European pop sensibility, the songs veer from the soulful, Philly influenced 'Pharaoh' and the crisp electro-pop of 'Prisoner Of My Principles' to the more familiar Latinesque rap of the single.

Two years ago, Coati described his particular musical hybrid as 3D Rainbowphonic Spanglish Rap, and the description still holds good.

"I like working with different colours," he explains. "I like different colours of rhythm, drama and dialogue. I want people to be able to conjure up colourful images when they hear the music. I like having little playlets in the songs — not serious drama, just little scenes that pop up through the music.

"I didn't want the album to have one sound, the way that a rock band stick to the basic guitar, bass and drums format. I wanted to do something more — give people a complete package of entertainment."

COATI SIGNED his current deal with Virgin Records after being dropped as a solo artist by Ze shortly after 'Que Pasa'. He didn't even bother looking for an American deal, feeling the British companies would understand him better in the light of the success enjoyed by Kid Creole towards the end of last year in Europe.

The future of Kid Creole, however, is in the balance now that Coati is in business as a fully-fledged solo artist. He has committed himself to another European tour with the Creole collective in the summer but, with Darnell currently writing and producing material for an EMI album featuring just the Coconuts, the band have no plans as yet for a sequel to their 'Tropical Gangsters' LP.

"The situation is a very awkward one," he admits. "The Kid Creole manager, Tommy Mottola, doesn't manage me directly, so they can't take anything for granted. All I have with Kid Creole at the moment is a verbal agreement with August. We are like partners onstage but offstage they have to respect that I now have my solo career. Hopefully things will work out, because I like the idea of combining the two, but we are playing it very much by ear at the moment."

With Kid Creole once again in a state of limbo, Coati has enlisted the aid of some of the 'Tropical Gangsters' musicians on his solo album, the most notable being pianist Peter Schott and bassist Carol Colman. With his flatmate and former Creole chanteuse Lori Eastside also well to the fore, it is hardly surprising that some familiar musical echoes crop up from time to time on 'Genius'.

Nowhere is this more apparent that on 'I'm Corrupt', originally a throwaway track on 'Tropical Gangsters', where it was supposedly spoilt by having the guts torn out of it by Darnell's heavy-handed arrangement.

But if some of the lush orchestration and petulant female backing vocals recall some of Coati's former glories under the wing of Darnell, 'Genius' is far more than just a surrogate Creole album. Tracks like 'Everybody's On An Ego Trip' and, particularly, 'Tropical Hot Dog Night', a cover of a Captain Beefheart tune, are a world away from anything that Andy has ever done before.

"The first song is a satire on the whole rap thing. I'm not trying to degrade the rappers or say that they have no meaning. I'm just laughing at that whole ego trip that they get into. I'm guilty of it myself, though, so it's not just them I'm laughing at.

"As for 'Tropical Hot Dog Night', I wanted to do a cover version and arrange it totally differently to the original. I'm not a great Beefheart fan, but I heard that tune when I was in Switzerland and I really liked it. It's one for the people who like digging things out and researching them."

Though most of the songs on the LP are essentially 'fun' tracks, Andy does reveal his more serious side on both 'Pharaoh', a song about greed, and the eerie 'Prisoner Of My Principles'.

"That song comes from my experience as a social worker in East Harlem. When you're doing that kind of job, as I was before I joined the Savannah Band, you get to meet a lot of people with problems and you have to try and see their side of the matter. I'm talking about someone who might have certain moral standards and principles, but sometimes feels so constricted by them that he goes the other way."

There is a line in the song: about messing around with underage girls and married ladies, not the kind of thing one would expect from clean-cut, non-smoking, non-drinking Coati. What gives?

"Well, I have to admit that I did once mess around with a 17-year-old girl... but I was only 16 at the time!"

THE SOLO album, though, is not all that has been occupying Andy since the last Kid Creole tour. As a producer he has been branching out to work with artists as diverse as Palais Schaumburg from Germany, Floy Joy from the UK and American R&B singer Claudia Barry.

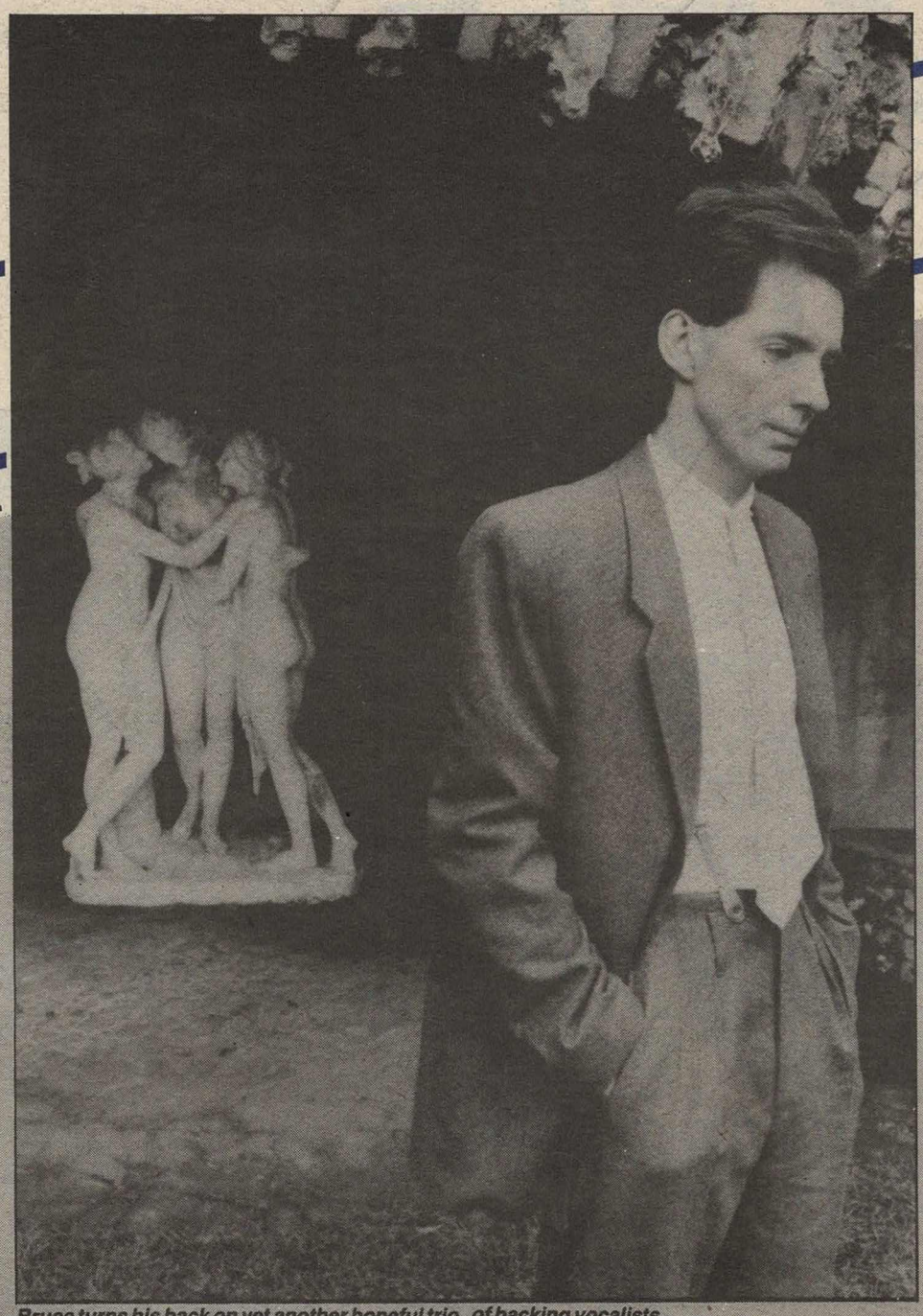
"Basically, I'm trying to develop my trade. Even if an act might initially put me off, I figure that I'll always learn something by working with

CONTINUES PAGE 36

One Coati Mundi is bad enough, but two... So, which one is 'The former 12 year old genius', and which one the dummy? Adrian Thrills interviews them both for safety's sake. Pix Kevin Cummins.

BRUCE FOXTON FINDS THERE IS LIFE AFTER THE JAM ● GLASGOW GETS AHEAD ●

OUT OF THE JAM AND INTO THE FIRE



Bruce turns his back on yet another hopeful trio of backing vocalists.

AROUND THE end of September last year Bruce Foxton's world started to fall apart. It was then that Paul Weller told him and drummer Rick Buckler that come Christmas and the end of their then present tour, he was leaving The Jam and he wasn't coming back. Ever.

Foxton spent long nights lying awake, usually after yet another triumphant Jam performance, trying to come to terms with the fact. He found it impossible to see beyond the success, to believe that after five years at the top of the ladder, suddenly, cruelly it was all going to come to an end.

"When we did Japan at the end of last year we could all see Paul wasn't happy. I thought he'd have a break for six months, because what we were doing was getting routine. I thought he wanted to take some time to work for his label but when he said he wanted to leave and not come back, that was a shock, it was really hard to take in. Obviously it was a big decision for Paul but at least he had had time to sort himself out, but to me it was devastating. It was my whole life, apart from socialising, I'd never played with other musicians or anything.

"Being in The Jam was very secure and that's what Paul didn't like about it, but I did, I liked the security. We'd worked six years to get where we were and I was enjoying my success. I could have done with a couple of more years, more so abroad which is where I was mainly frustrated," he explains.

A printers' apprentice for five years after leaving school, it was during the last two years of his apprenticeship that Foxton joined up with two local Woking lads to form The Jam. Weller was undoubtedly the major force behind the group, the one who wrote the songs and established the group's identity. Save a few, often critically derided song writing attempts, Foxton was happy to coast on Weller's talent.

"In the early days I sort of totally went for it and tried to write as many songs as possible, but with success I was happy to sit back and let Paul do all the hard part and I just got lazier and lazier."

Having had his meal ticket confiscated at the end of last year, Foxton began the tricky business of finding his feet as a solo artiste. He set up a makeshift studio in his house and began to write a few songs. Then he went back to Polydor to see how he stood in light of the split.

"Polydor had the option on all three of us, but reading between the lines they were happy to just keep Paul. They offered me and Rick demo time and we could take it from there. I thought after being with the company for six years they'd make me an offer without demos. I went to see the managing director informally and he seemed up for it. But when they put figures on the table it was embarrassing, I think they'd probably offer a new group more than they offered me. I felt insulted."

Foxton imagined a privileged place had been set aside for him but it seemed as if he was going to have to prove himself like every other hopeful who wants to become another stitch in rock's rich tapestry. But help was at hand. His publisher alerted a contact at Arista/Ariola and, purely on the basis of his reputation, he inked a solo deal with the company. It hardly seems the ideal circumstances under which to sign to a record company, before they've even heard any of your songs, though he claims that they have now heard the four or five tracks he's recorded and are the obligitory "100% behind him".

"The main thing now is to get my finger out. But it's still worrying because the company are into the songs, everything's there but it's sort of down to me because I have to prove it again. It should be good, I think you can hear it in the songs, it's fresh, it's quite exciting stuff."

A single is planned for June called 'Freak', based around the film *The Elephant Man*. Although he'd like to get back on the road as soon as possible, at the moment he has resigned himself to making videos. I've got some strong ideas, I'd like to base the video for the single in the Victorian era, if it's not too expensive." Although he sees his future as a solo artist he plans to put a nucleus of guitarist and drummer together. But for a guy who's led a sheltered musical career, finding the right men is proving quite difficult. "It's all a problem at the moment, really. Y'know — photo sessions and that. I want a fairly smart image — suits and stuff — but not exactly the same as The Jam."

In a strange way I feel a bit sorry for Foxton — he's been brought up to expect so much and he's now left with so little. He seems as awkward around record company people as I am, on the way to the lift after the interview he has a hard time trying to put all the names to the faces.

"It's really weird," he says, "like being the new boy at school." For Bruce Foxton the coming term looks like being a long uphill struggle.

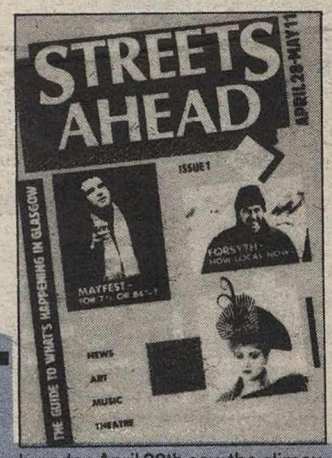
GAVIN MARTIN

the lone groover benyon

IF THIS RECORDING IS SUPPOSED TO BE HITLER—HOW COME HE SANG IN ENGLISH EH? EH?
ENGLISH IS TH' UNIVERSAL 'ROCK' LANGUAGE—BESIDES HE WANTED INTO TH' AMERICAN MARKET PLACE!
VASTO RECORDS
YEAH!—WELL I STILL THINK IT'S FAKE THAT'S WHY I'VE ASKED A BATTY HITLER HISTORIAN TO AUTHENTICATE IT.
VASTO-RECORDS
GREAT!
OH SHIT!
OK PROFF—HERE'S TH' BIG ONE, DID HITLER SING IN ENGLISH?
YAH! SURE HE DID!
WOT!
WHAT?
ARE YOU SAYING THIS RECORDING IS AUTHENTIC ??!!
NO, NINE WAY—IT'S TOO UNDER PRODUCED, THE WRONG PLECTRUM STYLE AND SOUNDS NOTHING LIKE JOHN DENVER.
?
JOHN DENVER!

note oilskin base lowry

FAR BELOW THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, TWO DIVERS PONDER THE NATURE OF REALITY..
I READ THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY, THE ENGLISH ARMY HAD JUST WON THE WAR!..
DON'T BELIEVE IN MANTRA! DON'T BELIEVE IN I CHING!
TOTE THAT BARGE, LIFT THAT BAIL..
WHILE...
INVITED TO APPEAR ON T.V., MONTY LEE MONTGOMERY MYSTERIOUSLY OPTS TO STAY IN BED...
I AWOKE THIS MORNING, SO ALONE & TERRIFIED, I PUT MY FINGERS TO THE GLASS AND BOWED MY HEAD AND CRIED..
LONDON A-Z
RUBBISH, MAN! YOU WERE PISSED.
EXCUSES..
I WAS JUMPED BY A GANG OF UNSTRUCTURED STRUCTURALISTS WHO OBJECTED TO THE BAND'S BLASPHEMOUS PUNK ROCK VERSION OF 'NEARER MY GOD TO THEE'..
POST STRUCTURALIST
HOW ROCKIST!
THAT EVENING MONTY & THE MONOTONOUS MOUNTAIN MEN ATTEMPT A DARING POP/POLITICS FUSION...
LAST NIGHT I SAID THESE WORDS TO MY GIRL!! WE HAVE SEEN HOW MONEY IS CHANGED INTO CAPITAL; HOW THROUGH CAPITAL SURPLUS-VALUE IS.. CONT. P.96.
FYODOR DOSTOY-EVSKY.
TINKLE SPLASH!..
BOO!! WHAT A BLOODY AWFUL BAND!!
TRANS-CENDING REALITY. PLEASE PASS.
WE'RE NOT A BLOODY AWFUL BAND! WE'RE SUBVERTING PEOPLE'S STALE AND LIMITED IDEAS OF WHAT A GOOD BAND SHOULD BE LIKE..!
CURSE THESE SMART-ARSE STRUCTURALIST ONE LINERS!.
ELVIS THE PELVIS
NEXT—GABBY JOHNSON IS RIGHT!..



Thursday April 28th saw the climax of years of hard work with a new magazine for Glasgow called *Streets Ahead*.

Calling obvious comparisons with London's *City Limits*, this worker's co-op mag has a format based around listings, with a radical left slant. After a pilot issue last October, and following a long and tense wait, it was finally rewarded by a modest grant from the Scottish Arts Council and an offer of free premises from Glasgow District Council. These bare bones of finance mean that the magazine has an unfortunate reliance on income from advertising, which, in a city with so many areas of commerce flagging, presents the only cloud behind an otherwise silver lining. The silver lining is that they have dedicated staff of over 30 writers, photographers and artists.

Streets Ahead is a fortnightly magazine and costs 50p. The next issue, due out on May 12th, features interviews with Pete Capaldi and The Belle Stars.

ANDREA MILLER

the B-52's

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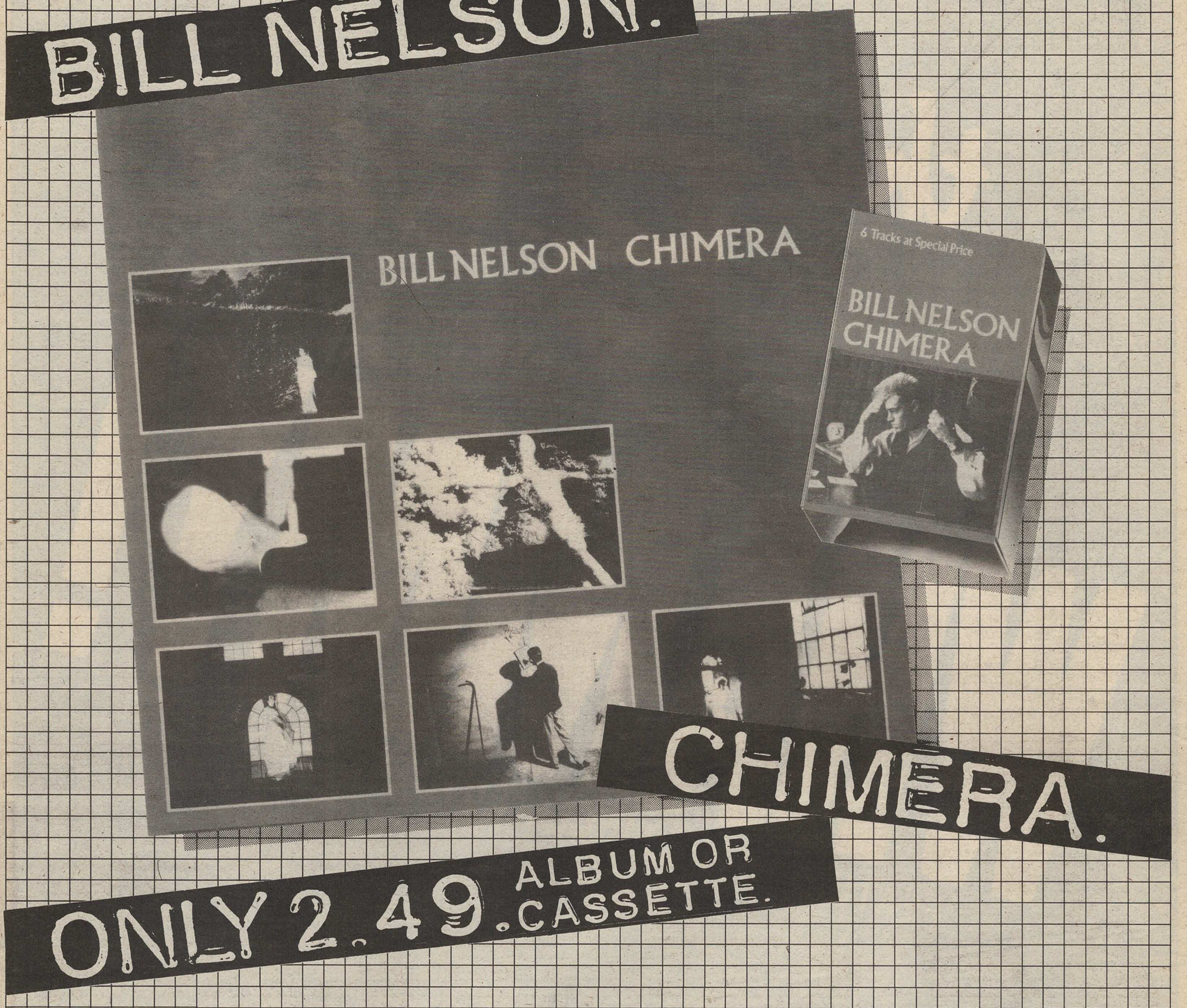

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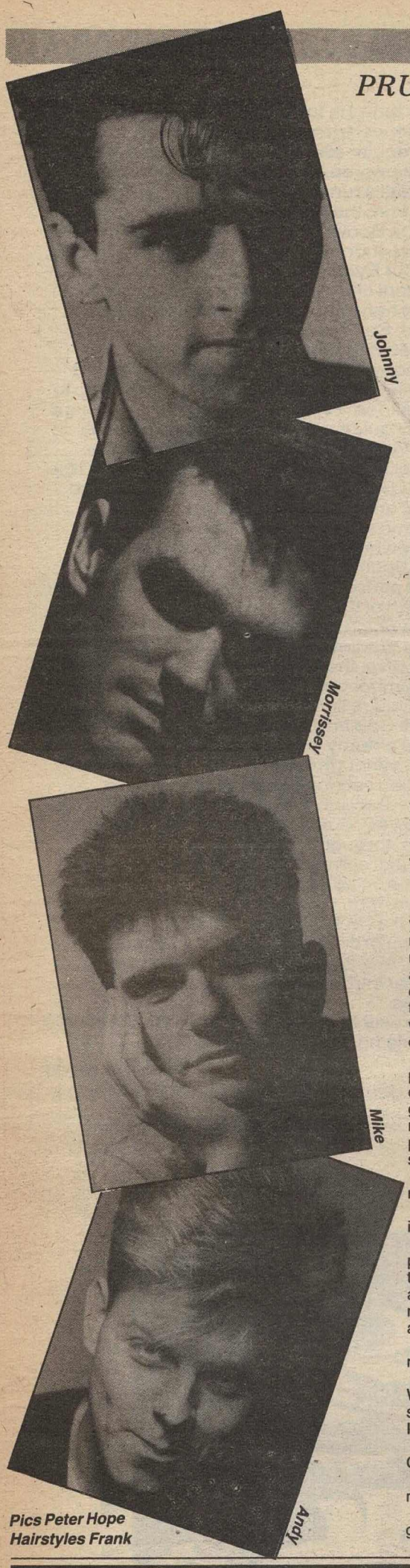
PRUNE FEATURES ● MANCHESTER'S HANDSOME DEVILS ●

SMITHS

CRISP SONGS AND SALTED LYRICS



Pics Peter Hope
Hairstyles Frank

WHY CHOOSE a name like The Smiths?

"It's a very stray kind of name, very timeless," explained the colourful Mancunian Morrissey, who gives words and voice to this four-piece group. Morrissey teamed up with guitarist Johnny — who writes the music — last summer. They are simply a rock'n'roll band. They have appeared all over Manchester in venues as diverse as petit bourgeois hotel bars to the hi-tech Hacienda. It was at the hacienda that we, the public, goose-pimpled to the spectacle of Morrissey mercilessly flailing a bunch of daffodils against the matt black stage.

Last month the Smiths swapped handshakes with Rough Trade thus becoming label-mates with unlikely locals The blue Orchids and, recently, Dislocation Dance. Their first 45 for the label is 'Handsome Devil'.

Smithsville could be anywhere, a timeless zone where high school and low-life collide. They're the young generation an' they've got something to say. Hey, hey, it's The Smiths: Morrissey ('voice'), Johnny Marr (guitar), Andy Rourke (bass) and Mike Joyce (drums).

Your music is fairly basic, isn't it?

Morrissey: "Intentionally. We're out to prove you don't need dazzling technology to produce music. There's a horrendous myth in modern music that you need the most complex equipment and the most far-reaching ideas otherwise you don't rate. We've got back to a very basic traditionalist structure with the four-piece set up which has been severely under-rated in the past couple of years."

Johnny: "It only works for us because we can all play our instruments really well. Limited musicians cover up by using synthesisers. This has held us in good stead for being a live band. Also we rely very much on 'songs', our songs sound the same played on an acoustic guitar with Morrissey singing."

Morrissey: "Songwriting just isn't there any more, that's why we're important."

Is communicating with a 'live' audience important to you?

Morrissey: "Of course. One of the reasons why people don't succeed goes back to the punk thing, the complete myth of 'the audience and the group are the same'. Communication with an audience is not a thing you can buy. If you try and it's not there, an audience can spot fakes really easily."

Your sound is '60s oriented. Do you get pangs of nostalgia?

Morrissey: "Groups have to be pigeon-holed. We can't help it. Anyway, the '60s are still with us in spirit. To me, nostalgia is the turn of the century. I'm not nostalgic for anything."

Johnny: "I think we'll see the return of the Goffin/King and Lieber/Stoller-type outfits . . ."

Let's talk about 'A' sides, and the deep meaningfulness of 'Handsome Devil'.

Morrissey: "The lyrics I write are specifically genderless. I don't want to leave anybody out. Handsome is a word that people think is applied to males . . . but I know lots of handsome women. After all, there is such a thing as a pretty male."

Would you describe yourselves as, er, 'visual'?

Morrissey: "If someone described us as ugly, we'd be terribly offended. Or if they said we dressed laughably."

What about the rest of your packaging, like artwork?

Morrissey: "Control of artwork, etc, is of maximum importance! This is *our* product, we haven't come this far for some stranger to step in. We're not hollow musicians."

Mike: "That's another good reason for staying with Rough Trade . . ."

Morrissey: "In doing that we wouldn't be staying in our own backyard as some people have suggested. Being on EMI doesn't constitute any degree of power over the public."

How did the Smiths assemble?

Morrissey: "Before I joined the group I was in a serious medical condition . . ."

Oh no, the Mancunian Musician's Syndrome. What was *your* ailment?

Morrissey: "Oh, it's not even interesting. The Smiths are like a life-support machine to me, I'm not embarrassed about it. For years I tried to form groups then one day I just sat back, I was in the garden or something . . ."

And then came Johnny . . .

Johnny: "It was like the old rock fable routine. I knew who Morrissey was, went up to him and said, 'Hi, I'm Johnny. Want to form a band?' "

But what we all really wanna know is where can you see them. Their single is out now, an LP coming soon and a modest tour to follow. Don't forget.

The Smiths extend a gracious hello to even the squarest squares.

CATH CARROLL

lowry

"Now here's another message from beyond the grave..."

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

VIRGIN PRUNES

GAVIN FRIDAY, GUGGI, DAVE-ID BUSARLIS, DIK, STRONGMAN, MARY D'NELLON

SONGS

Nobody's Scared — Subway Sect
Release Me — Bob Elvis
Lady Grinning Soul — David Bowie
No Feelings — Sex Pistols
I'm Still Waiting — Diana Ross
Rolling Machine — The Seeds
Help Me Make It Through The Night — Gladys Knight
Life's A Gas — T. Rex
Down The Memory Lane — Virgin Prunes
Fine And Mellow — Billie Holliday
In Every Dream Home A Heartache — Roxy Music
Spectre vs Rector — The Fall

FILMS

Wizard Of Oz
Repulsion
The Falls
Blood Feast
Onibaba
Don't Look Now
Sybil
Being There
Cabaret
Shogun
Picnic At Hanging Rock

TV PROGRAMMES

The Thornbirds
Megaloman
All My Children
Well Woman
Bod
The Late Late Show

PLACES

N.Y.C.
Ljubljana
Cedarwood Road
Florence

MEN

Peter Lorre
Lenny Bruce
Claude Bessy
Marc Bolan
Christy Brown
Rance
Rudy Valentino

WOMEN

Judy Garland
Lydia Lunch
Bette Davis
Louise Brooks
Goldie Hawn
Auntie Vag
Joan Of Arc

SEX TRIPS

Mark E. Smith And Kay Carroll

FAVOURITE ACTOR

Bono

Two prunes Guggi (left) and Gavin

READING MATTER

Alice In Wonderland **— Lewis Carroll**
Dead Souls **—Gogol**
The Bible
A to B **— Andy Warhol**
The Well Of Loneliness **— Radclyffe Hall**
100 Years Of Solitude **— Gabriel Garcia Marquez**
Complete Works **— Oscar Wilde**
Brighton Rock **— Graham Greene**
Escher, Godel, Bach; An Eternal Gold Braid **— Douglas R. Hofstradter**
Wuthering Heights **— Emily Bronte**
Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas **— Hunter S. Thompson**

COOK DA CHARTS ●

WHAT'S COOKING ON THE CONTINENT

Cook Da Books, left to right: Tony Prescott (keyboards), Owen Moran (vocals/bass), Digs (vocals/guitar), John Leggett (drums). Pic John Stoddart.

Spectators tuned in to *Top Of The Pops* the other week were treated to a sight even stranger than the regular spectacle of would-be starlets gurning glamorously over the DJ's shoulder.

John Peel's run down of the Euro charts starred a quartet from the Liverpool district of Fazackerly — Cook Da Books by name — who were there by virtue of an enormous continental hit they've had, called 'Your Eyes'. And yet, a couple of independent chart successes aside, Cook Da Books are hardly household names in their homeland. So what gives?

Well, before going any further, let me recommend a different Cook Da Books record. 'Low Profile' is their current UK 45, a follow-up to their acclaimed 'Piggy In The Middle 8', and it's a much truer guide to what the group are about. Just like 'Piggy', 'Low Profile' is based on the Books' feel for life as it's lived by the young on the streets of Liverpool — expressed through hard pop music and rich with promise.

The group's French connection came about when they were spotted by the makers of a film called *La Boum 2*. Playing "themselves", Cook Da Books perform a few songs in the movie, as an integral part of the plot, and it was the 'Your Eyes' sequence which featured on the *TOTP* snippet. Written by Vladimir Cosma, the man behind the music for *Diva,* the soundtrack single took the band to number one in France and number two in Italy, and you're liable to find their mugs in glossy mags from Calais to Sicily.

They've already got an album out on the continent, although it will be a re-recorded and re-packaged version that finally appears in England — through their own label, Kiteland. As for 'Your Eyes', that'll be released over here very shortly too, through the Carrere label.

Having just completed a support tour with The Undertones, in addition to two years solid gigging in their own right, Cook Da Books say they'd feel frustrated if a UK breakthrough came via an imported record that's hardly representative of their work. And it's true, 'Low Profile' makes a much better introduction to the group's capabilities.

But one way or another, Cook Da Books' profile looks like rising higher and higher.

PAUL DU NOYER

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Editions EG

FACING FRAUD ● COMPLETE IMAGINATION ● KEV GOES SOUL SEARCHING ●

Dear *NME*,

May I take this opportunity to expose the latest fraud in 'pop' music, currently undermining the roots of the industry.

I enclose two pictures stolen in a daring night raid from the files of Respond Records. These clearly show that 'Tracie' is in fact Marc Almond on stilts. Okay, no stilts in the pictures, but that's why you never see photos of Tracie/Marc's legs.

Please cause Paul Weller (who is in fact Glenda from *Crossroads*) maximum embarrassment by giving this letter full page exclusive coverage. Or maybe a tasteful half-page article. Evidence a bit thin? Well, print this in *Gasbag*, er...do a lookalike corner? I'll settle for a line in *T-Zers*. Please print it, please. I'm on valium. I live near Bournemouth, please, I'm a nervous bloke. Please.

Yours, Merv the Nerv,
Near Bournemouth.

From an in-depth Tracie interview in the *Chelmsford Weekly News*...Well, it's the way those posh gits talk in Chelmsford, innit? Maybe that's really how they pronounce "The Jam's last single". Or maybe not. Reader James Dixon is confused anyhow.

Soon after she sang on the James Last single, Beat Surrender, and had her first appearance on Top of the Pops.
"I didn't realy enjoy it because

"Here I am, Little Kevin Rowland as my friends call me, acting upon information received as to the whereabouts of that elusive Young Soul Rebel. I began searching two years and 11 months ago. During this time my travels have taken me all over the world from New York to Tokyo and back again through Birmingham, but a mysterious phone call, recently made to my caravan in Wapping, told me to be at this car park in Stockport, midday and on the dot. Thus I have dressed accordingly. Brogues to display my soul boy roots, trousers turned inside out to stop the pickpockets grabbing my silver coins, braces to protect my stitches from the joke I crack at least once every ten years and a Robin Hood hat so he can identify me. I mean the bloke is called Robin, isn't he?"

***Contrary to rumours in the national press recently, Imagination are not on the verge of splitting up. The story arose after the group appeared at London's Alexander Palace on Bank Holiday Monday as part of a record industry fair minus front man Leee Johns who was recuperating from illness. It was further fuelled when he appeared in a pre recorded episode of* Doctor Who.**

But Imagination manager Brian Longley scotched the rumours last week, stressing that while Mr Johns is keen to pursue activities outside the group (including the strong possibility of a duet with Michael Jackson on a forthcoming single he is still totally committed to Imagination. In fact, hot on the heels of the dub version of last year's 'In The Heat Of The Night' album ('Night Dubbing') comes a completely new single 'Looking At Midnight' at the end of the month. Plans are also afoot for a world tour beginning in August with a seven night stint at Hammersmith Odeon around Christmas.

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WHSMITH

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SINGLES

PAOLO HEWITT

JoBoxers' Bowery boy look. *PIC BRYN JONES*

JoBOXERS: Just Got Lucky *(RCA).*
WHAM!: Bad Boys *(Innervisions).*
FIRST LIGHT: Explain The Reasons *(London).* Although the cool ear checks mainly for the soul element these days, it has to be recognised that the current emphasis put upon black music by our strummers and singers is getting a mite tedious. In fact it's getting to be one big bore.

Every interview, it seems, has some earnest Young Sap using the words 'passion' 'soulful' and 'feel'. Every time you turn on the *Switch* you know for certain that somewhere in the background there will no doubt be some black female singers cooing away to some ham-fisted attempt by white boys at 'soul' or 'funk'.

Which is all fine and good if the people in question were producing music that equalled their fashionable attempts. Nine times out of ten they don't, simply because they fail to understand that great soul comes effortlessly, without force, without thought and not necessarily in a black music format.

Either it happens or it doesn't, and it's no good putting together identikit soul groups if it doesn't. You just end up looking stupid.

The best singles this week, Wham!, JoBoxers, First Light and Style Council (reviewed elsewhere by X. Moore) all use and utilise black music (because it's undoubtedly the richest of musical sources) but imbue it with their own mark, be it Wham's tongue-in-chic machoism, JoBoxers' arrogance, Weller's biting words or First Light's elegant touches.

They're all object lessons in how to use the idiom properly, with respect not reverence, and sharp reminders to all the other Young Pretenders who miss the point. That, however, is not to elevate these records to 'classic' status.

Music's current soggy standards have never been easier to surpass. That punk might have opened the door for everyone and his mother to make a record is, in retrospect and cold reality, not such a great deal, especially when it produces the drawerful of 45s that I've just ploughed through...

Still, we have the Main Delights to contend with and help us through.

Thus if Boxerbeat was crude, opportunist Madness dressed up in the Bowery Boy look, 'Just Got Lucky' is a different hook altogether. It's a visit to the land of a 1000 dances, the beauty and strengths of Northern Soul carefully assimilated and delivered by the Boxers with power and precision.

I just wish the Boxers wouldn't cheapen their image every time they go on *Top Of The Pops* and stop using words like, here we go again, 'soul' and 'heart' when describing their perfect pop paper. Other than that Dig Wayne and his boys have just got smart. So should you.

On first hearing Wham's third single, plus the image to accompany it — bare-chested and doleful-eyed George and Andy breaking the 14 year-old's heart — is quite laughable as it repeats the Wham! format of big keyboard sound set to white boy rap.

In truth, it's their best yet. Having now defined their own style, our two Watford Wonders sound a lot more confident these days and far more comfortable with their slightly awkward youth angle (bit late now of course as they've both turned 20). There's also an innervating vigour on this record, some clever touches courtesy of the girls and hopefully a promise that their debut LP will see them stretching themselves a lot further. Like all young people should.

First Light are the weakest of the ace selections on offer this week, but still produce, despite the whispers I hear of 'bland', a tight groove and a cool feel to their debut single. Formerly Direct Drive, they've produced a classy debut and one that isn't intimidated by the American influence. A confident, strong performance, especially on the vocal side. What puzzles me is the infatuation these groups have with lights and numbers when it comes to choosing a name. First Light, Second Image, Light Of The World etc.

Time to switch, boys.

YAZOO: Nobody's Diary *(Mute).* Sufficiently Yazoo enough to ensure their popularity, but take away the pretty sounding dinky keyboards, that infuriating clap rhythm, examine the dire lyrics — *"I don't want to be a page in your diary"* indeed! — and Alf's Elkie Brooks vocal and you know this isn't the kind of record to inspire or take comfort from. Twee and affected, Alf's rendition of Randy Crawford's 'Rio De Janeiro Blue' on television the other week had far more substance to it.

JOE JACKSON: A Slow Song *(A&M).*
PHIL COLLINS: Why Can't It Wait Till Morning *(Virgin).*
THE KINKS: Don't Forget To Dance *(Arista).* Which just goes to show how the music business can turn grown men into stupid sloppy sentimentalists. All three of them, Joe, Phil and Ray, speak like children over slushy hideous backings that want to suggest the tortured and the sensitive but end up witless and embarrassing.

How do they do it? Well, Ray Davies writes a kind of football chant song about an ageing woman and shows great understanding when he comments that the biggest kick in her life is when young boys whistle at her in the street which, let's face it, is what every girl dreams of.

Phil Collins (and I must admit here that I could never like him on principle, positive prejudice is what I call it) over a grand backdrop of flutes and atmospherics, moans on about being too tired and drunk to talk things over, which is exactly the state he must have been in when he wrote this.

Joe Jackson's effort actually brings new meaning to the word cringeful. 'A Slow Song' would suit the nauseating Kids From Fame a treat. Its subject matter — why the radio won't play a slow song late at night after Joe's come home from a hard day at the office — and Joe's vocal delivery are tailor-made. "Hey!" asks Danny, all long hair and concerned, "why doesn't the radio play a slow song late at night?" Bruno looks up from the keyboard he's been staring at for the last ten months, looks intrigued and then as inspiration hits his girlish smile, he begins composing! There! On The Spot!

Enter the cast, Prof WhatsHisName as well, who all gather around the piano and begin to sing along to the soft melody Bruno is tinkling out, without any prompting or rehearsal, their loving faces and expressions a wonder to behold as they hum Joe's touching words. *"It's late I'm winding down, am I the only one to want a strong silent sound???....but I'm brutalized by bass and terrorised by treble..."* Song finishes, exit cast with tears in their eyes and isn't life just like that? Like, amazing.

SUGARHILL GANG: Be A Winner *(Sugarhill).* Be a winner! Be a success! Be a good rap record for once but leave the patronising to someone else. Although gracefully steering clear of Rap City Cliche, the Sugar Gang, over a tight and taut rhythm, might offer the downtrodden faith and hope and charity but still sound a mite too social worker for my liking as they dutifully follow Flash's linguistics.

The music comes from 'The Message', the spirit is that of The O'Jays, but the strange mixture of menacing sound set to such ebullient words leaves the listener unsettled rather than convinced. The sentiment might be admirable but the execution remains in doubt.

SPEAR OF DESTINY: The Wheel *(Burning Rome).* Kirk Brandon might be the acceptable face of rock rebellion to a lot of people (at least the statements he makes have a clarity about them which suggests he's got more than good looks going for him) but he has yet to produce a sound that is as subversive or as rallying as his stance would suggest. Once again he goes for that familiar epic sound — gutsy sax, crashing rhythm and strained vocal — but nothing here shouts NEW! FRESH! EXCITING! Rather the wheel keeps turning. But grinding slowly to this particular effort.

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Buffalo Soldier *(Tuff Gong).* Having kept a discreet silence since Marley's death and not rushed into.... 'Greatest Hits!', 'The Best Of The B-Sides', 'Marley Dub!', 'Bob: A Retrospective' type LPs, Island finally start opening the vaults. Inside we find that 'Soldier', which is by no means a classic, catches Marley in a relaxed mood, establishing a bouncing groove, chanting away with the I Threes and generally sounding like he's having a good time. A lightweight affair when compared with his more 'serious' material, whatever the ethics about its release (are there ethics in the music biz anyway?), this is certainly not the embarrassment that unreleased material from Major Cats usually is.

CHANTAGE: It's Only Money *(Celluloid).* In which the bohemian Ms Goldman attempts to join the illustrious company of rock writers turned pop star and makes a fine attempt. Jaunty, lively tune, offset by anything from a violin to a steel band, inserted with some Darnell-type lyrics and a Brecht-like chorus whilst VG and her sidekick, Sylvian, sing precariously above it all.

Enterprising and promising, the message here is you *can* throw stones in glasshouses occasionally.

XTC: Great Fire *(Virgin).*
PETER GABRIEL: I Have The Touch *(Charisma).* The trouble with Peter Gabriel is that he has *ideas*, like *ideas*, but somehow always fails to translate them into something with substance or meaning. Having Burundi drummers set to synthesisers, or whatever, might look good on paper, but on vinyl the effect is stultifying, overwrought and eventually worthless.

XTC, on the other hand, used to have some good ideas, mixing a sharp pop sensibility with true substance, but here the style becomes outdated despite a couple of clever turns and touches courtesy of Mr Partridge. Back to schooldays, boys.

MOTORHEAD: I Got Mine *(Bronze).*
THIN LIZZY: Thunder And Lightning *(Phonogram).* Square Rock! Although some people justify Motorhead and the likes of Twisted Sister by telling us what Really Good Blokes they are and how they sum up the funny side of Heavy Metal, the fact remains that all of their ilk produce the ugliest sounds this side of Jimmy Page. Guitars scream, macho lyrics are howled at a pace of knots and the bass and drums see who can finish the quickest. Unbelievably boring.

As for Lizzy the only thing worth saying about them is that a friend of mine had to vacate a studio recently as Thin Lizzy were due in that day. To *record* their forthcoming live LP.

RAY CHARLES: I Wish You Were Here Tonight *(CBS).*
DIONNE WARWICK: I'll Never Love This Way Again *(Arista).* Both the people in question have produced music that has lasted superbly, although Ray Charles seems to be the only one here faintly interested in carrying on that tradition. His single is a moving, dignified piece of work that, cliched lyrics aside, can only leave the listener with respect for the man.

Dionne, on the other hand, recently admitted that her new work is rubbish to her ears and how right the chanteuse is, especially when Barry Manilow is operating as producer. Until her collaboration with Luther Vandross is a happening event, I'll keep walking right on by. (How many Dionne Warwick reviews have ended with *that* line, I wonder.)

GEORGE BENSON: Lady Love Me (One More Time) *(WEA).*
PATTI AUSTIN AND JAMES INGRAM: How Do You Keep The Music Playing *(Qwest).*
AL JARREAU: Morning *(WEA).* Dim the lights, pour the brandy and settle back for the Total Bland experience, courtesy of the West Coast Snooze Patrol. I interviewed Patti Austin once and, charming lady that she is, when you're making a million bucks singing commercials for American TV, you're hardly going to be searching your soul when it comes to making records. This single proves that fact.

Al Jarreau used to be a scat jazz singer. Now he's a scat jazz-funk singer lost in 'tasteful' sounding guitars and electric pianos that, by their very soft nature, kill off any hope of redemption for the boy.

Bye bye Jarreau and hello George Benson still peddling those relaxed slushy songs that the jazz-funk elite rate as 'soul', but which are in reality merely exercises in a Hundred Ways To Make A Million. There's also a competition on the back of the Benson single to win two tickets for his British show. Second prize is four tickets...

CHINA CRISIS: Tragedy and Mystery *(Virgin).*
JAPAN: Visions Of China *(Virgin).* Appropriately both of these miserable records come via Virgin Records, a company that made many of its millions out of a hippie. Sensing the changing climate, Virgin now offer us The Modern Hippie. Short haired, artistic and thoroughly pretentious. China Crisis are the new Simon and Garfunkel, rewriting old Shakespeare with fourth form pens. Check the opening verse's *"tragedy and mystery, open your mind and you will see"* and reach for your Coles notes. Meanwhile David Sylvain offers us his 'Visions Of China' in his best Ferry voice set to suitable wet music that like all worthless artefacts just passes me by.

Both of these records, virgin on the ridiculous.

MATT FRETTON: It's So High *(Chrysalis).*
LANGUAGE: We're Celebrating *(Stiff).* Ah, the Crouch End connection! Both of the perpetrators of these records are often seen around my local ground and thus should I tread carefully for fear of broken limbs or attacks from *behind*? I think not. Matt's debut offering is a dour electronic workout that fails to rise and shine suitably enough to lift it out of its heavy-handed approach. All thump and no gumpf makes Matt a dull boy.

Language's debut, written by one Steven Hale, is far more lively yet still comes over as a forced 'celebration' rather than a natural one, leaving it with no particularly distinguishing marks. Promising rather than pristine.

BAD BRAINS: I And I Survive *(Food For Thought).* On Saturday, at the CND festival, I watched in total bemusement as a gaggle of punks and skinheads pogoed to The Damned's heavy metal noise, poured beer over each other, threw enough mud at the stage to cause John Peel to go to hospital and have his eye treated, kicked down corrugated iron fences and generally abused anyone who didn't fit into their narrow minded world. So cultural our youth these days, don't you think? And this is exactly the kind of lame-brained, retrogressive punk — you know the score — that they probably go for in a big way. If this is how you're a rebel these days (requirements: dirty clothes and large doses of stupidity) then I think I'll stay in tonight, thank you very much.

COMATEENS: The Late Mistake *(Virgin).*
THE WAITRESSES: Make The Weather *(Polydor).* Two American rock bands, two years behind with some neat ideas that never quite gel. The Waitresses once wrote a smart song about girls and could have been the true answer to Blondie had they not buried their ideas in a crushing mix of guitars and rock insensitivity. Their new single carries on this boring trend.

The Comateens are The Eurythmics but without the pretensions, thus depriving them of the very quality that seems to make hit records these days for impressionable young people. Earnest but misguided, comatose rather than commanding.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Screaming *(Situation 2).* Heavy metal Siouxsie meets Screaming Lord Sutch in the art room at Beckenham Arts Lab and awful record is born. Take this crap away.

MICHAEL FAGAN AND THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS: God Save The Queen *(Charly).* Leave it out, Jock!

X. MOORE ON PAUL WELLER — DANCE POLEMIC OF THE WEEK

THE STYLE COUNCIL: Money-Go-Round *(Polydor).* It seemed a far nobler idea for Paolo to vacate his place at the Singles Bar and wheel on X for a crack at the Council, given that *NME*'s best dressed Italian cyclist is an Hon. Councillor by proxy. But enough of the pleasantries and hop on this black, vinyl roundabout, for the usual fare...

High class pics by Peter Anderson, high gloss sleeve by Simon Halfon. Drums, by Zeke, are immaculate as ever and Jo Dworniak's snug bass rides the rhythm comfortably, a vast improvement on Weller's bass playing on 'Speak Like A Child' — a perfect fit.

It's Weller's contribution that gives the whole its stranger flavour. Slight, scratch guitar and wise, bitter vocals pull this baby thru'.

'Verse 3' sounds like V. I. Lenin. Truly. Problem being, Lenin was never a very entertaining read. Great at *organising*, speaking to audiences, being painted at railway stations, etc...but never very hot at writing hooklines.

The *lyrics* cut with ferocity, sure — an oh-so-harshness that leaves me thinking of The Pop Group — but the *vocals* lack upfulness. What is sad is that this record doesn't SING to me, it COMMENTS. What is wonderful is that thousands will buy it and take that comment to heart.

Put it this way, it's the most significant hit single this year. But (flip it over and) put it *that* way, it's the BEST.

'Headstart For Happiness' (the acoustic lightweight previewed on *The Tube*) plays poor second fiddle on the B-side to 'Mick's Up', a glorious Hammond workout that shimmers like Billy Preston and shines like Jimmy Smith. Loose and spontaneous, it says everything 'Money-Go-Round' struggles to, and SWINGS with it!

Flip-side of the season, no question, 'Mick's Up' is an inspiration to *rise*, jus' like 'The Internationale' would sound if socialists called each other 'cat' not 'comrade'.

Listen and learn. The meaning's nothing short of marvellous.

The rumours about the new Fleetwood Mac and Stevie Nicks videos are all true.

The rumours that W. H. Smith is exclusively selling these videos are true.

Which is good news for you.

You can stop dragging your feet around town in search of them.

Other rumours about Stevie Nicks looking delicious in billowing chiffon and flowing shawls on her White Wing Dove video are also true.

The rumour that Fleetwood Mac's Mirage Tour video lasts for nearly 80 hypnotic minutes is true.

And it's no rumour that W. H. Smith are selling both of these videos for very reasonable prices.

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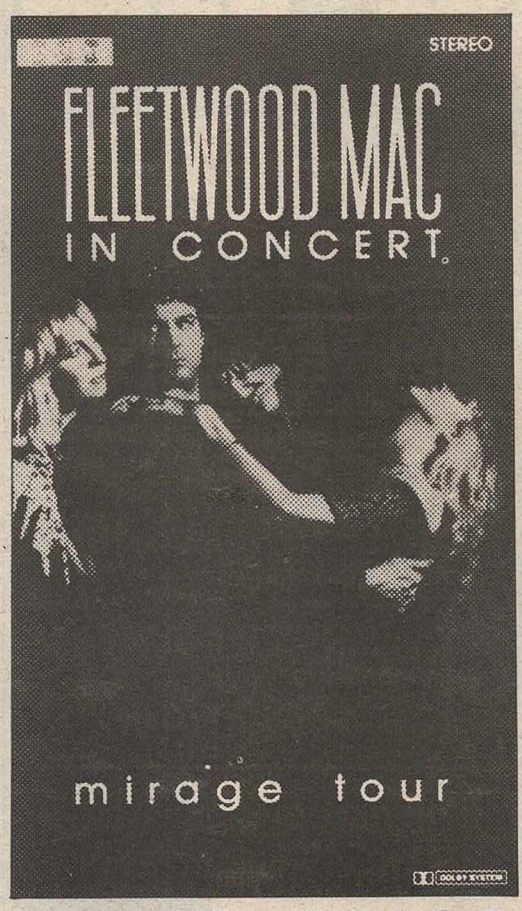


Fleetwood Mac
Mirage Tour **£24.95**

Stevie Nicks
White Wing Dove **£19.95**

WHSMITH

Subject to availability where you see this sign. Prices correct at time of going to press.

SILVER SCREEN

BRECHT FEAST FOR FENIANS

Ascendancy

DIRECTOR: Edward Bennett
STARRING: Julie Covington, Ian Charleson, John Phillips (BFI)

NOT ONLY because it is set in Belfast 1920 is *Ascendancy* a film of unresolved conflicts. The first, of course, is the running sore of the Irish troubles; the second is a storyline that leaves the dumbstruck victim of circumstance at its centre dangling at the end of a forcefeed tube; and the third, most crucial, is a clash of cinematic and theatrical styles which doesn't so much alienate the viewer into a dialogue with the film as constantly try the patience.

Julie Covington

I hope I haven't put you off, for, despite my carping, *Ascendancy* is an ambitious film that deserves support. It begins promisingly enough with a briskly-edited collage of World War One footage brought to an ominous close with an exploding shell and the death of a soldier.

The unknown soldier, it is implied, is the beloved brother of Connie (Julie Covington), daughter of an English aristo-industrialist who occupies a mansion at a few removes from threatening civil war.

Her father is central to the problem. To fulfil a valuable shipbuilding contract with the Germans — economically our pals again — he breaks a strike by provoking religious enmity. People die and the army are brought in to protect British interests. Perhaps, realises Connie, her father is *the* problem. But she is past action.

Severely shocked by her brother's death, her right arm psychosomatically paralysed, she is moody and withdrawn, communicating with no one except to write to her dead brother, who was the kind of family rebel who might've helped her break the suffocating blood ties keeping her in Belfast.

The presence of soldiers on the estate — particularly one surly officer called Ryder (Ian Charleson) — inevitably invokes the spirit of her brother and she begins to revive. But her recovery is brought to an abrupt close when Ryder rejects her offer of sanctuary, brutally reminding her that without a chance to exercise his soldier's skills — even in a second-rate war like the Irish troubles — his whole *raison d'etre* is invalidated. Thus rebuked, she withdraws again into sullen silence.

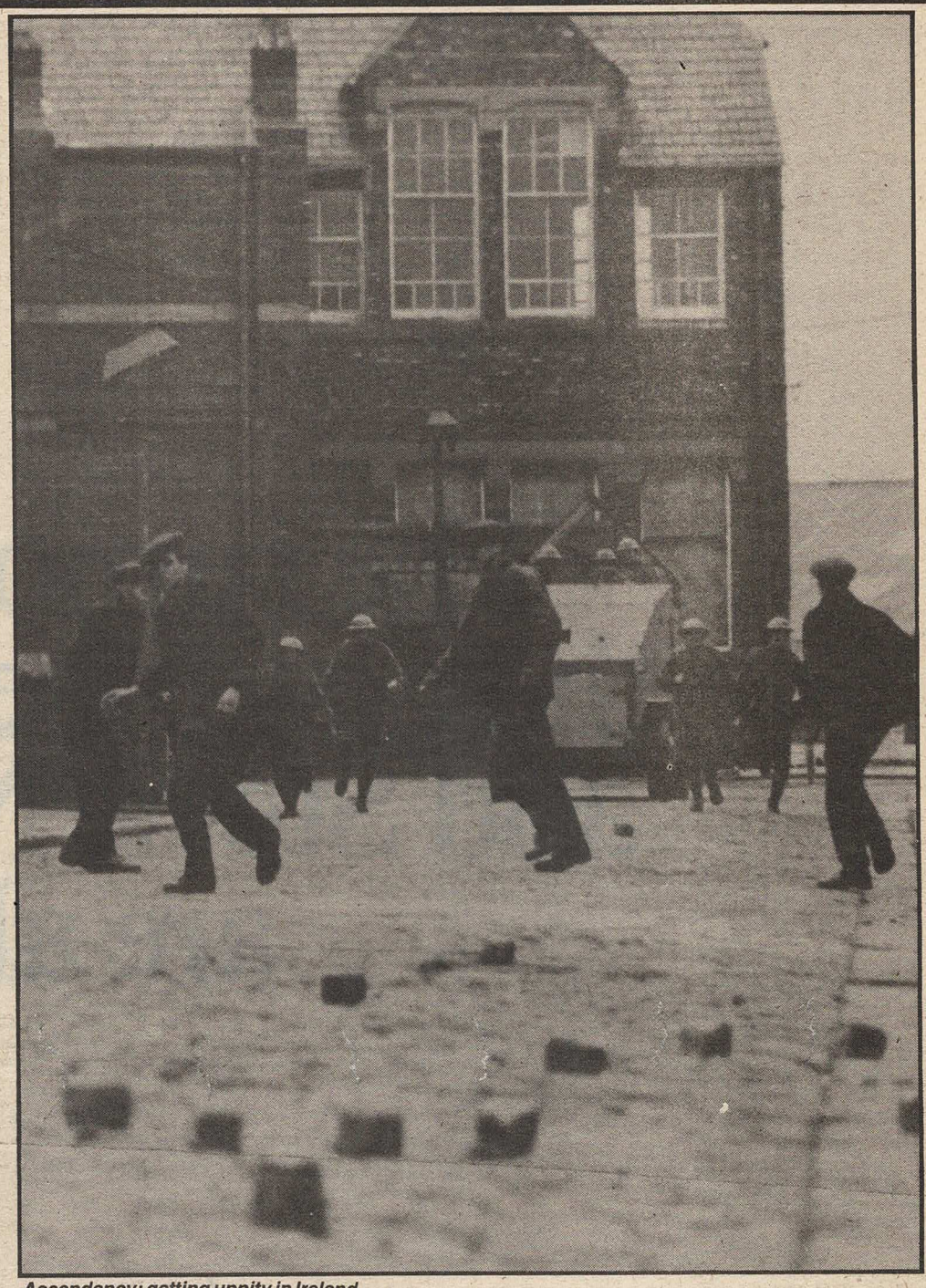
At this point the conflicts of style and content become obvious. The unlikely pairing of materialism and psychoanalysis is ultimately confusing, as the one tendency generally denies the existence of the other. Director and writer Bennett tries to resolve this by explaining Connie's disturbance as the consequence of her taking on the burden of the world's suffering.

But his Brechtian leanings won't allow the viewer to empathise with the poor girl as she is being crushed by its weight. He deliberately draws dry and unemotional performances from his cast which, because they are hardly suited to a portrayal of and reaction to a kind of madness, run the risk of sidestepping the viewer's engagement altogether. Especially as the Brecht in him also won't allow him to exploit the action sequences for all they're worth.

This would be fine if the investigation of the girl's condition was correspondingly vigorous. As it is, the Brecht in me tends to dismiss Connie's hysteria not as the horrified reaction of a hypersensitive soul suddenly exposed to the cruel reality of the world, but as the senseless over-reaction of a weak rich girl too long sheltered from it.

Like *Brideshead*'s Sebastian, she can always up and leave if she doesn't get on with her folks.

Chris Bohn



Ascendancy: getting uppity in Ireland

HANDGUN (18)

SHE SAID NO AND SHE MEANT IT!

THORN EMI FILMS presents A Kestrel Film HANDGUN
Starring KAREN YOUNG · CLAYTON DAY Music by MIKE POST
Editor WILLIAM SHAPTER GBFE Director of Photography CHARLES STEWART
Co-Produced by DAVID STREIT Written, Produced and Directed by TONY GARNETT
Released by COLUMBIA EMI WARNER Distributors Limited
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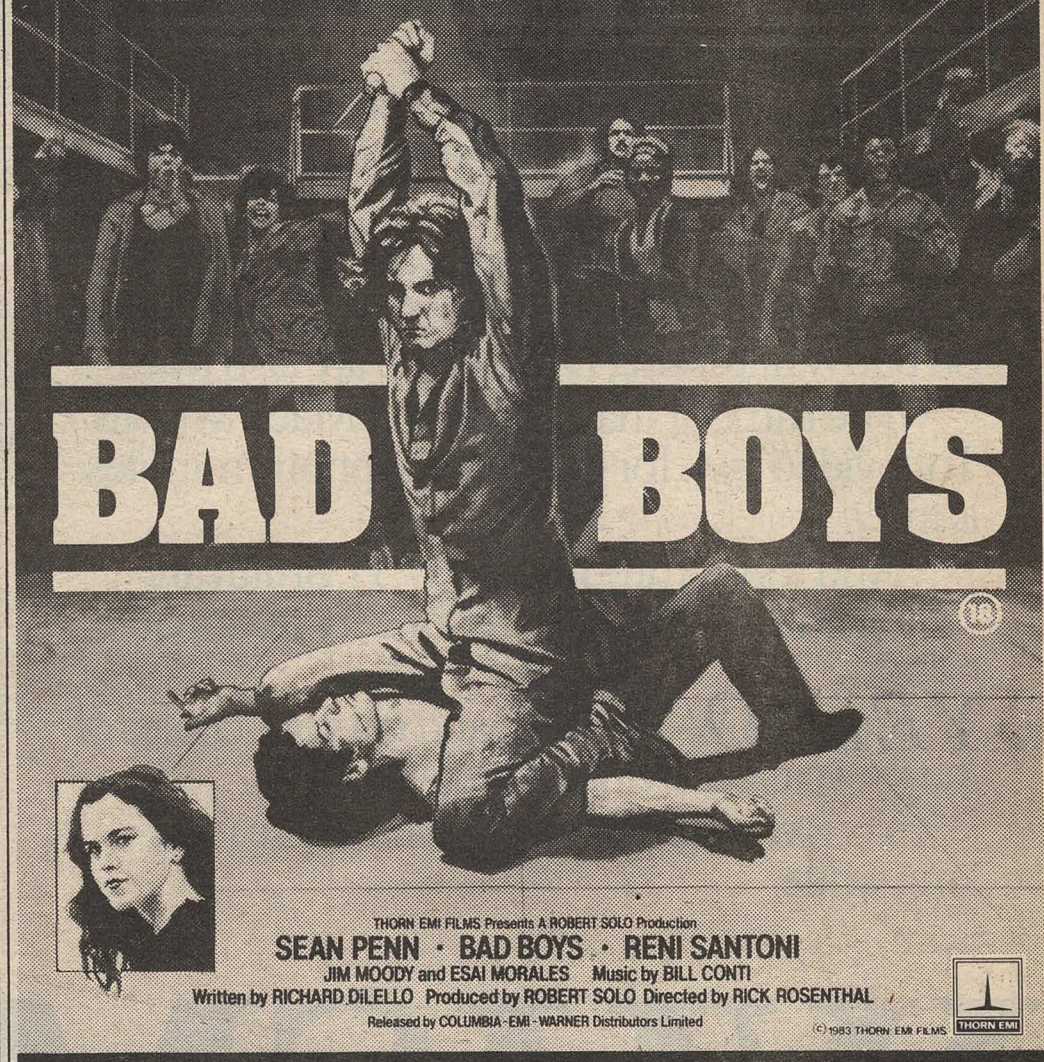
ABC Shaftesbury Ave. & ABC Fulham Rd.
with a Selected London Release Thursday May 19.

There's only one person left
who believes Mick O'Brien can make it... Mick O'Brien.
Life has pushed him into a corner. and he's coming out fighting.



BAD BOYS (18)

THORN EMI FILMS Presents A ROBERT SOLO Production
SEAN PENN · BAD BOYS · RENI SANTONI
JIM MOODY and ESAI MORALES Music by BILL CONTI
Written by RICHARD DiLELLO Produced by ROBERT SOLO Directed by RICK ROSENTHAL
Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors Limited
©1983 THORN EMI FILMS

STARTS THURS. MAY 12 ABC Shaftesbury Avenue,
STUDIO Oxford Circus · CLASSIC Tottenham Ct. Rd · SCENE Leicester Sq
ABC Bayswater · ABC Edgware Rd · ABC Fulham Rd.

FROM THURS. MAY 19 ALL OVER LONDON

GODARD'S DRIVING PASSION

Isabelle Huppert hangs loose

Passion

DIRECTOR: Jean-Luc Godard
STARRING: Hanna Schygulla, Isabelle Huppert, Jerzy Radziwilowicz, Michel Piccoli
(Artificial Eye)

NO ORDINARY word, of course, and one equally expects The New Godard to be no ordinary film. *Passion* is Godard and film-making, although it isn't a picture *about* film-making.

More particularly, it uses the doing of a movie as a vehicle for a grand (though paradoxically understated) exploration of cinema as a metaphor for the many and multi-levelled *occupations* of life, work and love and living itself, refracted through carefully balanced and deceptively random encounters that playfully set up the piercing analogues between art and work and their opportunites for transposition. Is that clear?

The director's explicit aim is to make a film that is entirely 'democratic' — that is, each visual and aural strand in the movie has its precise balancing equivalent at some other point — "no more people who shout than people who whisper".

The events centre on a film that a Polish director (Jerzy Radziwilowicz) is making, which consists of a series of tableaux derived from Rembrandt, Delacroix, El Greco... Hanna Schygulla owns the hotel where the crew stays; she is married to Michel Piccoli, the factory boss who has dismissed the shop rebel Isabelle Huppert. In a gesture that fashions a half-real intimacy between ourselves and the players, the cast retain their real names.

Although the oddly timeless atmosphere of the movie lot pervades all the action, Godard doesn't bother with an analysis of the film-maker's travail. This is not *Day For Night* and (more tellingly) nor is it *The State Of Things:* this is no grudge-match with Hollywood. Film is work, and work is what he muses on here — its demands on personal time, its complex interaction with love (a step further away from the elliptical arguments of *Slow Motion* and its codifying of prostitution) and its balance of retribution and reward.

***Passion* is actually a dramatic millpond, even more so than with most recent Godard, but the indeterminate churning of ideas below the surface is equally exceptional: every notion in this democracy has its say, even though a thousand loose ends can be untangled as the observer chooses. "Say your line, say your line" demand various characters, as if life were a ceaseless celluloid fiction; Isabelle stammers her speeches, unable to clearly express her working passions, and Michel is forever breaking into a cough as the passions of his work overwhelm his expressions.**

Hanna broods over Michel's exploitation of his workers: she wanted to love him so passionately. As Jerzy vacillates between his notebooks, his near-chaotic film set and the two women he may or may not want in his picture, the areas of Godard's film are minutely filled in with the passions of the everyday. We are put to work. Our passions are detailed in the sound as in a labour of extreme love — and by a use of lighting that suspends the frame in a lustrous gloom. It is neither dusk nor the half-light of morning. It is overcast but unclouded.

So, in between the stations of Jerzy's visualised artworks, dramas of colossal passion held in a vast stillness, Godard has distilled a most fascinating meditation on a way of living — certainly one that my single viewing prior to presstime must reluctantly skate over. At its heart, the two great faces of European cinema: Schygulla and Huppert, daringly refashioned. it's masterful, infuriating, sceptical, engrossing, superbly stylish; it's The New Godard. He must love his work.

Richard Cook

NEXT WEEK

WILLY RUSSELL

Paul Du Noyer meets the Liverpool playwright who invented the fifth Beatle for John, Paul, George, Ringo And Bert, *updated* Pygmalion *in his* Educating Rita *and whose new rock-opera* Blood Brothers *has just opened in London's West End.*

YELLO

I Love You, Won't You Tell Me Your Name.

(Er, sorry. Start again.)

YELLO
YELLO
It's Good To Be Back

(Er, no. Hang on, its their new video — we've got exclusive pics by Anton Corbijn.)

YELLO
Goodbye!

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ON THE BOX

THURSDAY MAY 12

Second Sight (BBC2).
Dear Heart (BBC2).
Top Of The Pops (BBC1).
Fame (BBC1).
The Young Ones (BBC2).
Alter Image (C4).
Thursdays see TV playing babysitter to the nation's young. Youth programming is currently the media's fastest growth industry. Never before have so many unsightly pimples erupted across the face of the schedules, most of them ripe for pricking. None more so then *Second Sight*'s worthless repeat of a Thompson Twins in-concert feature. The inept satire of the *Dear Heart* magazine hasn't improved with Toyah's departure. *TOTP* is this week celebrating its 1001st night of tinsel fantasy and fake phantasmagoria and misfiring popvideo magic. *Fame* continues its PR job for New York kids as something infinitely more cuddly than the junky-pusher-muggers who terrorise mainstream cinema. *The Young Ones* 'good moments could have been telescoped into a brief greatest hits package by dispensing with sketches and concentrating on the incidentals which they were good at. This week's *Alter Image* has The Promenaders, a group of fringe players such as Lol Coxhill, Steve Beresford and David Toop; the latter pair always seem to be apologising for trying something different by explaining themselves away as eccentrics, boffin types who tinker on toy instruments as if in mortal dread of being called po-faced and serious.
Catherine Deneuve. French movie star, soon to be seen alongside Bowie and Susan Sarandon in *The Hunger*, interviewed by Michael Billington at The National Film Theatre. **(BBC2)**
Britain In the Thirties. Continuing a movie theme, this week's retrospective investigates Alexander Korda's lavish Denham studios, where early British attempts to compete with Hollywood were eventually grounded by a financial lack of faith. **(BBC2)**
Film On Four: First Love — Secrets. Third in the series of David Puttnam-produced TV films is about a schoolgirl who stumbles on a few dark family secrets, which she introduces into some public school rituals she devises with her pals. Gavin Millar directed. **(C4)**
Lou Grant. The *LA Trib* must be the only newspaper in the world where conscience overrides the urge for a good story. Couldn't imagine proprietor Mrs Pynchon falling for the Hitler Diaries scam. More's the pity; the infallibility of the regulars in this present series removes the elements of chance and gentle surprises — weekly drama dealing with topical issues — of its forerunners. Pleasantly turned tales, nevertheless. **(Thames)**

Skip Tracer (Saturday)

FRIDAY MAY 13

Switch. Featuring Big Country — along with Spandau Ballet the most televised group in recent pop history — David Joseph and Eastwood and Saint in the studio; and Wham, Blancmange and Elvis Presley on video. Film of last Saturday's youth CND concert at Brockwell Park is also promised. Odds on the The Style Council figuring strongly. **(C4)**
Did You See...? Alternative TV is discussed. *Channel Four News, Alter Image* and *It's All True* are looked at. And Toyah is numbered among the guests who know about these things. **(BBC2)**
Cold Turkey (Norman Lear, 1970). Dick Van Dyke and Bob Newhart star in a relatively unknown comedy about an American town which tries to win 25 million dollars by giving up smoking for a month. **(BBC1)**
The Old Grey Whistle Test. With Aztec Camera and Annabel Lamb. **(BBC2)**
Obsession (Edward Dmytryk, 1948). Sadistic and gloomy drama starring Robert Newton as this weeks's bad guy, who keeps his wife's lover jailed in a cellar, where he taunts him unmercilessly with plans for his painful death. **(C4)**

***Weekend* (Wednesday)**

SATURDAY MAY 14

Pop Quiz. The unlikely matching of Queen's Roger Taylor, John Martyn and Blancmange's Stephen Luscombe against Hank Marvin, Suzi Quatro and Nick Lowe. **(BBC1)**
Orchestra Wives (Archie Mayo, 1942). An early ain't-life-tough-when-your-old-man's-a-musician movie, starring the Glenn Miller Orchestra running through numbers such as 'Serenade In Blue' and 'Bugle Call Rag'. Later rose-tinted and remade with June Allyson and James Stewart as *The Glenn Miller Story*. **(C4)**
The Young Girls Of Rochefort (Jacques Demy, 1967). All singing, all dancing French homage to MGM musicals, starring Catherine Deneuve and Francoise Dorleac as The Girls, and George Chakiris and Michel Piccoli as The Men. Gene Kelly also cameos. **(BBC2)**
Skip Tracer (Zale Dalen, 1979). Faintly praised on release, this Canadian thriller portrait of an unpleasant debt collector terrorising citizens with poor credit ratings in Vancouver might be due for reappraisal. And then again... **(BBC1)**

SUNDAY MAY 15

The Lemon Drop Kid (Sidney Lanfield, 1951). Based on the Damon Runyon character, this is one of Bob Hope's funniest films, not least because he has a few more traits to work on outside his customary cowardice. The Kid is a race track tout hopelessly in debt to the Mob, who've hired Skip Tracer (see Sat.) to collect for them **(BBC1)**
Murphy's War (Peter Yates, 1970). Starring Peter O'Toole as the lone survivor of a wartime massacre bent on revenge. Haven't seen it, but anything with Phillipe Noiret, the fatman star of Tavernier's *Clean Slate*, must be worth a look. **(Thames)**
Up In Arms (Elliott Nugent, 1944). Danny Kaye in World War Two musical comedy about a hypochondriac drafted into service against the Japanese in the Pacific. 'Naff said? **(C4)**

MONDAY MAY 16

Loose Talk. Steve Taylor, the sorry *Face* of chat show TV, hosts. **(C4)**
Vietnam. Midway through this engrossing series, the programme examines the failure of the American Rolling Thunder bombing campaign and then listens to a few Americans moan about their treatment as prisoners. **(C4)**
St. Elsewhere. Pitched somewhere between *M*A*S*H* and *Hill Street Blues*, new hospital series *St. Elsewhere* shares their hectic multiple storylines and balance of wacky, neurotic and earnest characters. If all else fails, love interest will pull it through. **(C4)**
La Chinoise (Jean-Luc Godard, 1967). Made before he decided to wage total war against his fast dwindling audience, *La Chinoise* is both a rigorous and funny dissection of the workings of a group of Maoist students in pre '68 Paris. Starring Jean-Pierre Leaud. **(C4)**

TUESDAY MAY 17

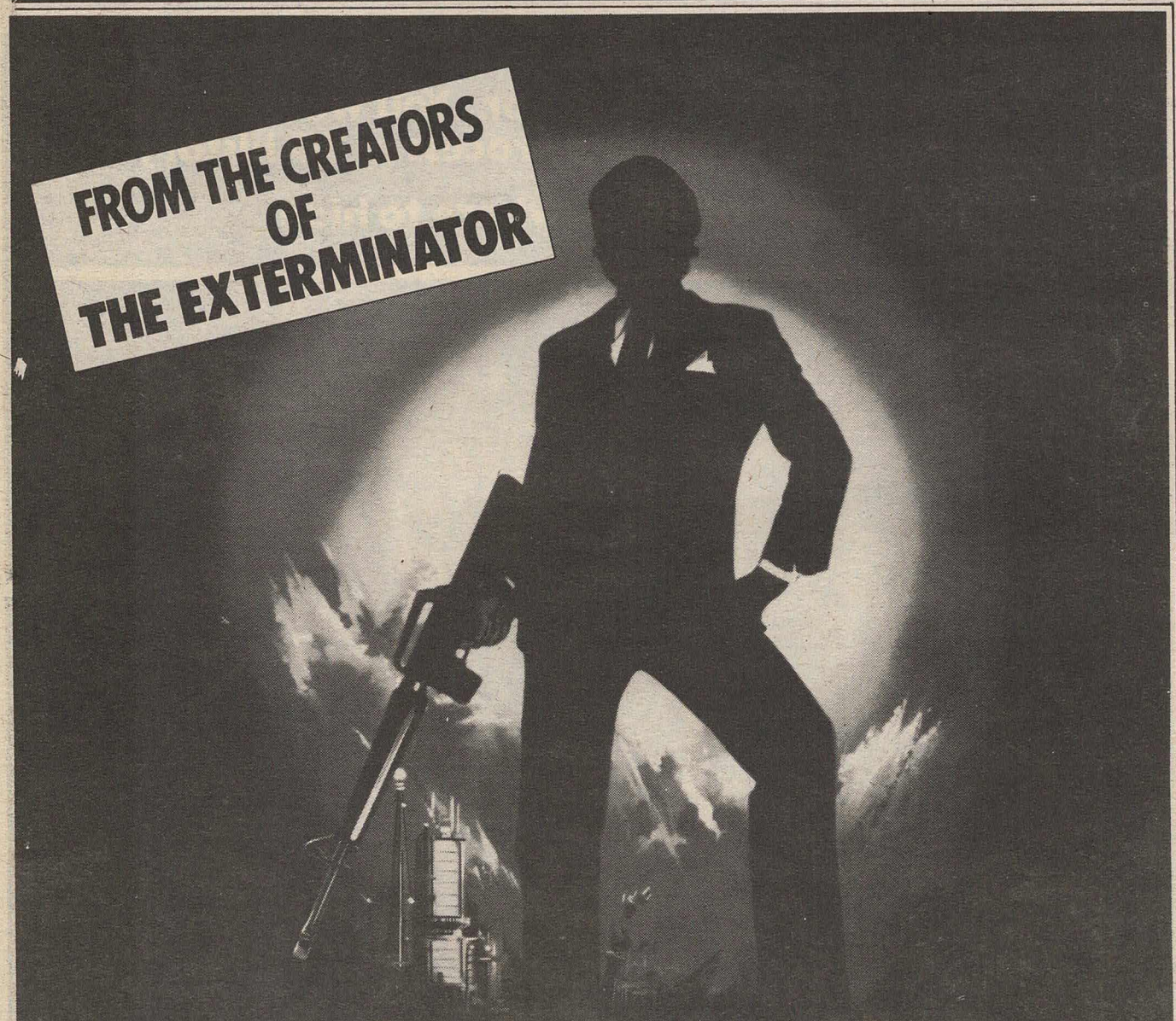
Bus Stop (Joshua Logan, 1956). Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray. One of the stagiest, most unsettling and semi-misogynist vehicles Monroe ever graced: this time as a starlet in a low-rent barroom discovered by cowboy Murray, who's in town for the big rodeo (and who seems to have more meaningful relations with his ranch partner than with Monroe, whom he abducts to the bus stop of the title). Josh Logan obviously wanted the sort of musical he later gave us in *Camelot;* this features only one warble from MM but includes her famous line *'Give me back my tail!'* **(BBC1)**
Hill Street Blues. 'Gung Ho!'. The thinking person's cop show features an episode built round the arrest of two underground radicals from the '60s, turning Furillo's fortress into a media circus. Obviously based on the real-life Nyack shooting incident which brought The American Weather Underground to light again last year. **(Thames)**
Portrait of a Legend. Special treat, as James Brown is interviewed about his upbringing in Georgia and his janitorial past — intercut with clips of the mucho greater things he went on to achieve. **(Thames)**
Dick Van Dyke Show. Another of the classic cult episodes from the saga of TV comedy writer Rob Petrie (as in *dish*, played by his wife Mary Tyler Moore in inimitable '50s style). **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY MAY 18

The Munsters. 'Mummy Munster'. Herman sets out after Marilyn — she's late at the museum because she was boning up on anthropology and got locked in a sarcophagus. Check it out if you aren't already a convert. **(C4)**
Weekend (Jean-Luc Godard 1967). The short-ish Godard season continues with one of the director's most scathing and remarked works in which a couple head for the countryside on a weekend away — only to encounter such apathy, anger and capitalistic follies that they become politicised along the way. Eventually they take up the mantle of guerilla warriors. Features Jean-Pierre Leaud before he became a film fixture in France. **(C4)**
Inside China. Another documentary consideration of what the Western fad of wearing pink bows means to Peking and if it will lead to the dreaded video arcade and perhaps even a *soupcon* of what Mao might've thought in the circs. **(Thames)**
Barney Miller. 'Stormy Weather'. Floods plague Britain's favourite precinct of Manhattan. **(Thames)**

Chris Bohn and Cynthia Rose

The Young Girls Of Rochefort **(Saturday)**



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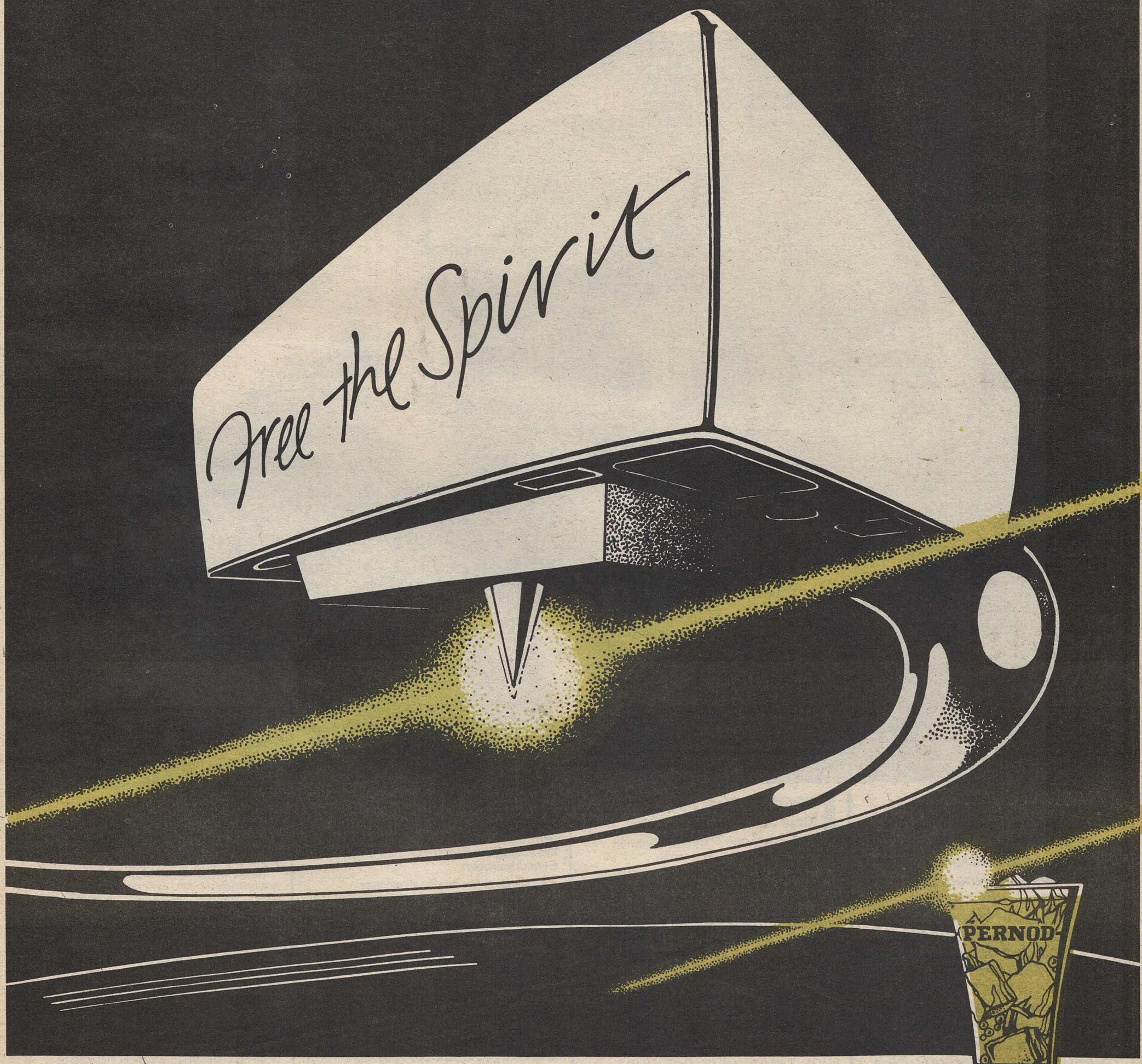

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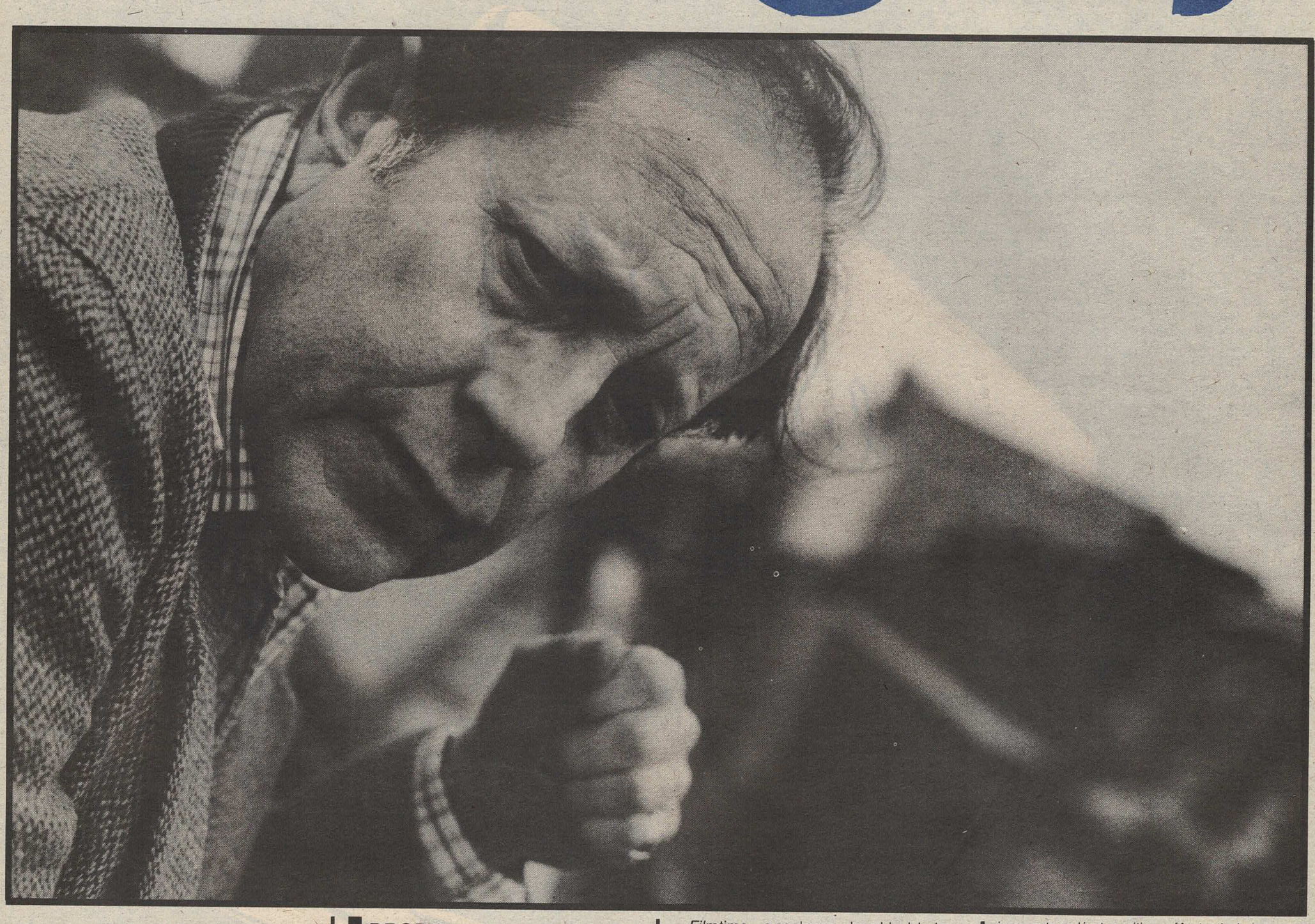
roegery



Pop music and cinema rarely meet on any but the most mundane of levels. The notable exceptions to this rule are the films of Nicolas Roeg, one man who consistently coaxes convincing performances from pop stars. His previous films have included David Bowie in The Man Who Fell To Earth, Art Garfunkel in Bad Timing and Mick Jagger in Performance. As the conundrums of his latest masterpiece Eureka reverberate round the conservative British cinema, its leading director discusses life, the movies and the pull of the planets with Richard Cook. Roeg shot by Peter Anderson

I DROP the receiver disconsolately back into its cradle.

"A loved one?" queries Nicolas Roeg, with an indulgent smile.

Hmph. Roeg looms up from the other side of the room. There is a faint hiss from the Perrier water he's just added to his whisky. I get up and drizzle some of the mineral water into another glass. Roeg takes his seat behind a desk. His face is large, amiably rounded.

STEFAN: You must love someone tremendously if you're prepared to sacrifice your dignity for them.

Curious. Sometimes life is much like the movies.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER THAT NAME

EUREKA is Nicolas Roeg's sixth film as a director. Half a dozen pictures in 15 years (work on his debut *Performance* began in 1968) is a comparatively meagre output, but prolificity is an inauspicious base to start with Roeg.

Film time—a pool or maybe a black hole where reels of celluloid create a warp inside our own span — is the metier to appreciate him. And no film will be more eagerly awaited this year by the discerning cineaste than *Eureka* has been.

If it stands as film-making of complete self-sufficiency — no nods to box office trends or any prevailing countercultural winds ever seem to bend the director's will — *Eureka* nevertheless emerges at an intriguing moment. Will the laborious reactivation of British cinema as staged by *Chariots Of Fire* and *Gandhi* refocus popular attention on the most gifted of 'our' directors? Can *Eureka* crack a barrier of acceptance Roeg's previous fims have never approached?

Ultimately, foolish speculation. *Eureka* will be no more palatable to mainstream tastes than was *Bad Timing, The Man Who Fell To Earth* or *Don't Look Now* before it. It is something of a puzzle, considering the components of Roeg's films in a cold light, how it is that they elude critical and popular prizes: the major league stars, the sumptuous visual appeal, the surface premises.

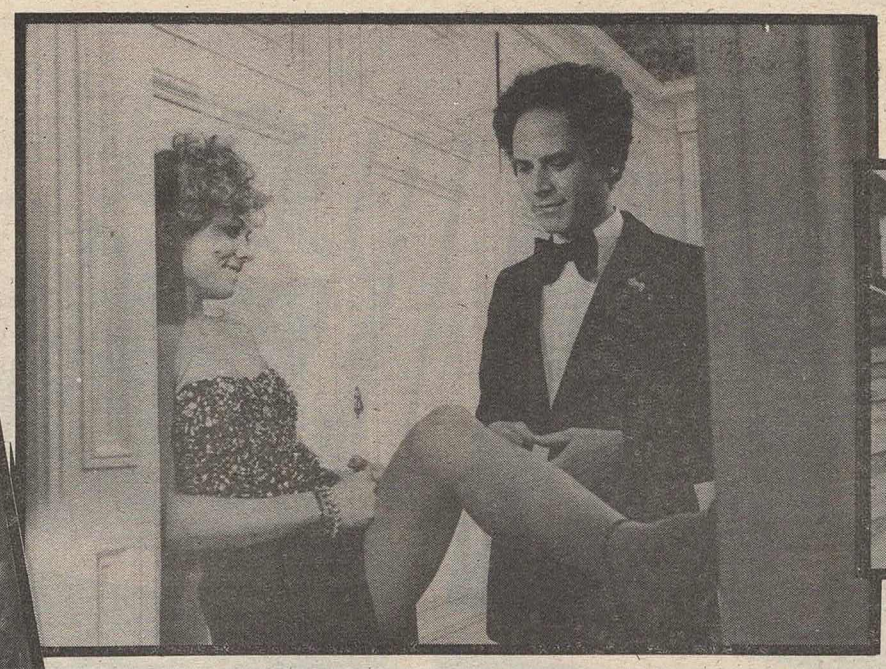
One could categorise *The Man Who Fell To Earth* as SF adventure, *Eureka* as a violent crime thriller — successful pegs to be sure. Until you experience the films themselves; and then their extraordinary difficulties become manifest.

Roeg's films jolt. They soothe the eye with lovingly crafted composition and then force it to blink with jump-cuts and juxtapositions of fantastic daring. Colour codes a Roeg movie in a way that bleaches the memory of the spectrum's other associations: the use of red in both *Performance* and *Don't Look Now* interrupts our passage into the films like a frightening exclamation.

We are forced into a different visual language. As aesthetically pleasing as it may be to a moviegoer's gaze — has the allure of a mythic modern Europe ever shimmered so seductively as it does in *Bad Timing*? Has a desert ever looked so austerely beautiful as that of *Walkabout*? — our vision is not permitted to grow comfortable.

And our sense of time is persistently sabotaged. In *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, the story of an alien called Thomas Newton who comes to our planet because it has water, there is no genuine narrative of any recognisable kind. We are told nothing at the start except by dint of the peculiar actions of the quare fellow who stumbles into a town to sell a ring: and from there we are made to leapfrog between incidents and details in a manner that must be instinctual. The commonplace orderliness of story-time is refuted. *We are compelled to impose our own sense on the state of things.* Life is reflected as, in Roeg's words, "little jagged moments".

Time, the most malleable factor available to the film-maker, captivates Nicolas Roeg. He made *Walkabout* a bleak nature story that seemed to unfold in dream-time, slowing and quickening to the pulse of the observer's reactions. The clock measures the volatile relations of *Bad Timing*,



***From left to right: Jagger in* Performance*; Art Garfunkel and lady friend in* Bad Timing*; and Gene Hackman hams it up in Roeg's latest film,* Eureka.**

stonily impassive: "A minute too soon for me," says Harvey Keitel's policeman, his hopes snuffed out by time.

Your time in the picture-house is toyed with on the screen, and the disorientation dogs your personal time as you leave the film.

Nor do locations provide any anchor in a movie's direction. Roeg's films have circled the globe and found it a bizarre, alien place — as disturbing to the director and ourselves as it was to Newton.

The Australia of *Walkabout* is shackled in a duplex of desert legend and urban prison. The Neu Amerika of *The Man Who Fell To Earth* is a settlement of steel and glass so adrift from our understanding that it resembles an enclosed world on a space station. *Don't Look Now* takes the charm of old Venice and dunks it in a rapidly darkening closedown of stinking canals and rotting buildings.

Only *Performance*, claustrophobically shuttered inside a Notting Hill basement, is earthbound to a location. Its grip on a particularly English seediness, as caught by Harry Flowers' gang and the doppelganger demons of Chas and Turner, is perfect. Yet it is also the most consciously other-worldly of Roeg's films.

The final visual coup of the film blows open all the drug-based rambling that revolves around the hapless creatures of Turner's home in an occult reference that bleeds across all of these films. Like red dye on a slide.

Eureka is the most sophisticated extension of Roeg's cinema. Physical releases and desires that cannot be articulated are tugged by forces that can only be called cosmic. Time and place blend and shift. It is day for night.

WHAT WAS it about the story of *Eureka* that attracted you?

It wasn't just the story. One finds a shell, like a hermit crab. As you change you crawl to another shell that suits you and holds your feelings and emotions for a particular time, days and months or just minutes of your life. Then you might go through various changes and find a story or incident that might better fit your feelings and you try and make some kind of emotional exchange within that new shell.

I found the series of events suited — it didn't come as a script. I don't work that way. I first have to have a sense of something to get across, to make contact with other people with. Something that people can see and relate to their own sense of loneliness or happiness or frustration...Dylan Thomas said you can take a poem apart and say you know what makes it tick but you *can't* duplicate it. You can't really analyse the work...

I remember I wanted to use a piece from *Fidelio* for *Bad Timing*. We had a conductor and an orchestra session and I had really liked the way Bernstein had conducted it. We only had 30 seconds to do. The orchestra played it and I listened... and it became like an obsession! I wanted it to sound *just that way*, something intangible. And finally the conductor said to me, I can't do it *exactly that way*. It *sounded* the same but it wasn't quite. We used it in the end anyway. But you can't just *copy*.

MILENA: What is it you want?

I'M NOT A SCIENTIST, BUT I KNOW THAT ALL THINGS BEGIN AND END IN ETERNITY

Nicolas Roeg is 55. He entered the business of film in 1947 as a teaboy, working his way through being a camera crew assistant to doing second unit work on David Lean's *Laurence Of Arabia* in 1960. In the '60s he took photographic credits on a number of outstanding pictures: the eerie opulence of Roger Corman's *Masque Of The Red Death* was down to Roeg's camerawork, as was the seasonal rapture of John Schlesinger's *Far From The Madding Crowd*.

When he undertook the project with Donald Cammell that was to become *Performance*, Roeg had mastered the cinematographic art to the highest technical level.

"Oscars, they're strange things," says Roeg. He manoeuvres around the words as if they were the dubious parts of a script.

"I'm not quite clear about them, you know. I wouldn't like to comment about prizes — not having had one! I won a gym prize at school. I don't know how or why because there was no gym in the school. I didn't even get a book for divinity! So Oscars are a long way from my comprehension. There are a lot of people who have prizes. Sometimes you go to advertising company offices and their walls are lined with prizes.

"I worked on a movie a long time ago, *Fahrenheit 451* with Francois Truffaut. Montag the fireman is about to defect and take a book — he slips one in his pocket and the fire chief says, what are you doing? Montag says, look, it was a prize book. And the chief says, oh, *everybody* won prizes. I'd like a prize."

Your collaborator Paul Mayersberg has described *Eureka* as being about "a personal kind of astro-chemistry".

I think he means that — although this might sound as elusive — I remember when we were working on it there would be a phrase that prompted things, *And the stars look down.*

It came through various stages of the script. The astro-chemistry is about what is finally purposeful between people, in terms of ambition and obsession and searching for a 'happy moment'. We kept reminding ourselves that Jack McCann is a man who gets what he wants early on in life. The Greeks' worst torture was to give a man everything he wanted.

Very few of us, thank God, get what we finally want. We wanted to find that point of ecstasy — that is an astral moment that forces you into *(chuckles)* some other cosmos *in the world*. The actor who wins his Oscar is separated from those who are still struggling for it — achievement and separation happen at the same time.

When you've looked over the top you can't shout down to the people below, there's nothing there! They must see for themselves. It puts one on another plane. And the ideal moment of such ecstasy is death! What we were pondering is what it was like to achieve that moment early on.

There is a great sense of vastness, of the action being played out under the moon and the stars...

Bigger events! At one point we had a character who was the governor of the island, a friend of Jack McCann's. What would he be like? We thought of him as an admiral on a battleship stationed outside the island, a soft outpost in a great royal war — someone who'd outlived his time, not been invited to the party he'd spent his life waiting for.

And here was McCann, a maypole figure who they all move around, a representation of all the things they would want if only they could get them, not unlike Big Daddy in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*...so here would be this admiral, a stepping stone between this tiny microcosm society and the huge international war outside. But he got lost. It started getting too much.

In a sense we worked the idea into the scene where McCann meets Charlie Perkins on the beach. Perkins is the friend who's promised to deliver, and he's faced with McCann who doesn't want to do it. When McCann says, 'never mention this matter to me again', and walks away, Charlie says, 'you're so fucking selfish' — for not giving me what I want! I think that's fantastic. Why don't you have a mind of your own to think my way!

Is McCann a strong man?

Strong? I don't much believe in strong people or weak people. It amounts to what you want. When he got what he wanted and was trying to hold on to it...It's the first time I've been asked that. It's a matter of circumstance.

Isn't that what compassion is all about, when all the strength in the world flies away? We have to believe that we all have strengths and vulnerabilities. It might appear that circumstances that surround a person — well, they're so asymmetric aren't they? — you might die before circumstances end to change you from strength to weakness.

I think it's his strength that tends to attract people to him. He has a terrific confidence. He likes to deal in no-nonsense aphorisms.

He's a very *honest* man, and that always attracts people. In the dinner party scene, where Claude is wearing a shirt that depicts the kabbala, he describes the five points and Jack says — "The sixth is bullshit. There's only one golden rule." And he quotes from the centre of the Talmud — do unto others as you would have them do unto you. As Jack says, the rest is conversation. That's not an aphorism, that's a *law*.

We discussed Claude as — and I'm not being pejorative — a very early hippie. Someone with an open mind but no final direction. Highly intelligent person who knows a lot about the kabbala but doesn't *understand* it. We all have that problem of how deep to scratch when you're trying to answer any question. I could do it now, I could expand everything from one answer — or cut it off very quickly. It depends what it's worth.

One of the first things that struck me about *Eureka* was that although it was all about Jack McCann it was at the same time strikingly decentred from him.

Absolutely right. It's about...we all have some kind of influence on each other. Everything is finally related to everything else. I wanted to have a sense that we all have some connection, that it isn't just McCann's story. I've had the comment that the film seems to stop or change pace in the middle — but life has to go on, and what happens to the characters after that climax is important to me.

Would you agree that the everyday dislikability of the characters is a familiar trait of yours?

Are they dislikable? I don't know that it's dislikable if you recognise their vulnerabilities or their failings and sadness. What you say about 'everyday' dislikability — most people are able to disguise it. Very often a man and a woman do that right up until it's too late between them. They have a faith of likability.

I remember when I was making *Bad Timing* someone said, eugh, they're *horrible people*. But I wanted to show their honesty with each other. We're just observers. We can be sympathetic for them if we can see a reflection of our own understanding of human character. When you think of other human beings you wonder — is the popular boy at school the nicest kid? It's very hard to see a deep gentleness or a deep kindness in people.

Then do you find yourself working up a sympathy for characters as you progress with a film?

I try to understand them more — and I try to work towards the screen not being a final resting place of that character. So that they're not just hanging on the screen in front of you.

There's a man who worked on *Eureka* and who asked for his name to be taken off the film. He said to me, there's a scene in the courtroom where something is described which we haven't seen! It was a stumbling-block to him. To me it gave something extra to people who had already been moulded. It added depth.

I should have thought that was a prerequisite of good cinema. The space outside the frame.

I don't have much contact with reaction. It's a curious thing. I have no idea. I tried to make them all as honest as I could. Do you find them emotionally dislikable?

I didn't see them as people who would be particularly pleasant to know, if that's what you mean. They are engrossing people. You are compulsively interested in what they're doing. I thought Claude made the single most interesting figure — he was always the one to watch and speculate on when he was on-screeen. The way he's made to seem often bewilderingly childish...

Yes, rather spoiled. When Rutger and I talked about him we found a link in that, crystallising that aspect. Somewhere at the root of Claude he is a mummy's boy. The way Tracy holds him is like a baby.

Did you develop the relationship between Claude and Tracy with the lovers of *Bad Timing* in mind?

You can't leave it totally aside. People tend to have extensions of thoughts. Ideas aren't finished. The idea of a finished story is a very curious one because you can never examine every aspect of a human being. People only get to see little bits of each other, no matter how intimate they become. Hence the extraordinary surprises life has in store for us! *(laughs)* You skate along on extraordinarily thin ice.

Someone said to me about *Bad Timing*, 'I could never fall for a woman like Milena. That kind of woman is *definitely* not for me. I am *totally* secure with my wife'. I was sorry for him in a way. Because if it ever came he'd go down through the ice never to return. The sort of man who accosts you in pubs with *(adopts haggard drunk's voice)* 'I had the most beautiful wife...'

WHAT IS DETECTION IF NOT A FORM OF CONFESSION?

ROEG IS a difficult man to interview. "I'm such a rambler, such a grasshopper brain. I mumble and change my mind. I need Pelmanism to help me through."

Some two hours of talk, punctured by occasional phone calls, is infuriatingly difficult to harness. Although he's unfailingly polite, I sense that Roeg would stop the whole conversation at a whim, or at the greedy tenacity of an interviewer who wants to push things along.

His English demeanour is flawless, like a study out of C.P. Snow's *The Masters*. There is the ripe gentility of the voice, the expansive chuckles, the social soak's pawing of the glass. He toys with a long chain of Gitanes and burns them down to a trayful of stubs.

"You're going to edit this thing yourself?" he inquires. "It's not just a *Rolling Stone* thing, incomprehensible? If there's an exchange between you, Mr Cook, and me, you must be making up some decision in your mind about me. I read one transcription that I did some years ago and it had a *meaningless* quality. There has to be an exchange that has your part of the creative thing. I'm not being creative, I'm answering your creation."

My nerves are jittering me. Vision clicks on the inventory of Roeg's desk: Eros lamp, telephones, ashtray, brochures. Edvard Munch screams down off the wall. Time?

At the typewriter, a thousand unraised topics babble mockingly.

ALEX: I prefer to think of myself as an observer.

Another two hours and I'd've clinched it.

May I quote you here? "Whenever one plays with film grammar, it offends." Does that still hold true?

Yes, I think it does. In fact, more so. Film is a very young medium, only 85 years old. In the early days of film they were playing with film grammar much more. They had people performing on a stage *with* film. When I saw *Napoleon* — the montage! After that showing a lot of people who are offended by the alteration of film grammar accepted totally that wonderful piece of film-making — the same people who are shocked by any film 'disturbance' now.

It's got very much more conservative for a lot of reasons, and that conservatism is hidden in a more righteous-than-thou attitude of 'pure cinema'. Pure cinema! What's that? Pure for one person, impure for another? More honest? What is pure? That very term puts the user into a rather elevated and judicial place — it sounds good and decent.

I remember on *Performance* someone from Warner Brothers — who hated the film so much — came along and said, you know, they've even got the bath water dirty! I said, well, only dirty people wash!

I truthfully don't understand the idea of 'pure' cinema. If the fucking thing is full of dots and going from black to white or whatever — if it's true to itself it's as pure as a pale blue sky with one cloud in it. It's like the word pretentious, awfully arrogant word to bandy about. Puts the user into a marvellously arrogant position. I find it emotionally a very odd word. The same with pure.

Do you have a sense of your own history, as far as your output is concerned? Do you ever re-view your films?

No, no! You never forget incidents and people, the crews on films. Each one is like a little microcosm of society and it would be like going back to... Some years ago I drove back to an area where I was a child and I felt, this is horrendous, why did I do this? It was like all the shadows of things I'd known had gone away. That's one reason.

This film has taken two and a half years to make. It takes that long to get the thing together, to get it all right. I've said it a few times, but I'm not really a proper director. The film becomes a habitation in my life. I'm always the last one left in, waiting for it to finish. I think you're the last person I'm going to speak to about it because there's a time when you say that's all you can do for the film. To revisit it is something that can't be done. You remember all the bad things that happened as the shots come up!

THE ONLY PERFORMANCE THAT *REALLY* MAKES IT...

DO YOU ever feel a film getting away from you?

Yes, it should do. That's when it gets exciting. The screaming confusion of atoms and molecules holding that telephone together has to be

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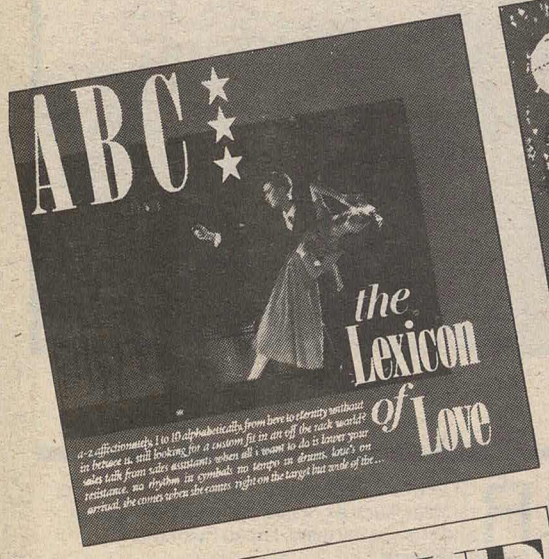

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MUDDY WATERS 1915 - 83

LAST WEEK we lost Muddy Waters.

I say 'we' because you lost him too, and whether you were personally familiar with his music and his achievements or not — and even if you'd rather this space had been given over to Animal Nightlife rather than some old blues singer — this still applies to you.

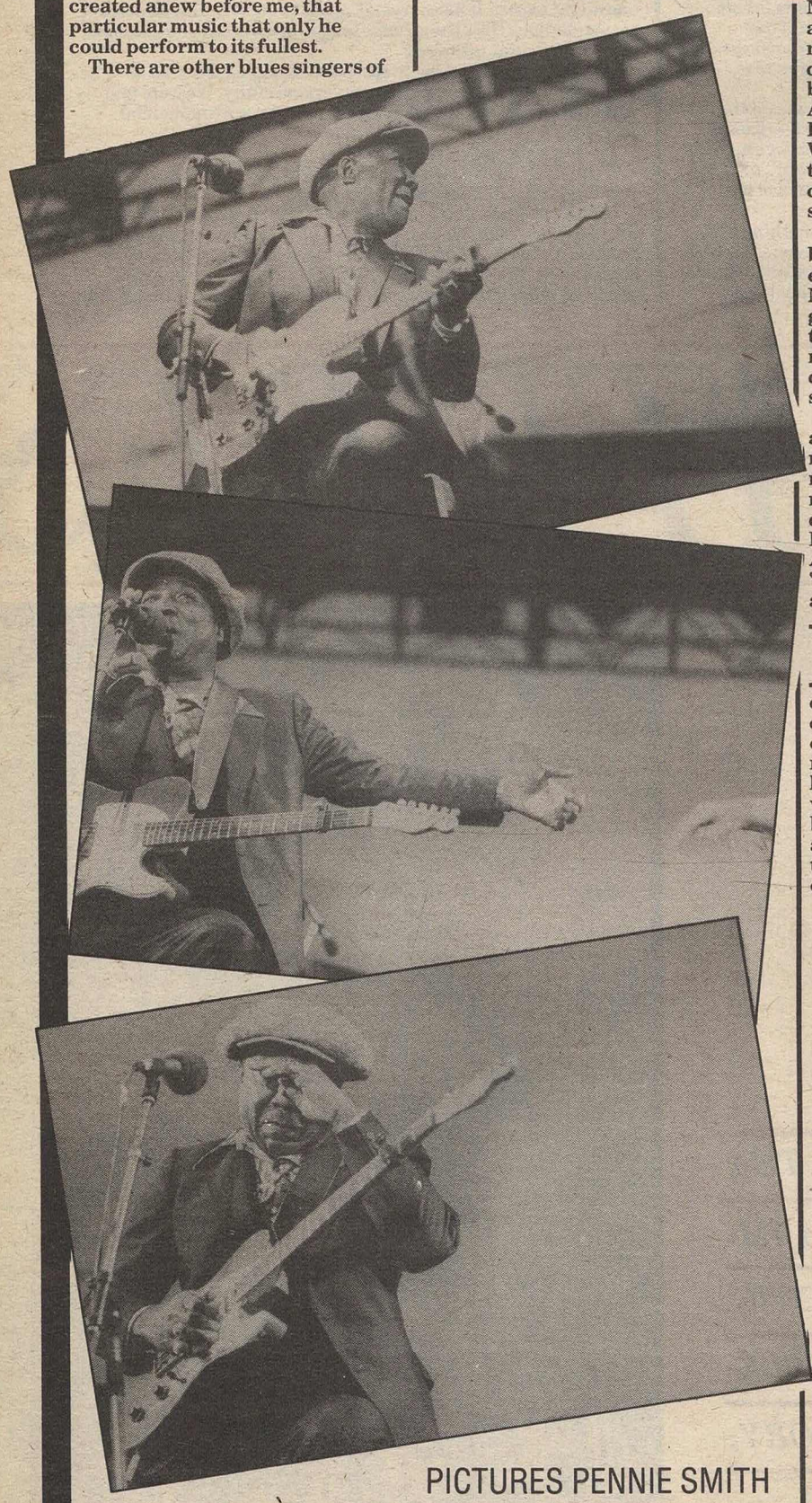
Muddy Waters — the Hoochie Coochie Man, the Mannish Boy, the original Rollin' Stone — was one of those rare and fortunate artists whose work created ripples through the entire world of popular music, whose influence is so far-reaching that the consequences of what he did outreach his own name and his own music to affect millions upon million to whom he personally meant nothing.

I have dreaded this moment for years. In the last six years or so of his life, Muddy Waters enjoyed a creative renaissance which brought him to England several times, and each time he would come I would go to see him, fearing that it would be the last chance I ever would have to experience the presence of the man, to drink him down to the very last drop, to hear that music created anew before me, that particular music that only he could perform to its fullest.

There are other blues singers of Muddy Waters' generation still alive, as well as a half-dozen or so major blues performers of different eras and different styles, but it is no disrespect to men like Albert King, Buddy Guy, B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, Junior Wells or Son Seals to state that their achievements were of a different nature and their powers suited them to fill other needs.

Even Hooker, a performer of boundless ingenuity, ferocious energy and impeccable Mississippi Delta authenticity, gives an old man's performances these days. Though his magic is by no means dissipated, it is diminished and he seems frail and shrunken today.

Muddy Waters remained a giant, and performed a giant's music, right up to the last. His memory remains untarnished. There are no recordings of Muddy Waters in his decline because he never had one. His last three albums — 'Hard Again', 'I'm Ready' and 'Muddy "Mississippi" Water Live' — are among his finest.



PICTURES PENNIE SMITH

MUDDY WATERS was one of the purest and most dedicated artists who have lived during this century. He literally consecrated his life to his music — that hugely, savagely, lovingly electrified and urbanised version of the traditional country blues of the Mississippi Delta — and he pushed that consecration, that music and that life as far as it could possibly go.

"Ain't too many left play the real *deep* blues," he told Robert Palmer (no relation) in a conversation quoted in Palmer's indispensable book *Deep Blues*. "There's John Lee Hooker, Lightnin' Hopkins . . . they got all these white kids now. Some of them can play *good blues*, run a ring around you playing the guitar, but they cannot vocal like the black man. B.B. King plays blues, but his blues is not as deep as my blues . . . it's the truth. There ain't too many left sings the type of blues that I sing. I'm out there workin' as much as I want to, turnin' down jobs I could be doin', and the money's up. These records I'm makin' now that Johnny Winter's producing, they're sellin' better than any of my old records ever did. We got that Chess sound, too. I'll tell you the truth: this is the best point of my life that I'm livin' right now. I'm glad it came before I died, I can tell you. *Feels great.*"

Muddy Waters wasn born McKinley Morganfield on April 4, 1915 in Rolling Fork, Mississippi, a long way and a long time ago. He earned his nickname by forever playing in puddles as a small child. He was one of ten children, and — from the death of his mother in 1918 — was raised by his grandmother in Clarkesdale. He picked cotton on the nearby Stovalls plantation, distilled a little bootleg whisky on the side and taught himself first harmonica and then guitar.

Taught by Son House and profoundly influenced by the spooky, tormented music of the mysterious Robert Johnson, the purest and most poetic distillation of the demon haunted dark side of the country blues, he rapidly developed the powerful, measured, mesmeric approach that was uniquely his.

In 1941, researcher Alan Lomax wandered onto the plantation in search of Robert Johnson. Johnson was dead by then, but instead Lomax recorded Muddy Waters for the Library Of Congress, and returned the following year to record him again. Disappointed that his first recordings weren't available for the jukeboxes, and filled with a sense of his own possibilities, Muddy lit out for Chicago in 1943.

During the '40s, huge chunks of America's major Northern cities were redefined. Blacks, sick to death of the poverty and racism of the rural South, came North looking for jobs, excitement, money and freedom. Mostly, they were disappointed as they discovered that urban life was not all it had been cracked up to be, but they stayed, and the music of the rural South came up with them. Muddy Waters had to work a straight job for a little while, but soon he was earning a living with his guitar in the bars and taverns and the rent parties, working with other musicians such as pianist Sunnyland Slim, and — once the wartime ban on recording was lifted — cutting a tune or two along the way.

His breakthrough came in 1948, when Aristocrat Records, owned by Len and Phil Chess, cut Muddy on an uptempo Delta tune called 'Can't Be Satisfied', which Muddy had recorded for Lomax under the title 'I Be's Troubled'. Accompanied only by the deft, jumpy stand-up bass of Big Crawford, the tune was a smash, the first down-home blues record to sell big in a long time.

It was followed by hit after hit. At first, Chess preferred to stick with what he thought was the formula and record Muddy in downhome style, but the music that Muddy was making in the clubs and bars had become something different, something entirely new.

THE AMPLIFIED guitar had been around for years, ever since Charlie Christian completely redefined the instrument, but it was probably the Muddy Waters Blues Band that played the first real electric music. In order to keep bringing the band up over the sounds of the partying crowds they played to, Muddy and his men kept playing their blues louder and louder until it stopped being simply a matter of making the music more easily audible, but turned it into something new.

Muddy's band launched half the blues stars in Chicago. Otis Spann and Little Walter became the definitive piano and harmonica players of their idiom, and Walter and guitarist Jimmy Rogers enjoyed impressive strings of blues hits in their own right. Buddy Guy, Junior Wells and James Cotton also passed through the Waters band.

The sound they created was nothing less than awesome. Blues hits like 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You', 'Hoochie Coochie Man', 'Long Distance Call,' 'Honey Bee', 'Rollin' Stone', 'Got My Mojo Working' and others are incandescently powerful; rough, deep, soulful music that digs as deep or deeper than any other music of the time. By comparison, the music that Elvis Presley was making at Sun was restrained and folksy.

The Muddy Waters Band taught the world how to play electric music, but it took the world a time to catch up. Muddy toured the UK in 1958, and was greeted by horror and outrage at the vigour of his performance and the volume of his band. Chastened, he returned in 1963 with an acoustic guitar and a repertoire of suitably rootsy Delta and folk tunes, only to be confronted by hordes of Rolling Stones fans wanting the master to rock them blind.

It was this post-Stones white audience, turned on by the first wave of white R&B bands and their successors, that was to sustain Muddy's career from the early '60s onwards.

In the late '50s black audiences had moved on to more sophisticated bluesmen, and from there to soul, and Muddy — cannily enough — played the Newport Jazz Festival (which you best believe he tore *right* up) and the college circuit. He even cut an acoustic album, 'Muddy Waters, Folk Singer' which came complete with a liner note explaining how dumb the title was.

In the late '60s he experimented freely,, cutting hard rock and psychedelic albums like 'Electric Mud', but the music his new constituency wanted was *deep* blues. Laid low by a serious road accident in 1970, he returned to the road, his hoodoo power and magisterial dignity unaffected by his crutches. In 1976 he began to record and tour with an all-star band led by rock guitarist Johnny Winter, who had enticed him away from Chess Records, his recording label for over a quarter of a century. The performances he gave in his last years were filled with an almost supernatural power, and in Martin Scorsese's film of The Band's farewell shows, *The Last Waltz*, he virtually stole the show from such luminaries as Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young and Eric Clapton.

OLD MAN Mud had a good run. He was honoured time and time again by the end of his life, acknowledged as one of the real giants of postwar pop. Yet he never made anything like the money which is routine for rock stars.

"You makes a good living when you gets to be established like I am," he told me when I was privileged to interview him in his home in Chicago in 1977, "but that overnight million-dollar thing — no way."

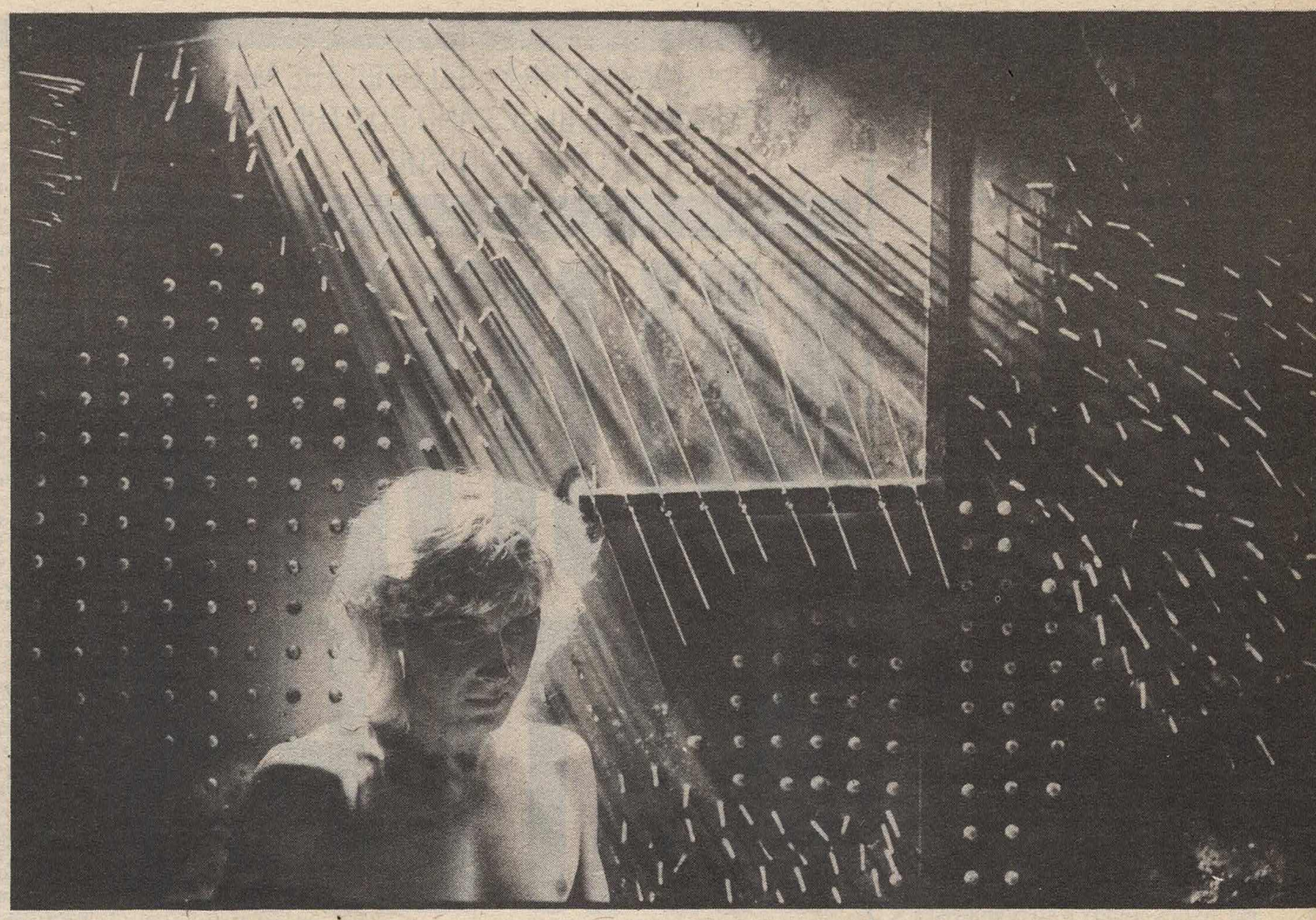
Muddy Waters' life and work is a testament to the strength and depth and complexity of the culture from which he sprang, and also to the strength and depth and complexity of McKinley Morganfield, a man who wanted to be known all over the world when such an ambition was considered laughable for a Southern rural black to have.

Muddy Waters was the first musician I ever interviewed, in a cheesy little club in Reading where the rain poured in through the roof as we listened to the Hoochie Coochie Man shout his blues, and he was also the most memorable.

If you know his music and have some in your home, I would like you to listen to it tonight. If you don't, I would like you to go out and find some and hear and experience the man and his music and his culture. Muddy Waters was something utterly unique in the field of what it is *still* possible to call 'our' music, and his death has switched off one more light.

B.B., Albert, John Lee, Buddy and Junior . . . take *very* good care of yourselves.

ALL CREATURES



NOBODY WANTED a peccary."

You'd look after one, though, wouldn't you, Budgie? The drummer basks in the glow of parenthood.

"It's like a little pig and it stinks. There's this adoption scheme for animals at London Zoo. You pay a certain amount for an animal's upkeep for a year... and nobody wanted the peccary. We thought it would be nice to adopt it. You can go and see how it's getting on. We're going to call it Gregory Peccary."

What you might call a taste for the down-at-heel exotic. Siouxsie Sioux gives her compatriot her best old hag's cackle — "An ugly little peccary!" — and stirs her tea. There is someone to look after all Creatures, great and small.

'FEAST' IS what The Creatures are giving us this spring, a collection of shattered cameos drawn and splintered by the voice of Sioux and the percussion of Budgie, abetted by an enigmatic chorale of Hawaiian throats.

Holiday snaps or deeper traps? You can decide for yourselves with the record's release this week, but its conception and birth were brought about in conditions rather different to the phony 'alien encounter' of most such ventures.

"There's only one studio there," remembers Sioux, "and it's what people might call a demo studio. Everything is custom-made for what is like a house and it's in the middle of the Hawaiian jungle. There's no soundproofing. If you're making a cup of tea out the back you've got to be quiet if someone's doing a vocal at the same time, otherwise it comes through."

What is the purpose of 'Feast'?

"The purpose of The Creatures is being able to do something a lot more relaxed — not laid-back relaxed, but without having a monster around what you're doing. It allows different atmospheres, and there's none of the tension you have with the Banshees because that's so... big."

"We have certain obligations with the Banshees," agrees Budgie. "We're not obliged to be The Creatures and do an album or single or anything. Anything we do is like a bonus."

But you do lay yourselves open to a charge of cultural slumming with something like this — a record like a baroque sequence of charred ethnic paintings, recorded in a Hawaiian jungle?

Sioux: "It sounds crass when you list how it was done, but it isn't like a tourist guide. It doesn't just depict Hawaii. We never thought about it in terms of what we'd come back with, no specific number of tracks or anything. We did everything very quickly in two weeks and it snowballed into an album."

Budgie: "The people who'd been there before us had been Japanese bands and some West Coast people like Crosby and Nash. We really wanted to go somewhere which was really isolated — we tried East Africa but there was a language problem — and then we picked on Hawaii. We found one drum kit on the island and only one marimba. So it was like we had to find all the stuff and do it all for ourselves. There's no real cultural crossover, no more than with Japan or Australia. Just *us* out *there*."

I say, very serious, that it sounds like a Banshees dub album. They both laugh. Crestfallen, I try to remember — what *does* it sound like?

ACTUALLY, LIKE a particularly brittle and diamond-eyed variation on the Banshees' deathly kiss of sound. For what is basically a record of voice and drums, The Creatures have assembled a multifarious sonic boom that is as various and kaleidoscopic as can be imagined. The humours of Sioux's frosty larynx are nakedly outlined against skins of sometimes fabulous quality — the drum sound on 'Ice House' must be one of the greatest on record — and with the corroded metal of Banshees guitar entirely absent, we seem to have x-rays of a taut, raw nervous system before us.

They sustain it over ten tracks with occasional flashes of the outside world. Hawaiian singers intone with featureless passion on 'Iona Ole' and 'Festival Of Colours'; a mock party background is constructed to offset the bloody nursery rhyme of 'Flesh'. 'Miss The Girl', the most skeletal of all the songs, is like a moment of bitter reflection in the middle of the second side.

Impressive? Perhaps — except, as always, it is something of a passion show that is devoid of human hearts. The unyielding curse of Siouxsie And The Banshees stains The Creatures with the same watermark: they establish their images of the diabolical, the fantastic and the sado-erotic and then simply don't know what to do with them.

Sioux's toying with the macabre isn't irresponsible, merely purposeless. A glut of ideas and fragments whirl in the mix, but their presence feels arbitrary. Strange beasts — roosters and geckos — are the spectres at the feast, a randomly chosen exotica.

'Feast' shimmers and breathes, more so than any Banshees record, and it is very different from the suitcase full of mementoes one might expect. It has a crystal, allusive quality. But its portent seems shallow. Does the strange tongue of 'Inoa Ole', for example, have a particular meaning?

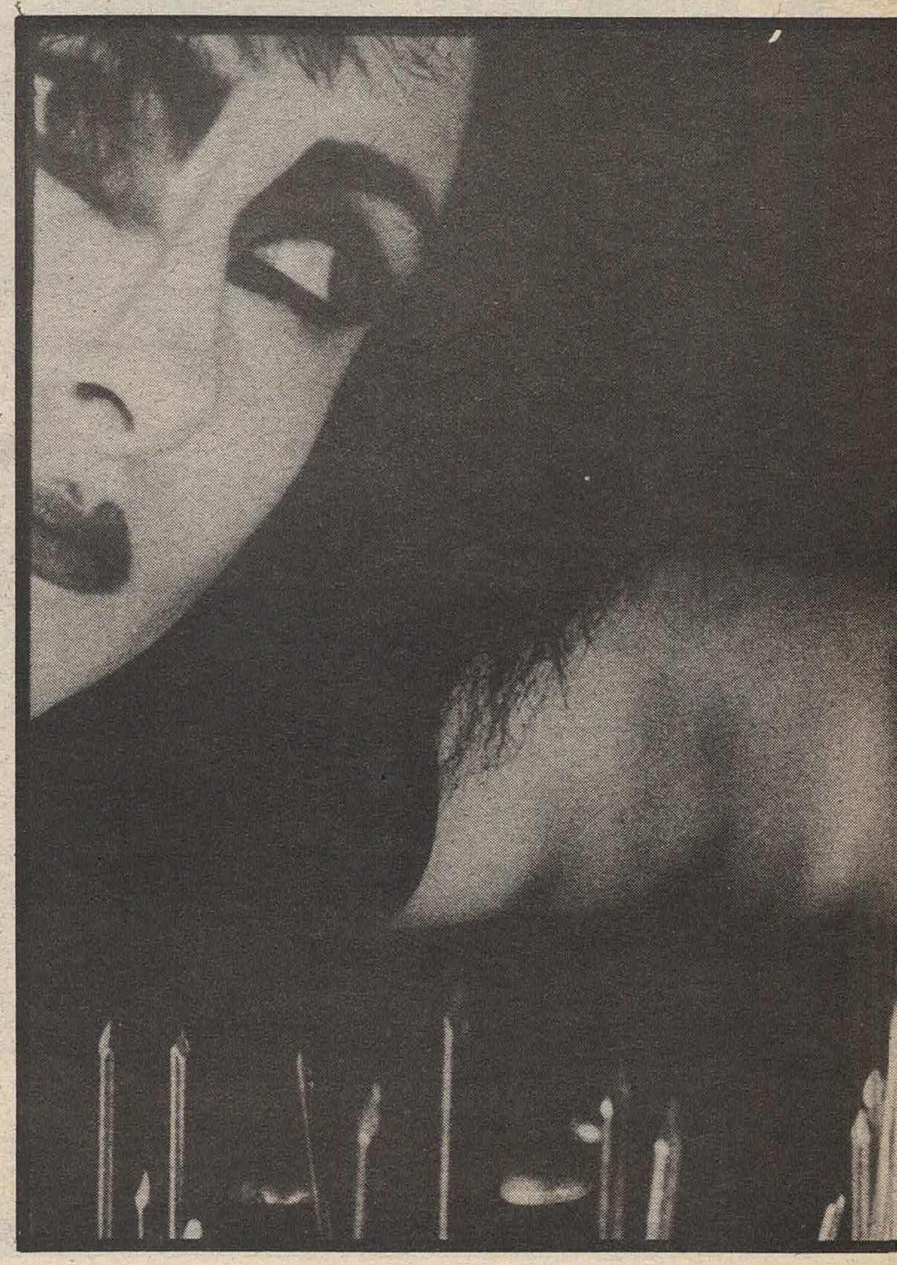
"We knew the chants were special to them," says Siouxsie. "They guard their language and customs very carefully. We were told what they mean and they don't want them to be a commercial property."

She stops abruptly. It's a secret!

"I think 'Feast' is a rich title. That's why it was chosen."

Is England still a good place to work in?

"Not if you know you're going to do *this* in *that* studio and do a tour and play *there*. We're reconsidering how we work anyway because it's too familiar. If you go to places that aren't geared to musicians — that's what I liked about Hawaii. There's no rock bands playing there. You weren't bumping into a recording *artiste*



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE BANSHEES AND WHO ARE THE CREATURES? WELL, THE WATERMARKS ARE SIMILAR WITH IMAGES OF THE DIABOLIC, THE FANTASTIC AND THE SADO-EROTIC. SIOUXSIE AND BUDGIE STROKE THEIR SHARP, SHINY IMPLEMENTS WHILE RICHARD COOK TAKES DOWN THEIR STORY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTON CORBIJN.

everywhere you go."

"We didn't have work permits when we went over," adds Budgie. "We had to bluff our way through customs and say we were just there on a holiday. After a couple of weeks they were saying, what are you doing if you're not working! And we'd be going round listening to the tracks we'd done on Walkmans, just to remind ourselves, cos we were working so fast we'd forget things we'd already done.

"There's something good about being isolated like that. The only person who knew us there was Mike Hedges so there were no people dropping in all the time saying Hi, remember me!"

You mean the big pop family we're all happy to be a part of.

"Our attitudes haven't changed. We still don't really care." Sioux dismisses her competitors. "It's just that we miss the unfamiliarity that we had when we first started. People were interested but didn't know exactly what to expect. That's why we've been working abroad a lot, not just as The Creatures but with the Banshees too — Japan, Scandinavia, one-offs in Italy. We like them wondering what we're going to be like. We don't like the idea of a gig circuit.

"I don't think we've ever seen ourselves as entertainers," she continues. Sioux has a way of speaking in a monotone that has a surly force underneath it. Her Londoner's accent has been flattened of the careless common touch, except when she deliberately puts it in. There is a hint of the heavy smoker's rasp in her throat.

"We know we can be entertaining, but I don't like show business. Value for money, I mean, I'd rather see someone I like play for ten minutes than Bruce Springsteen for ten hours. That's like looking at yourself as a commodity, which I don't like. I think it's become very commodity-orientated."

Sioux practices some lines she must have spoken many times. Budgie says something about VFM sounding like Jimmy Young. He is a cheerful, sweet-natured fellow, concerned to brighten the thunderous cloudline that Sioux sometimes puts up.

"It's not as if we're not aware of other groups," he offers meekly. "We do hear them all the time. You can't avoid that."

"We are pretty much in our own world," says Siouxsie. "We don't review our own work."

Then what perspectives do you introduce on it? How would you reject something as artifice?

"If it's not up to standard, if it's not good enough. We can start by thinking something's good at the time and then chuck it out as rubbish later."

Yes... but there are criteria, reasons, motivations. It would be a simple matter for them to exist inside a mannerism. On 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse', a record filled with a sophistication and grace that nothing in their previous music had truly pointed at, there was still a clumsy spiral of noise like 'She's A Carnival'.

"My favourite track on the album is 'Circle'," deadpans the singer. "And 'Cocoon'. You have things that you like better than others."

I meet the stare from a perfectly sculpted mask of black and cream, shaped to the contours of a voodoo imagination, before ducking my eyes to the teatable. Budgie is the diplomat again.

"We can't deny the strong identity in the sounds we make. It's inevitable that there's a Banshees sound. It's the way we change it around."

Do you set out to be profound?

Sioux: "No."

Why not?

"Ummm... Profound as in original and really meaningful? In that way, to us, I think so."

Budgie: "I hate cool and meaningful and deep!"

Then do you have to think yourselves into a state where you can write or perform?

"It's always more urgent than that," says the drummer. "The actual doing of something is quick, even if it comes after a long period of consolidating it.

"We get a reaction of us being rigid and uncommercial when we put our foot down for what we want. Like, when we're on *Top Of The Pops* and say we don't want those lights there or whatever."

Is it important for them to be seen in a place like *TOTP?*

"Yeah," says Sioux. "I've never agreed with the argument that you don't go on *TOTP* because it's what you're against. That's really stupid. Otherwise it'll always be that way unless you go on it."

So you would appear there with the idea of your appearance helping towards change?

"Yeah! I'd rather we went on there and be something unexpected there."

"It's very rare we do *TOTP* anyway," laughs Budgie. "We have turned loads of other things down. All the time *Tiswas* was on we never did that. It's like we release singles as well as Dollar and Imagination and we want to be heard alongside all of them. Your ideals may not be competing with theirs, but that doesn't stop you putting out singles. We'd love to see 'Miss The Girl' number one everywhere!"

EXCEPT TIMES have changed. I hear and see the sound and vision of Soft Cell and Culture Club, and what they are doing is as much the expression of subversive, libertine spirits as is the produce of the Banshees/Creatures — and it's proving far more insidiously successful. This glamour is growing stronger by the record. These aren't the chart-pap weaklings that used to serve as competitors to the early Banshees.

It's something these strange and disaffected musicians flirt uneasily with. After two dour and dreary LPs they siphoned off the turgid wrath and picked the shiny colours of 'Kaleidoscope', a record of liquorice and cyanide, only to plunge back into the maelstrom on the overwrought and nihilistic 'JuJu'. 'Nightshift' from that set is one of the most crushing pieces of metal music a pop group has ever come up with.

Sioux: "'Kaleidoscope' sounded a lot softer. The content was still pretty *BAAAAA! (Laughter)* It just turns out that way, something coming out a bit quieter. You people, always dissecting things..."

And when 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse' comes under the scalpel? A beautiful, electrifying, superbly dynamic record. The one Banshees LP that has the deep-seated power to affect beyond stunning to senseless jelly. Siouxsie still believes in a music's power to affect.

"Of course. It's like a lifeline. It was always important to me when there wasn't a lot else exciting happening — when the most important thing was getting into your bedroom and playing your favourite record. It was like something unreal."

Budgie: "I think the thing about people like Spandau Ballet and Boy George getting to more people lies in their productions — they're so full of the right ingredients. There's a certain element that doesn't hurt people's ears. It sort of goes past and doesn't intrude when you're driving or whatever."

How does something like the 'Miss The Girl' video intrude?

"You won't see it on TV," says Sioux with a certain relish. "That alternative music programme *Switch* wouldn't show it. They say they're not geared by the charts even though they show Michael Jackson and Human League videos."

Budgie: "The BBC wouldn't show 'Mad-Eyed Screamer' or 'Fireworks' either — because we were all holding flares!"

"It's just a load of bitching. I mean — oh, fuck 'em." Sioux surrenders. "We could've edited it and made it palatable for them, but if they're going to censor it... who's to say it would be shown even then?"

What should a Creatures video be like?

"Ummm... it shouldn't be a storyboard for the music. I don't think visuals can ever compete with putting on a record and thinking what goes with it. Putting visuals *to* music can't ever be the same. Just listening is miles ahead visually. We just think in terms of something to watch — I can't stand someone singing *'walking down the street'* and there they are, walking down the street. I don't think our videos have ever really worked, though. They've always failed. But they're fun to do."

UNABLE TO resist testing the Banshees bubble, I wonder what they most dislike about their work.

"I'd like people to see us as cute!" giggles the singer. I think she jests.

"If there's elements we don't like, we cut them short," is Budgie's sober response. "Like touring. The rock'n'roll way of life. We don't work with people who try and push us like that."

I must be dreaming. I think I just heard Sioux say, "I wish you could set up a video and tape your dreams! That should be a new entertainment. Do you have mad dreams, like very cinematic things? I do. It's really my burning ambition to see them. I'd love to tape dreams..."

"There are Miss Reality elements I'd like to get out of what we do."

What?

"I'm Miss Reality! How d'you do!"

Has anything shaken your faith in your abilities, Siouxsie?

"For me personally, yes. That's... (*sighs*) when I'm trying to write and I can't. It can last a long time, for weeks, when I've got this blackness in me about what I'm trying to do. And it's always felt bad to be scholarly about it, to keep on trying — because I can't ever work like that. I just have to wait until the time's right. I can't toil when I don't feel like it."

Will there come a time when the Banshees have to stop?

"I don't know about *have* to stop, but maybe want to, yeah, probably. If it doesn't stop itself in a plane crash like Lynyrd Skynyrd. You tend to get too close to something to be able to say when it's time to stop."

Budgie: "Anyway, we've been saying *stop* constantly. We keep changing and reassessing. And that's kept us going."

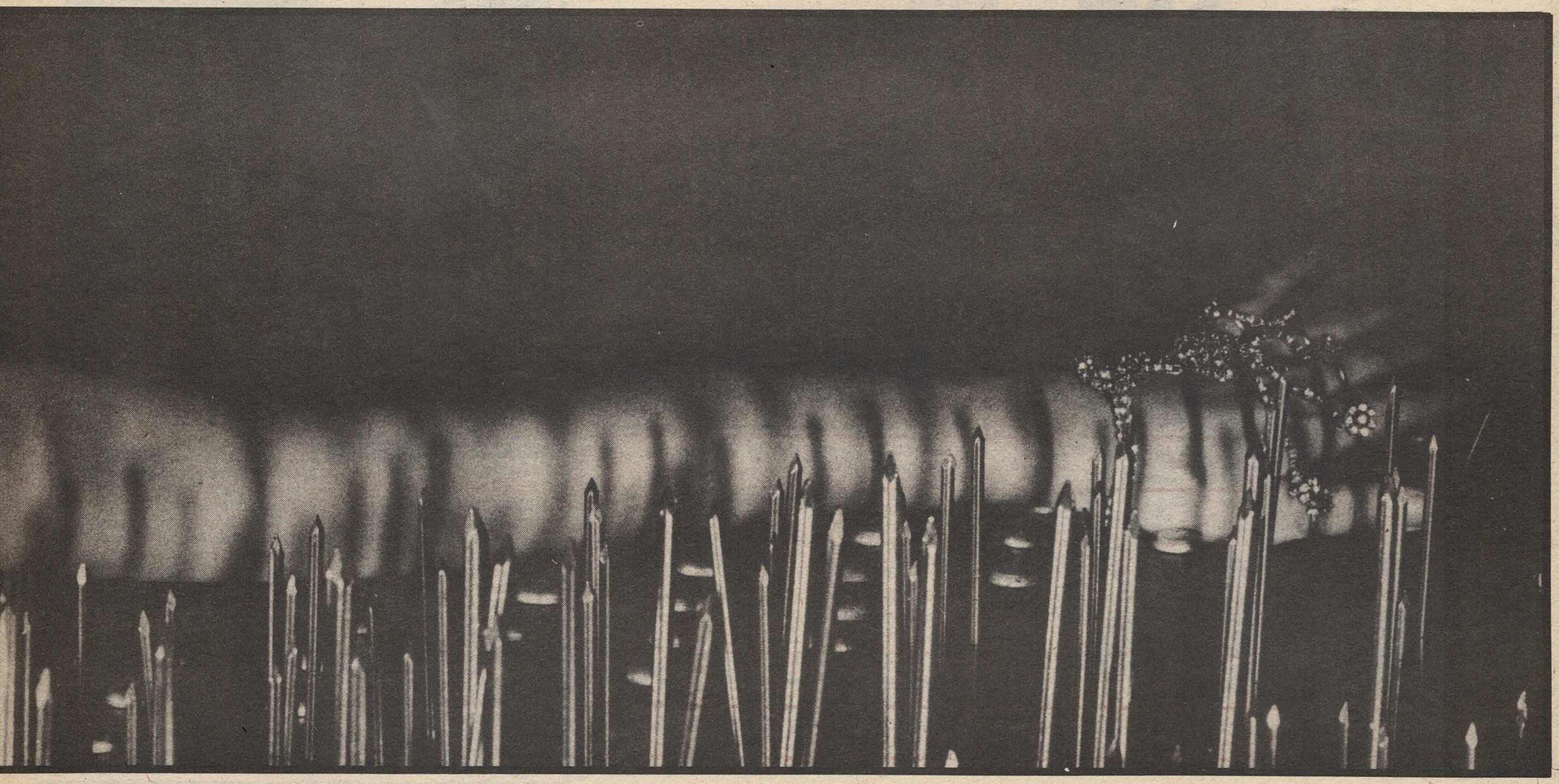
Do you feel much older now than when you started all this?

"Sometimes," says the singing Creature, to the creak of black leather. "When I say — you're an old *hag*, Siouxsie! Give up! Age is a real fallacy anyway. It's horrible when I meet 18 year-olds and they're behaving so *old!* Having driving lessons and thinking about getting married and kitchen utensils... I feel like shaking people like that."

"When I go back to where I was born," says the drumming Creature, "and I'm out with me dad and seeing people who I went to school with — they're married now and that. You say I've got lots of responsibilities but they think I'm just shirking them. They think I've never grown up."

Yes, it's strange, thought the writing creature. And he put on his coat and went out into the Kensington streets, to look for a bus home.

GREAT & SMALL



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It's their party and Gavin Martin will gatecrash if he wants to. So is Pete Murphy about to change his image now that the real David Bowie has stormed back? Lightning photography by Anton Corbijn.

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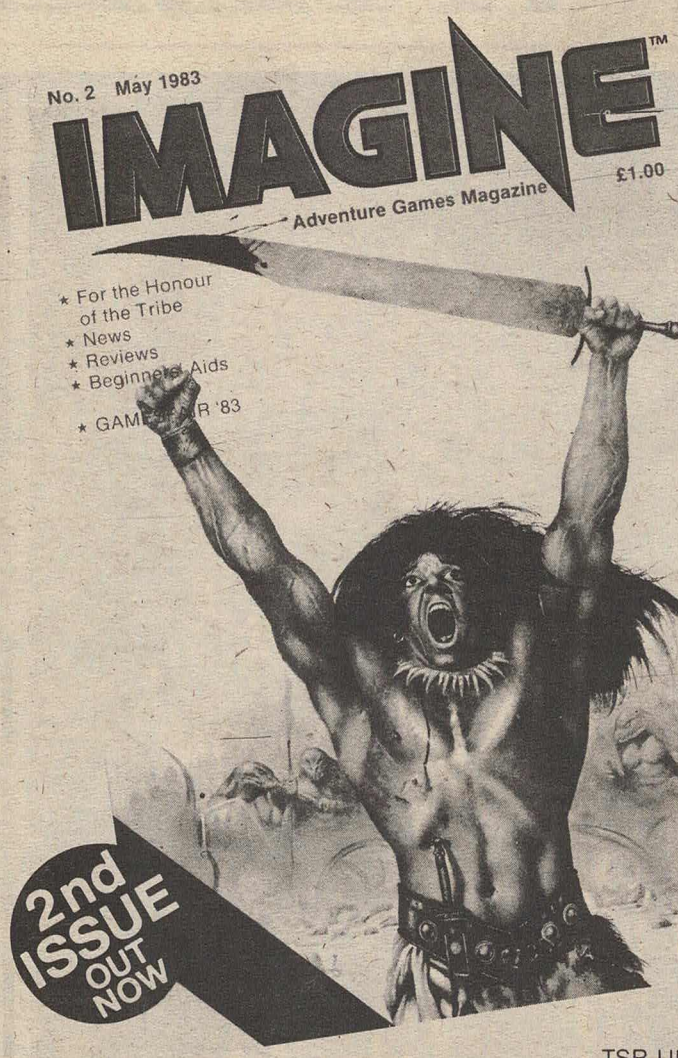

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LPs
LONG PLAYERS

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS
Confrontation *(Tuff Gong)*

IN ONE of his last interviews before his death two years ago, Bob Marley angrily refuted any charges that his music had softened over the years. "No mon!" he told Stephen Davis. "It might mellow to the outside people, but where I come from it is more *militant* than it ever used to be."

'Confrontation', a collection of remixed JA-only singles and outtakes from the 'Survival' and 'Uprising' albums, supports both assertions. The music of The Wailers band demonstrates that its sinuous smoothness never ceased to grow in both potency and refinement, while at least one of the tunes ranks with the angriest songs that Marley ever wrote.

Both the requirements of the music business and the Jamaican government have been met by the institutionalisation of Bob Marley. As soon as it became likely that he would die, he was honoured; now he's on the stamps and part of the basic raw material of the Jamaican tourist industry. All of which ends up choking on one great bone of contention: Marley achieved this status with music and pronouncements which declared complete and total opposition to the Babylon which, when it could not destroy him, proceeded to adopt him. Right up until the end, Marley was backed right up against that contradiction.

Two years on and once again we hear the voice of The Hon Robert Nesta Marley, OM. His death left a gigantic hole in reggae music (not to mention the popular music of the world) which has not been filled by even the very best of the crooners and deejays, and the easy authority and mesmerising presence which he brings to even the least of these songs makes that fact abundantly clear. Even though the album lacks that one great tune which creates a context for everything around it, it is still a record that no artist now living could have made.

The album's (first) single is 'Buffalo Soldiers', a tune which is only reviewed in *NME* this week even though it's been out for three weeks (that, incidentally, should serve as an indication of the importance assigned to reggae music by most of the people who write for this paper). In an unassuming way it is a startling performance: set to a singalong melody, a bouncy beat and an arrangement that somehow manages to include everything from 'In The Mood' style brass parts to Marley woyoying his way through the *Banana Splits* theme, is a lyric which reflects Marley's concern during his last years with the alienation between Black Americans and what he perceived

McKechnie, Witts & Wilson.

AT THEIR WITTS' END

THE PASSAGE
Enflame *(Cherry Red)*

THIS ALBUM presumably exists to provoke questions, which means it's at least partly successful, in that it did have me musing for quite some minutes on just why listening to it was such a profoundly unrewarding experience.

The Passage, as we know from last year's 'XOYO' and 'Wave' singles, are capable of composing a melody or two, and catchy ones at that. The trouble is they do also have a tendency to end up sounding as sparkling as a half-can of left-over lager over the distance of an LP.

The fact is this LP *sticks in the throat*, which again, I would suggest, is a case of the right effect for the wrong reasons.

The first symptom I noticed was a mild irritation, followed by a manic, convulsive twitching, which rapidly escalated into a frenzy of hatred. After that, I'm not quite sure what happened, except that when I came to my senses I discovered that I'd run through a video of *The Oxford Road Show* and, for some reason, shot an air-rifle through my television screen.

Piecing together the fragmentary pieces of evidence, and having regained

DANCING FROM WITHIN

Bob Marley Illustration by Ian Wright

to be their roots. 'Buffalo Soldier' is an American Indian term for blacks, and in the song Marley attempts to unite the Caribbean, African and American blacks in a common experience.

'Confrontation's most astonishing performance is 'Mix Up Mix Up', which is certainly not the work of a man whose revolutionary resolve is softening. It is more like the work of a man about to blow his top. *"Please make it a session, not another version,"* he cries, and then, *"but through your fucken respect and your false pride/someone wanna take Jah children for a ride/shut up! Open the gate and let the saints through."* And as if it needed to be any clearer than that, he announces later: *"I wanna clear my wheels once and for all/I wanna clear my wheels, don't care who fall..."*

Try putting *that* on a 20 cent stamp, Mr Seaga.

Elsewhere the mood is a good deal sunnier *("Love to see when ya groove with the rhythm/I love to see when you're dancing from within,"* he sings in 'Jump Nyabinghi') but the stance is strictly upful and bright.

On 'Chant Down Babylon', he implies that Babylon is not going to be that hard to blow way *"for them soft, mi say them soft."* In the closing 'Rastaman Live Up', the album's finale and one of the tunes released in Jamaica during Marley's lifetime, he guarantees that perseverance shall be rewarded: *"Grow your dreadlocks/don't be afraid of the wolfpack/Ah tell you one man a walking/and a billion man a sparking."*

In one of his interviews, Marley had said something to the effect that only God could stop him, and that no man or men could put him away. The trouble is that God *did* stop him — physically, anyway — and stopped him with something that attacks from within and can only be repelled from within. The fact of the death of Bob Marley chills me more than the deaths of many other artists whose work did not mean less to me — necessarily — than Marley's, and that is because those others died for *reasons*. Jimi Hendrix died because he was under pressure and got careless with his drugs, Charlie Parker took too much smack, Muddy and The Wolf just got old and couldn't stay alive any more. But Marley was more like Bruce Lee: he was at the peak of his powers, at the top of his career, fit as could be and full of creative fervour and plans for the future. Why them?

Or more precisely, why was it the will of Jah that Bob Marley should die right now? Why did *Bob* want to die? So that Eddie CIAga could put his picture on postage stamps?

What is clear is that Marley, if he had lived, would have been totally unprepared to be bought off by those who would seek to co-opt him. His power and influence had gained him a lot, and he was determined to push it as far as it went... and *damn* the contradictions. Sure it was Babylon By Bus and a Wailers' entourage that was sufficiently wealthy and un-Ital to leave cocaine lying around their hotel suites, but it was also as genuine a spiritual and revolutionary activism as could be found in any music made in the '70s.

Despite the fact that some of the tunes were worked up from two-track demos in which Marley simply sang — 'Redemption' stylee — to his own guitar, the band's performances are loving, seamless and strong to the bone. The Barrett Brothers, despite their fall from fashion, are still a rhythm section of boundless cunning; as a friend of mine observed the other night, the Barretts are reggae's premier jazz rhythm section, while Sly and Robbie are its rockers. Their beat doesn't mash up your mind, it transforms and transports it.

I wish there was one great anthemic tune on 'Confrontation', one real showstopper, something as ultimate as 'Exodus' or 'Lively Up Yourself' or 'Redemption Song' or 'War', but it's cool. No-one who loves Bob Marley and hears this album will be disappointed, and for everybody else...well, let them who have ears hear, and dance from within.

Charles Shaar Murray

my analytical cool I came up with the common factor, one Dick Witts, and arrived at the answer: this man is a pompous ass.

It's not the intellectualism of his approach that sucks, just the realisation that it amounts to no more than vacuous cleverer-than-thouness which acts as an irritant not because of the provocation of the subject matter (to be honest there ain't too much) but because of the painful prissiness of the presentation. Witts would like to be pouring *"boiling oil on troubled seas"*. Unfortunately all I can hear is a spitting chip pan.

Musically 'Enflame' is an improvement on its predecessor, with greater power behind its keyboard sweeps and less of a tendency to lapse into the studiously grandiose theme that marred 'Degenerates', but the penalty we have to pay for the relief of the harder sound is that Witts himself has departed into previously uncharted seas of pretension.

The lack of insight might be easily dismissed were it not for the clear underlying attitude. *"This we will repeat for the hard of hearing,"* our friend pronounces with a petulant stamp, indicating, of course, that, in our ignorance, we shy away from The Passage because the undercurrent of their thought is all too profound for the likes of you or I to understand.

In terms of The Passage, and indeed in terms of life itself, we could do with a lot more wit and a great deal less Witts.

Don Watson

SUPERCOOL AND THE ART OF EXCESS

YELLO

You Gotta Say Yes To Another Excess
(Stiff)

CHECK YOUR sorrows for a moment, gaze beyond the sad wastes of pop billboards plastered with unseemly ads for an endless, interchangeable stream of pale and listless youths sucking on the latest distraction, falling in line with each new three minute plan. Let yourself go! Go Yello!

The first rule of going Yello is, of course, that there are no rules. Being Swiss and financially independent it is maybe easy for Yello to say this, but their great advantage is they don't give a damn what you might think of them. Otherwise why would they house this year's most thrillingly exotic and evasive record in a sleeve and title of manifest stupidity, thereby risking turning off legions of buyers ruled by cool? Because *it doesn't matter.*

And how come irresistibly debonaire vocalist Dieter Meier dares ask — and then in such outmoded terms — *"Are you supercool?"* Only to rule: *"No you not supercool!"* Because he is right; and when you're right how you say it *doesn't matter.*

What does matter in Dieter Meier's scheme of things is the deed. Leave it to others to rationalise it. As those of you who read him in Paul Morley's interview will recall, Meier's first acts of self-liberation were little more than public manifestations of foolishness: depositing tons of scrap iron in a public place and then spending the following week bagging them; buying yeses and nos from bemused passers-by at a dollar a throw. And so on. If ever there was a man no jail of a category could hold, Dieter Meier is that man.

Such an imagination is barely containable on record — just as the work of Joseph Beuys is barely frameable on a wall — but its splinters contain more wit and wisdom than whole chartfuls of contenders. Besides, his role in Yello is essentially an arch sidelong glance at a world to which he only tenuously belongs. He brings to it fragments of film dialogue, whispered conspiracies, eavesdropped lovers' coos and the sort of puns only a foreign English speaker could get away with, all of which he passes on to Yello's composer and arranger Boris Blank to find a place for.

Only someone with an equivalent Dada mind could cope and Blank is more than Meier's match. Blank is the true genius of recording Yello and, on this evidence, on of the few geniuses presently at work in pop.

If Kraftwerk are the computer brain of Europe and Liaisons Dangereuses are its multilingual stream of consciousness voice, then Blank is the exhilarating missing link between the former's logic and the latter's irrationalism.

He sometimes traverses the network of autobahns mapped out earlier by Kraftwerk, passing through the same rain-soaked, neon-lit cities, but he moves to a stunning pulse beat all his own. His is the greatest, most economic and punchy use of electronics this side of Liaisons Dangereuses' enthralling debut.

Often the music is little more than the chatter of synthetic percussion, accented by lush, deranged sweeps of noise. The effect is that of widescreen space temporarily occupied by shimmers of spy film scores — now you see me/now you don't — or expansive rushes of rhythm capped by the briefest, sweetest and most melancholy of romantic melodies, depending on the mood of the song.

Blank has the uncanny knack of distilling the sentiment from pop to pure, potent essences. The tiniest drop would suffice, but in line with the spirit of the title, he is not mean with the portions. If anything he is too generous; the richness is almost too much to take at one sitting.

Force yourself! Drink deep! The world appears a better place when you see it drunk on the Yello excess.

Chris Bohn

Boris Blank gets his toe trodden on.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Frankie Beverly

NOT SO A-MAZE-IN'

MAZE FEATURING FRANKIE BEVERLY

We Are One *(Capitol)*

AT THE soft-shoe shuffle end of soul lies the land of the bland populated exclusively by the 'wets' of the Soul Squad. Members include cats like Teddy Pendergrass (candles, hot showers and women), Grover Washington (sax solos to nowhere) and now, somewhere near the top of the pile, Maze led by the no doubt earnest but ultimately misguided Frankie Beverly.

Where Marvin Gaye and upstarts like Prince and General Caine wrap their music in shades of adventure and mystery, imbue it with a *hardness*, Frankie Boy sits at home wondering why we can't all be at one, polishing up his sensitive, subtle approach.

This attitude pervades his music, light and dreamy, the cover of this LP, a maze would you believe (A. Mazing) and the simplicity of the pen he wields; check 'Love Is The Key' and 'Your Love Will See Us Through' for proof.

Maze's music is crafted with professionalism, created to please, not offend and challenges nothing, least of all the listener. This, of course, is what appeals to Maze admirers. The lack of muscle, the stifling air of conservatism all fits in nicely with the wet soul's way of life, but to those of us still looking for the crooked beat Maze are like a bad case of anaesthesia.

Undoubtedly (he writes grudgingly) there are times where the Maze approach works. Both 'Right On Time' and the idealistic 'We Are One' carry arrangements and a seductive feel.

Elsewhere it's a different script; facile tunes for facile lyrics and it's when Frankie turns his attention to love that the cringeful quota is upped considerably.

"You're something special, you prove it all the time." "Please understand I must be who I am." "Like a song playin' in my heart you're my sweet, my melody." Try any one of those lines out on your loved one sometime and see how long you can keep your face straight...

Of course words as such don't matter too much if you've got a voice like Luther Vandross or Al Green's spirit but Beverly's voice, which is usually swamped in lush arrangements, is no cigar if we're about the business of honesty.

Not bad you dig but definitely low in the spine tingler stakes. Still, the sincerity and care in this music should not be undermined, preferable as it is to current 'rock' artistry or po-faced attempts by suffering young souls.

Paolo Hewitt

SAXUAL HEALING

ROLAND KIRK

Now Please Don't You Cry, Beautiful Edith *(Verve)*

POSSIBLY the last of the truly great unbaggable one-offs, Roland Kirk had so much emotive music swirling through his system that he need only break wind in public for couples to immediately leap to their feet and start dancing.

But one wouldn't expect any less from a mischieviously innovative R&B-based saxman whose unnerving practice of simultaneously stuffing three saxes into his mouth to blow three part harmony, playing two entirely different melodies on two horns both at the same time, shoving a nose flute up a vacant nostril for a frenzied blast, and dueting with jumbo jet engines (changing key accordingly as the whine revved up) further routed those reactionaries who, in the early '60s, were still unable to come to terms with such musical freedom riders as Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy.

To further confuse the issue, Kirk's flexibility, fiery passion and unerring wit enabled him to skip with ease from New Orleans traditionalism, through rock and bop, to beyond the avant garde within the space of just 12 bars.

For all his puckish party tricks, Kirk never sold himself short: his boundless artistry was as accessible as it was entertaining. Few have ever matched his joyous level of audience communication and response. And Roland Kirk's seemingly inexhaustible probing would eventually encompass a remarkable spectrum of Black American roots music: its breathless poetry and self-pride politics.

Unlike Coltrane or Rollins, Kirk may not have fathered a dynasty of state-of-the-art copyists, but his kinetic spirit continues to pervade contemporary popular music more so than jazz.

Previously, Jethro Tull's derivative Ian Anderson first financed his fish farm with a slavish copy of Kirk's unique method of blowin' flute and humming loudly both in the same breath. In recent times, more effective tribute has come from Davey Payne's maelstrom sax punctuations on Ian Dury's 'Hit me With Your Rhythm Stick' and Rip, Rig & Panic naming themselves after one of Kirk's many albums.

Ironically, Kirk's recorded legacy is currently ill-served in catalogue, so this lesser-known '67 date serves as a fine mid-period introduction for those still curious to put a noise to the name. It's a quartet date which, despite moments of muted reflectiveness, still highlights the more familiar characteristics of Kirk's skills: the slow-burn one-man-sax section on the affectionately Dukish 'Blue Rol', the tongue-in-cheek jerky jazz-rock that underpins 'Fallout', both off-set by the haunting after-hours lyricism of the title track.

But it's on the self-explanatory 'It's A Grand Night For Swinging' where sparks fly and Kirk's unfaltering energy pours out in flute figures which tumble and scamper playfully, giving the illusion that at least three players are involved.

But then one wouldn't expect any less from a person who, upon taking delivery of a touch-button telephone, immediately composed a mambo on the instrument.

Roy Carr

Pic: Alan Johnson

The inimitable Roland bites off as much brass as any mortal can chew.

1919

Machine *(Red Rhino)*

AS THE dilligent Aleister Crowley remarked, there's only one thing worse than a black magician, that's *wanting* to be a black magician. Here 1919 show there's only one thing worse than Killing Joke and, by the stars, do this bunch *want* to desecrate.

The lyrics, spat out in ferocious arrogance under layers of doom-laden K. Joke stuttering steam-roller rhythm, hit hard at modern day dehumanisation and sterility. So far, so what?

The one-word titles of their songs tell the story, 'Alien', 'Slave', 'Control'; likewise the lyrics are pared down to bare imagery — in this barren barrage of accusations there is no individuality left alive.

And nothing coming from this album suggests they want it any other way. Just another trip down the well-worn paths of bombastic tyranny.

Tony D

DAVE EDMUNDS

Information *(Arista)*

PEOPLE TALK about Dave Edmunds like he's some sort of cripple we should all feel sorry for. The 'much respected' Chelsea pensioner of rock'n'roll — the 'survivor' — the 'veteran rocker'.

At his best, he'll take you dancing to humpty dumpty. Even at half best his vitality grows on you. So what a let-down to find the old rock'n'roll rodeo king teamed up with Jeff Lynne, Richard Tandy and their....*synthesisers*.

Through country carnival to deep city blues, 'Information' is an awkward scoop of songs. All distinctly Edmunds but with the exception of a couple of sparks thrown out by the title track 'Information' and Moon Martin's celebratory rock bash 'Don't You Double' lacking any hard energetic epicentre.

From the kaleidoscope of echoing arpeggios on the otherwise monotonous 'Slipping Away', to the sickly lullaby cum novelty item 'Watch On My Wrist', Edmunds seems quite happy to see his legendary vocal twang robbed of its gutsy expression and raw simplicity by the ELO plasticus productus. After repeated plays, each song starts to seep ceremoniously to the next — all danger lost to synthetic safety.

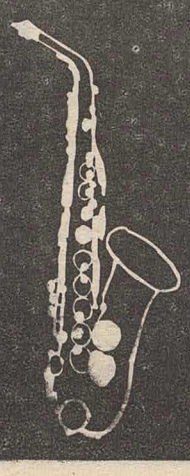
Contrary to our post-Rockpile expectations, Dave Edmunds has not shaken the world. He's moved cautiously and 'Information' is another side-step. It presents no challenge to the urgent memory of 'Girls Talk', 'I Knew The Bride' and 'Queen Of Hearts'. Those songs were far too important.

The outer sleeve shows our 'survivor' juggling bewildered with a lot of computer output and general digitalis. Here's the missing *information* — it's a calculation, a formual, a permutation, a piece of data....a filed report...

Dave Edmunds: for *NME*: hiding in the wreckage.

Billy Mann

Van Morrison



New Single available on 7″+12″

Celtic Swing + Mr Thomas

12″ Contains extra track

Rave On, John Donne

Mercury

YOUNG FREE & LP

SUNFIRE

Sunfire *(Warner Bros.)*

THIS TRIO's current hit 'Young, Free And Single' provides the best possible insight into their debut album. Not because the other songs sound the same, but the single's excellent melody and appalling lyrics are indicative of Sunfire's apparent desire to make banal something that's got its heart and soul in the right place.

The all-round talents of Reggie Lucas and Gap Band drummer Raymond Calhoun combine with newcomer Rowland Smith to great effect in patches, but Sunfire fall too readily into the 'quick-quick-slow' syndrome. Perhaps the group imagine it is what the punters want — it *is* what nearly everybody else does — and so they break up any kind of flow by following their tight dance tracks with some of the most dreadful ballads.

Although this set may not be worth its asking price, it does enough to prove that Sunfire shouldn't be written off just yet: and tracks like 'Sexy Lady' and 'Feet' show what they *are* capable of — even beating The Gap Band on their own turf.

Lloyd Bradley

LET IT WHIP

(Only if you beg nicely)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Whip *(Kamera)*

WHAT REVELATIONS does this beckoning claw of a record offer? What dread views are promised by the sleeve notes? Could it be the recorded vision?

"The Whip's life drenched with unrestrained savagery and menace unveiled a strange world. Angels and gravediggers, hermaphrodites and lunatics, delirious, erotic, blasphemous and grandiose by turns. See before you a monster."

Or is it more of the foul truth? If the truth be known then it is a chimera and the notes should stand as a measure of its composition; a warped world inhabited by the glib, the mocking and the ridiculous. And though on the skin of the beast things are linked, glossy and foolishly macabre, within they are *la folie* — tainted and hideous in their aspiration.

'The Whip', if anything, is a perversion of its Lautremondian inspiration and the truth of the concept is strangled at birth by the falsity of the artists.

It is a professed 'soundtrack' (for some imaginary film) but it never quite comes to terms with that fact; it neither elucidates upon or grapples with its (supposed) subject. Thus, thematically, this quasi-punk conceptualist compilation is just the bare bones of an idea.

Whether the failure to 'flesh' this skeleton lies with the compiler or the compiled is difficult to gauge from the evidence. That both have failed is probable, the most likely cause being their seemingly strict adherence to the subject's nature. There are some 'angels and gravediggers', there are more 'hermaphrodites and lunatics'.

The opening track, the overview, is 'The Whip' and naturally it belongs to the LP's soul father, Dave 'Sex Gang' Roberts. The incestuous and nepotistic nature of the work is exhibited freely in this arena and the bastard offspring paraded with pride.

The good are modern classicists rather than pseudo-gothic classicists and come two aside; the Andi/Marc Almond track is a cluttered journey through 'The Hungry Years'; string and vocal refrains are slotted between the vocal polarities to great effect and Marc's mature strains clash gloriously with Andi's haunting pleas.

Elsewhere, Dave 'Damned' Vanian waits on 'Tenterhooks' with his concerto noir crossing the threshold of Doors psychedelia whilst Brilliant play the messenger of death with 'Screaming Like An Angel'. Even the Sex Gang conjure up the ghost of Ant for their production of 'Funny Man' with some respect.

Sadly, for the most part the groups are drowned in their own sense of sobriety (Blood And Roses) or gore (Playdead). Others are grotesque and ill conceived like 'Weetabix And Branflakes' by A Short Commercial Break.

'The Whip' is a monster of its own making; it will be lauded by some and ridiculed by others. Thankfully the buck stops here because they'll never make the film.

David Dorrell

Marc and young fan *Pic Bleddyn Butcher*

GOO-EY FOR IT!

THE B-52's

Whammy! *(Island)*

WELL, *this* is more like it! The cult quintet that Came From Behind The Luncheonette Counters of Athens, Georgia, to conquer the world of high chic and big cheques are back on artistic form after their flirtation with disaster at the hands of David Byrne.

So much of 'Mesopotamia' never rose above the sound of real sentiment straining against the producer's perception of it as cute kitsch that the B-52's' singular fusion of the comic with the compassionate (and the communality with which they accomplish it) seemed in danger of real and final disintegration.

But Byrne's now back doing what he do-eth better (a nice job for the Fun Boy Three) and also — with wildly renewed confidence — are the B's. Their 'Whammy!' was cut at Compass Point studios under the production aegis of house engineer Steve ('Tom Tom Club') Stanley and all its instrumental duties are devolved onto Ricky Wilson and Keith Strickland.

But it's the return to the band's initial *modus originati* — jamming on and working with each member's ideas "like a collage", then filtering the result through the simple, specific musical arrangements administered by ace guitarist Ricky — which allows this LP to re-kindle the excitement and promise inherent in their very first work.

And that's its point of *departure:* this new stuff socks, punches, kicks, bounces off passing bumpers, plummets a full 15 stories and still lands dancing.

It begins as crisp as the counterfeit a triad of vocalists contemplate printing in Robert Waldrop's 'Legal Tender', a hymn to D-I-Y for a new 'underground'.

Number two track, 'Whammy Kiss', is an instant classic for NOW: part of the art which breaks all bounds optimistically, which fills our world with itself but helps us across the street by the process. *Come on mammy, throw me that whammy!:* every noun and adjective slung at ya on this golden Frisbee of a platter is doubly or triply expressive, and oftimes wickedly political.

These guys have cracked the secret of 'free', of 'loose'; they have absolute trust in each other, absolute joy in their job here, absolute — and muscular — rhythmic connection. Their inimitable parody of the Floaters' lubricious 'Float On' in 'Song For A New Generation' (sample: *"My name is Keith and I'm a Scorpio/I like to find the essence within... Want to be the Captain of the Universe?/Wanna be the King of the Zulus? Let's meet and have a baby now!"*) is both populist and innocent. *"It was a human race to get away and back,"* trill the girls in the squeaky metallic 'Trism', whose pleasing chunks of guitar rip the shrink wrap off Side two.

And back they are: the band who first started from the assumption that today we live in a B-movie, a real horror film, an inherited universe where it's up to us to pick up the pieces and see what their shapes might mean.

This presupposition always made them subversive; now, in tracks like 'Big Bird', they set their principles in action quite allegorically. On 'Queen Of Las Vegas' (which glimpses a gamblin' woman rather than a gamblin' man and bears a passing resemblance to the work of X) it's the sheer vocal unity; on 'Butterbean' it's that coda which makes a coffee percolator advert into art; on the instrumental 'Work That Skirt' it's bubble-bath Ventures brought up to date for the Space Age.

The bad news is there's filler. The good news is that it's only one track ('Don't Worry'). The rest of the news is that the best of 'Whammy!' is art more returned to magic, optimism, religion and meaningful ritual than the recent past has given us any hint we could hope for.

Cynthia Rose

B-52's swot up on grade C levels. *Pic: Terry Allen*

HAWKWIND, FRIENDS & RELATIONS

Twice Upon A Time *(Flicknife)*

THE LEGENDARY Sonic Assassins on a cheap day return to the realm of the gods. A musical time-trip back to the nether regions of '71, calling at '78 and '72 before the return to present-time and current assessement.

The Wonderful Wasteland. We board the space-ship clutching nothing save our crumpled tickets, and barely have time to ignore the No Smoking sign before the craft vibrates in a violent shudder. The familiar nausea and we shoot backwards in time, sideways through space.

"This is Earth calling", comes the reassuring voice, emerging from a sea of electronically doodled, atmospheric noise. So the first stop then is 1972, the previously known 'Earth Calling' here transformed in a live setting. just as we grasp our bearings a sudden lurch hurls us into a careering bedlam of the primal Hawkwind riff.

In the swirling haze of smoke the strobe-light silhouettes Lemmy hammering at the same bass note for the entire ten-minute duration of 'We Do It'. This is the Roundhouse, and Hawkwind this primal must be 1971. Vintage. We must be nearing the heart of the sun; time and space warp into a blinding, bone-wrenching blur...and suddenly it's Chicago 1978.

An electric-rock ending, 'Spirit Of The Age' was their last recording before they fragmented into seperate shards of spirited psychedelia: *"As she comes she calls/ Another's name/ But thats the spirit of the age".* A fine song, showing no sign of impending internal collapse, it's also the last souvenir we have to savour on this journey through time, and meaning.

With the memory of these, newly discovered remnants of early Hawkwind glory resonating through the memory; a flick of the wrist turns the record over and we meet Hawkwind '83

The Wasteful Wonderland. A solo offering apiece from the four current 'Wind personnel, plus 'Phone Home Elliot', which is a collaboration between three of them and easily most enjoyable.

'The Changing' by Harvey Brainbridg throws a bomb of netherworld menace into the synthetic complacency of current-day synth "explorations".

At a time when endless studio time meets bored synth-star running out of ideas, watch them as they hail the re-birth of the 'concept album'.

Listen to the first side of this LP. Move over 23 Skidoo and tell P. Orridge the news; the Hawkwinds are back in town. Dressed to fly.

Tony D

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS

Hunters And Collectors *(Virgin)*

HUNTERS AND Collectors are the sound of Australian Gothic. It's still a big country, and wide open space separates the settlements like islands in an ocean. All that blank horizon, all those hundreds of miles of dead-straight roads between one dusty suburb and another can destroy a man's sense of purpose. The *Mad Max* movies and Peter Weir's *The Cars That Ate Paris* evoke that peculiarly Australian agoraphobic paranoia, and so do Hunters And Collectors — a strung-out band from a strung-out place.

This first LP by the Melbourne nine-piece is a never-ending truck-journey through silent, arid wastes. The only sounds you can hear is your engine, and your own voice bouncing back at you from the brooding emptiness, nightmarishly distorted like the cry of a nocturnal creature in the headlights.

The motor which drives H&C pounds constantly and implacably. There is no comfort in the noise they make. When the music gets jaunty, you can be sure that the wit is sardonic and pregnant with threat. And threat is something Mark Seymour's voice possesses in abundance. Like a cross between Lydon and Brandon, he turns in a performance of declamatory menace and bleak intensity.

Of what do they sing? Like Bowie's 'Joe The Lion', nothing makes conscious sense, but is expressed so intensely it assumes a dark and urgent power. Full of imagery of psychotic sex and violence, fear and loathing, immovable objects and unstoppable forces, H&C are at times reminiscent of PiL and Pere Ubu.

H&C are not fun. There is nothing remotely sweet or warm about them. You cannot derive simple pleasure and reassurance from this record. But just once in a while, play it and embark on a trek across a soundscape both forbidding and fascinating. As the album fades out to the repeated chant of *'Moto coda'*, you fall to the floor exhausted. It's been a long day's journey into night.

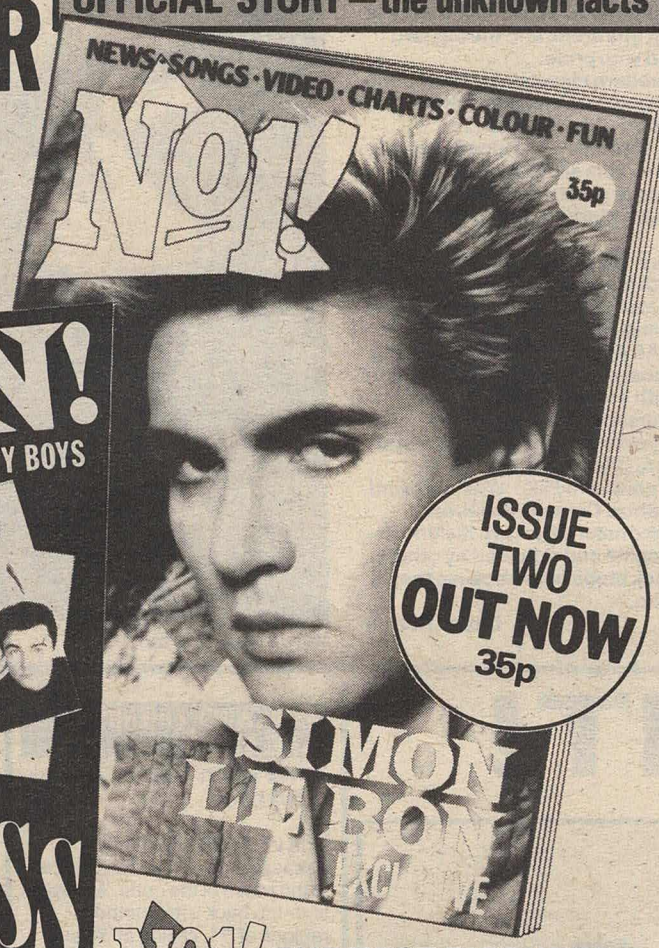
Mat Snow

NEWS·SONGS·VIDEO·CHARTS·COLOUR·FUN

No1!

EXCLUSIVE
The Jam
THEIR OFFICIAL STORY — the unknown facts

IN COLOUR EVERY WEEK



WIN!
A DAY OUT WITH THE NUTTY BOYS

THE MADNESS
GUIDED TOUR OF LONDON

No1! THE BEST PICTURES
THE BEST FEATURES

roegery

from page 21

acknowledged in our understanding of the nature of things. I like to feel like a jockey, in some way, to let it have its head.

The way you came up through the film industry has a rather classical feel to it — I'd hesitate to say pure. It is rather different to the background of a lot of those directors who might be seen as your contemporaries, who came into film from a critical or writing background. Do you see your progression as the most suitable one?

It was an odd time to come up. I don't know if human beings are better coming in at the top or working up from the bottom or sideways or whatever. I didn't think of myself as 'working my way up'. Film is never a military organisation. Even when there was a very definite social hierarchy, there was an extraordinarily respectful attitude to the different positions. You were respected for your work in the crew, be it propman or electrician or whatever.

You're right, but I never thought of it as working my way up. It was just something dictated by society. People can come down now and direct straight from university and rightly so. You don't know how far down the bottom is, especially in something as ephemeral as film.

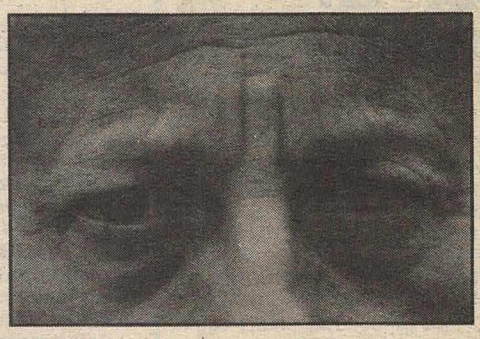
I must confess I never felt a burning ambition. I enjoyed being a camera assistant, just being a part of the film being made. Even just doing that on *Bhowani Junction* and watching George Cukor — it was fascinating!

After the knowledge of a particular job has been explored to your satisfaction you can decide then that you'd like to move on. Social change is very subtle. I suppose it happens more swiftly now, but it's still subtle. I remember once being in Los Angeles and meeting people who three months before had been wearing silk suits — and they were wearing Indian headbands and smoking marijuana! I wondered where they'd put their suits.

At the time, as a young man, there was a deep-laid expectancy. I had a life to live and I didn't expect to be in charge of anything for a long time. Youth isn't a new thing. William Pitt was Prime Minister when he was 21! Old people have only been in charge for a couple of hundred years.

Your films do seem to possess a particularly forceful appeal to the young.

Yes, I'm glad they do. I've always felt censorship is the wrong way round — it should be, this film isn't for you, Dad. They started to talk about *family films* again not long ago — what are they? I wouldn't want



to go to a film with my 13 year-old! There's a lovely moment in *ET* where the boy talks down to his sister and she says, aw, gimme a *break*!

There is an argument for censorship — or an exchange, and understanding of the frailties and prejudices of *time*, rather than age. There's a marvellous exchange between time and hope: the prejudice of disappointment, where someone says they wanted to do it one way and it failed so nobody else should do it — that's time talking, bitterness and sadness. But it's such a broad issue, too broad to be covered by 'censorship'. Old politicians should be censored. There's no fear of the holocaust any more.

Will there come a time when you're too old to make films?

Yes. Absolutely. Or, I don't know, probably. It's the fight in the dog.

NEWTON: Bitter? No. We'd probably treat you the same if you came over to our place.

AS ROEG prepares a hurried departure, I query his future plans.

"I've no idea," he mumbles. "Plans? I've never had plans, really. I just get excited about something that I want to get done. I guess plans are about orderliness. And..."

I've jammed the tab key. In prying it loose a pile of cassettes and a sheaf of notes — speculations — tumble and drift to the floor.

"A loved one?" says Nicolas Roeg.

Something is fizzing in my glass. It's very late. The phone rings.

Tragedy & Mystery

A Golden Handshake for Every Daughter

Two new songs from

China Crisis

VS 587 (-12)

On Tour — ***in May & June***

MAY 20 – GLASGOW TIFFANYS 21 – DUNDEE UNIVERSITY 22 – ABERDEEN FUSION BALLROOM 25 – EDINBURGH COASTERS 25 – NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR 26 – SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC 27 – BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC 28 – BRADFORD UNIVERSITY 29 – MANCHESTER RITZ 30 – LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE

JUNE 1 – NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY 3 – NORWICH UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA 4 – AYLESBURY FRIARS 5 – BRISTOL LOCARNO 6 – BRIGHTON TOP RANK 7 – LONDON LYCEUM

Virgin

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Stern Prophet

PROPHET WARRANT

"Charlie Chaplin will be there.
U Roy will be there.
I Roy will be there.
Josie Whale will be there."

ST ANDREWS songster and Yabby You protegé, 26 year-old Michael Prophet has a new LP issued this week on the CSA label and entitled 'Love Is An Earthly Thing' (CSLP 7).

Recorded and mixed at Channel One, this new set emerges amid an abundance of Michael Prophet material on the current market and is a self-produced effort featuring ten titles of his own composition.

Previous LPs from the singer include his debut 'Serious Reasoning' produced by Vivian Jackson and released by Grove in 1979. In 1980 he came to the UK and performed a series of concerts to help promote his second album 'Righteous Are The Conqueror', produced by Henry Lawes, and which was followed by the 'Michael Prophet' set. More recently has arrived music on various labels, notably his presently popular pre 'Children Obey Your Parents'.

CULTURE CARNIVAL

A MULTICULTURAL festival is set to take place at the end of this month when Brent Carnival is staged at Roundwood Park, NW10 on May 30. Music is provided by steelbands, reggae, funk, calypso, soul and jazz bands, with toasting competitions, dance, drama, poetry, floats, fashion, food, fun and a special children's tent. Gates open at 11.30am to 6pm with procession commencing from Doyle Gardens at 12 noon. Admission is 50p and free for children, oaps, disabled, students and unemployed.

SATURDAY STEP

CIMARONS vocalist **Winston Reedy,** who has just achieved outstanding success on the reggae scene with his recent solo releases, appears in this capacitu at a grand show and dance at the Podium Suite, Market Tower, Nine Elms Lane, SW8 this Saturday from 8pm until 3am. Supporting is the **Head Dance Troupe** plus the futuristic sounds of **TWJ.** Tickets: 01-732 8063.

On the same night in Ladbroke Grove at Acklam Hall is live on stage **King Sounds and the Israelites, Rainbow Steppers Iwah, Keith Jaman** and **Ashanti Roy.** Sounds by **Young Lion** + **Frontline International** + **Paddington Terror.** Commences 7pm 'til 2am. Tickets: 01-969 8302.

Meanwhile, in incongruous setting concurrently — 8pm 'til 2am — is the West Ham netball club end of season dance featuring soca outfit **Marabunta** plus **Grafics International** sound and held at Tottenham Hotspur FC, Bill Nicholson suite, High Road, N17.

Late session Saturday at the Peoples Club, 5a Praed Street, Paddingyon, W2 with the super sounds of **Sir Coxsone Outernational** and **Saxon International.**

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FEELING HIS WAY

WITH RELEASE of his latest title 'You Make Me Feel' seemingly poised to consolidate previous success for the singer, I spoke to Trevor Walters in the offices of his record company Ital.

"I've been singing since I was nine," he recalls. In classic style, Trevor Walters was "discovered" by the man who lived next door and heard him improving his voice in the bathroom. "A man named Herbie, who had his own soul band. I stayed with them about six or seven months, including a show at Hammersmith Palais, where I sang Michael Jackson's 'Ben'.

"I suppose you can say I came on the scene at about the same time as Michael Jackson and the Jackson Five, and probably they were my biggest influence. I used to hear some Studio 1 reggae by Dennis Brown and Horace Andy, but as a youth my preference was for soul. I used to sound just like Michael Jackson before my voice broke."

While still at Brook House school in Clapton, he helped form his first reggae troupe Youth And Youth alongside Kelso Christian and others, and this later metamorphised into Santic under the aegis of the original "Santic" producer Leonard Chin, resulting in the release of such as 'No Justice For The Poor', 'I'll Be Gone', 'Suffering' and interpretation of Keith Hudson's 'Bloody Eyes'.

He retained Leonard Chin's services on his first two solo releases 'Try Love Again' and 'Them Never Get Away', but the gifted Santic touch which has yielded such fruitful return with considerably lesser talent surprisingly failed to generate much reaction at all in Trevor's case.

"We reached a conclusion that with me singing and him producing, it couldn't work," he says.

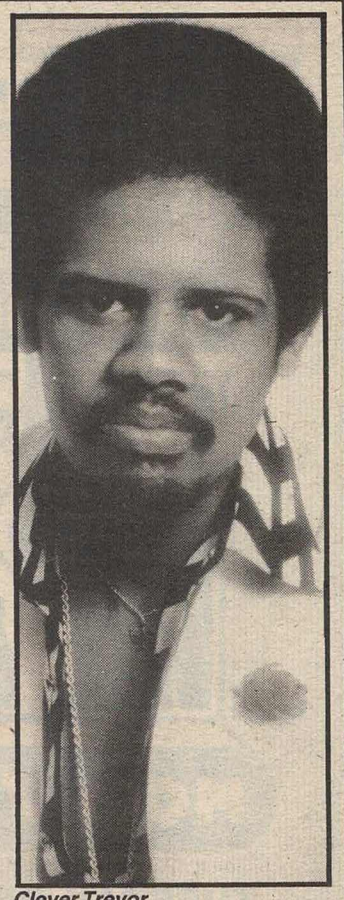
His next efforts were produced under the supervision of the two Campbell brothers Bert and Pepe, owners of Ital and long time mentors of the singer. The first was a duet of 'Back Together Again' with the then untried Jean Adebambo, followed by 'Give Love A Try' which topped the reggae charts for some seven weeks, and he then made impression on the national scene with the falsetto 'Love Me Tonight', since when things have come to something of a standstill.

"I had a sort of mix up with Magnet," he says. "As much as I thought I had a follow up single with 'Loving As One', they had an option but refused to go with it. When it finally came out I knew the time period was too long."

Similar factors dogged his reworking of Jimmy Jones' 'Handy Man'. Good timing was not the thing in this case, and when it finally emerged just after Christmas was promptly lost in the post euphoric lull.

"I'm just making records at the moment," says Trevor. "Whatever happens, happens. A very big inspiration in my life right now are my two baby children Selena and Jerome. Everything I do is for them. I don't think of myself anymore."

Penny Reel



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MEN AT WORK OUT TO PLAY IN JULY

MEN AT WORK, already set to play two shows at London Lyceum on May 24 and 25, will be returning here in early July to undertake their first UK tour. The Australian outfit — who had a double-top chart success earlier this year, and are now seeking to emulate that achievement with their latest single 'Overkill' and album 'Cargo' — will be appearing at the following venues:

Glasgow Apollo (July 3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10), Brighton Centre (12) and Birmingham Odeon (14). Tickets are priced £5, £4.50 and £4 — except at Brighton, where they are all £5 — and they are available from box-offices and usual outlets.

RICHARD STRANGE PLANS UK OUTING

RICHARD STRANGE plans to return to the UK circuit in the near future. He's currently touring North America with dancer Rene Eyre and The Event Group, performing a continuous two-hour show involving music, dance, video, theatre and projections — and he intends to take the show on the road here when he returns from the States. Meanwhile, his first single for nearly two years is released this weekend on his own Interslam label (through Albion and Spartan) in 12-inch format — titled 'Next', it features mystery star musicians and the enigmatic 'Lord and Lady Babington' on backing vocals. And Strange's film *Duet*, with music by Blancmange, has been entered by the British Council for this year's Cannes Film Festival.

Mink in town

MINK DeVILLE, the six-piece Ameican outfit fronted by Willy DeVille, pay a fleeting visit later this month to play two nights at London Victoria The Venue, which starts functioning again this month following extensive refurbishments. The dates are May 25 and 26, and tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £4. The band plan a longer visit later in the year when their next album is released.

THE BEAST TAKES PLEASURE GIGGING

PLEASURE & THE BEAST, the latest project of Robert Pereno and Lowri-Ann Richards following their association with Shock, are playing a number of dates to coincide with the release of their debut single 'Dr Sex'/'Snake' — it's on Rusty Egan's Metropolis label, licensed through Carrere, and it's out this weekend. Confirmed gigs are at London Mile End Queen Mary College (tomorrow, Friday), Weymouth Dorset Institute (Saturday), Sheffield Limit Club (May 17), Southend Queen's Hotel (19), Colchester Tartan House (20), Birmingham Fantasy Club (21), Basildon Raquels (26) and Bath Moles (27), with more being set.

Costello cancels

ELVIS COSTELLO has postponed the series of UK dates he was planning for next month until the autumn. As reported last week, they were to have included a show at London Hammersmith Palais on June 19, the only date which had been announced. It seems he won't now have any new record material ready for release at that time, so the outing has been put back until October.

26-DATE SCHEDULE, DEBUT LP

Kissing The Pink on cue

KISSING THE PINK, the six-piece outfit currently enjoying their first chart success with the single 'The Last Film', head out next week on their most important and extensive tour to date. It ties in with the May 27 release by Magnet of their debut album, provocatively titled 'Naked', which was co-produced by Pete Walsh (whose recent work has been with Peter Gabriel and Simple Minds) and Colin Thurston.

The 26 confirmed dates are at Hitchin Regal (May 20), Oxford Polytechnic (21), Norwich East Anglia University (22), London Charing Cross Heaven (23), Portsmouth Polytechnic (24), Bristol University (25), Exeter University (26), Torquay 400 Club (27), Birmingham Aston University (28), Lancaster Sugar House (31), Edinburgh Nite Club (June 1), Dundee Barracuda (2), Glasgow Strathclyde University (4), Aberdeen The Venue (5), Newcastle Dingwalls (7), Sheffield Leadmill (8), Leeds Warehouse (9), Bradford University (10), Manchester Polytechnic (11), Redcar Coatham Bowl (12), Liverpool State Rooms (14), Keele University (15), Loughborough University (17), Cardiff University (18) and Brighton Pavilion Theatre (19).

New-look Subs surfacing

UK SUBS set out this week on their first tour since Charlie Harper drastically re-shaped the line-up. They play London Brixton The Ace (tonight, Thursday), Feltham Football Club (Friday), Hailsham The Crown (Saturday), London Oxford St. 100 Club (May 19), Chelmsford YMCA (20), Newcastle Dingwalls (24), Stockport Smugglers (25), Colne Francs (26), Bradford Palm Cove (27), Nottingham Boat Club (28), Sheffield Marples (29), Liverpool The Venue (30), Leeds Brannigans (June 2), London Fulham Greyhound (3), Manchester The Gallery (4) and Bridgwater Arts Centre (10), with more gigs to be slotted in. Support spots will be shared between Vortex, Debar and all-girl band Iconocraft.

The Subs' line-up now comprises Harper (lead vocals), Captain Scarlet (guitars and special effects), Steve Slack (bass) and Steve J. Jones (drums). After the tour, they'll be going into the studio to record a new album for autumn release.

EDDY GRANT has added another date to his UK tour, announced two weeks ago — at Ipswich Odeon on June 18. There's also been a change of venue on June 11, when he now plays Nottingham Royal Concert Hall instead of Leeds Queen's Hall...and JIMMY CLIFF has slotted in another London concert at short notice — it's at the Brixton Ace next Wednesday (18), and all tickets are £5.

BRILLIANT, the band formed by ex-Killing Joke member Youth, have two imminent London gigs. They are at the Lyceum this Sunday (15) as special guests of Sex Gang Children, and a headliner at Brixton Ace on May 19. 500 free tickets for the Ace concert are available, and you can get a pair by writing immediately (with SAE) to Rough Trade Promotion Department, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W.11.

ROCK GODDESS have undergone a personnel change, with bassist Tracey Lamb leaving due to musical differences. She's already been replaced by 19-year-old Londoner Dee O'Malley, who joins Jody Turner, Julie Turner and Kat Burbela in the line-up.

THE GO-BETWEENS are about to return home to their native Australia for a lengthy tour, but they've slotted in one final date before their departure — it's at London Strand King's College tomorrow (Friday), supported by The Laughing Clowns.

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT have added a major London date to their latest UK tour schedule, announced last week, which supports their new Greensleeves album 'Stop That Train'. It's at Victoria The Venue on Friday, May 20.

MARTHA & THE MUFFINS are to play two more dates during their brief visit here this month, which supports their new album and single, both titled 'Danseparc' — they are at Reading University (May 17) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion (21). As reported, they are already set for London Hammersmith Palais (16) and London Marquee Club (19).

RITUAL, whose new 12-inch single 'Kangaroo Court' was issued recently by Red Flame, have split up. Drummer Ray Smith and guitarist Jamie Stewart are joining Death Cult, while saxist Steve Pankhurst is working on his own project — but Errol Blyth (vocals) and Mark Bond (bass) are "considering their futures".

THE CHEVALIER BROTHERS headline an experimental Jazz 'N' Jive Nite at London Oxford Street 100 Club this Sunday (15). Also appearing are hard bop outfit The Tommy Chase Sextet, and admission is £2.50.

CHICK COREA has re-formed his jazz-funk fusion band Return To Forever for tours of America and Japan, and there's a good chance of European shows later in the summer. The outfit's impressive line-up features Corea (keyboards), Stanley Clarke (bass), Al DiMeola (guitar) and Lenny White (drums).

ULI ROTH, the ex-Scorpions lead guitarist, has added another date to his previously reported UK mini-tour — at Dunstable Civic Hall on May 22 (tickets £4, £3.50, £3). The line-up of his Electric Sun band will be Clive Bunker (drums), Simon Fox (percussion), Ule Ritgen (bass) and David Lennox (keyboards), with the chance of a couple more being added.

FESTIVALS IN FOCUS

GREENBELT

GREENBELT FESTIVAL will again be staged at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire over August Bank Holiday weekend (26-29) and, as revealed last week, Cliff Richard is topping the bill — accompanied by a full band. The event is basically an arts festival with religious overtones, designed mainly for family entertainment. Over 20,000 people attended in 1982, and considerably more are expected this year.

Well over 50 acts from Britain, the States and Europe will be performing rock, acoustic, country and jazz music — and they include Maria Muldaur, The Mighty Clouds Of Joy, Lloyd Blue, Andy Pratt, Robin Lane, Randy Stonehill, Kenny Marks, Mac & The Bees, Mark Williamson, Garth Hewitt, 100% Proof, Sheila Walsh, Clarity, The Fat Band, June Osborne and Early Warning. Two or three big-name attractions have still to be announced.

Advance weekend tickets cost £15.50 (or £8 for a child under 16) if application is received by May 31 — or £17 (£9 child) if received before July 31. There are also reduced price family tickets, and children under five are admitted free. Day tickets will only be available on the gate at £8. For full details contact Greenbelt at 81 Harley House, Marylebone Road, London N.W.1 — or ring their hot line on 01-740 0433. The camping site at Knebworth opens at noon on Thursday, August 25.

● Another Christian event, this one indoors, takes place at London Wembley Arena at Spring Bank Holiday weekend (May 28 and 29). Those appearing include the Bryn Haworth Band, Dana, Sheila Walsh, Dave Bilbrough Band and Don Thomas. Weekend tickets are £12, £10, £8 and £6.

BRAZILIANA

GILBERTO GIL is one of the acts appearing in the Festival of Brazil, which takes place at various venues around London from this weekend to June 18 — he plays the Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, June 5. The event is primarily a festival of Brazilian arts and culture, though it isn't confined to artists from that country — for instance, a 20-piece band from Angola called Semba Tropical will be playing the Bloomsbury Theatre on June 7 and 8.

First show is this Saturday (14) at Covent Garden Africa Centre, a double bill featuring Ghanaian highlife band Alfawaves (led by alto-saxist Ray Allen who's worked with such major bands as Uhuru) and the six-piece Afro Combo Brothers who play "an electric mixture of Afro-jazz with a Latin American flavour" — tickets are £3. Details of further concerts will be announced shortly.

LEEDS

TWISTED SISTER and GIRLSCHOOL have been named as special guests in Saxon's eight-hour rock festival at Leeds Queen's Hall on Saturday, May 28. Compere is Slade's Noddy Holder, and the bill is completed by Spider and Canadian hard rock outfit Anvil. Tickets are £6 (advance) or £7 (on the day), available from the box-office and usual outlets. Twisted Sister are returning here solely for this one-off date, Girlschool will be making their first UK appearance this year, and Anvil will also be guesting on Motorhead's extensive UK tour opening later this month.

CARDIFF

CARDIFF CASTLE grounds could be the setting for a major open-air concert this summer. The city's Music Factory has applied to the local council for permission to stage an event there in either mid-July or late August and, although various applications have been rejected in recent years, the agency is optimistic about approval being granted this time. Several big-name acts are under consideration, and approaches are already being made.

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET, featuring Doug Sahm, return to the UK to play London Camden Dingwalls on June 2 and 3 — and SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS will be at the same venue on June 9. Both these acts will also be doing the rounds of the provincial Dingwalls network, and possibly playing other dates as well.

NEWS tour

Gabriel outdoors at Palace FC

PETER GABRIEL plays a major open-air concert in South London on Saturday, July 9 — at Selhurst Park, the home of Crystal Palace Football Club. It's his first individual UK performance for two years, discounting guest appearances last summer at Milton Keynes and WOMAD — and it's also the first time a rock event has been staged at the Palace ground.

Gabriel — who recently received the Ivor Novello Award for Outstanding Contributions to British Music — will be backed by Tony Levin (bass), Jerry Marotta (drums), Larry Fast (synthesisers) and David Rhodes (guitar). The full supporting bill will be announced shortly. All proceedes from the concert will go to the Lincoln Trust, which was set up recently to counter Apartheid.

Tickets are £8.50 (including booking fee) and they are available by post from NJF/Marquee (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing SAE. They are also available by personal application to Premier Box-Office (01-240 0771). On the day, gates will open at 2.30pm.

Oldfield Wembley show

MIKE OLDFIELD plays a special concert at London Wembley Arena on July 22 to mark the tenth anniversary of the release of 'Tubular Bells' — and he'll be performing music from that LP, as well as from his new album 'Crises', with many well-known guests joining him on stage. Tickets are £6.80 and £5.80 (including booking fee) by post from Mike Oldfield Box Office, RS Tickets, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd." and enclose SAE.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT

THE TRUTH — formed 14 months ago by vocalist and guitarist Dennis Greaves, and featuring Mick Lister (guitar), Gary Wallis (drums), Brian Bethell (bass) and Chris Skornia (Hammond organ) — have signed to WEA Records and will have their first single out in a couple of weeks. To tie in with this, they hit the road to visit Hull Dingwalls (May 26), Newcastle Dingwalls (27), Glasgow Strathclyde University (28), Edinburgh Nite Club (29), Sheffield Limit Club (31), Norwich Gala Ballroom (June 1), Southend Queen's Hotel (2), Retford Porterhouse (3), Coventry General Wolfe (4), Bradford University (6), Manchester The Gallery (7), Bristol Dingwalls (9), Loughborough University (10), Staines Town Hall (11) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (12).

Icehouse in Bowie gigs, plus Beat or Chocolate?

ICEHOUSE have now been confirmed officially as one of the support acts for David Bowie's open-air concerts at Edinburgh Murrayfield Stadium (June 28) and Milton Keynes Bowl (July 1-3), as exclusively forecast by *NME* two weeks ago. But the other support spot still hasn't been filled — it seems The Psychedelic Furs surprisingly declined the opportunity, while Eurythmics were unable to accept because they wouldn't have a band together in sufficient time.

The two front runners at the moment appear to be The Beat and Hot Chocolate, and it's expected that a decision will be taken within the next week or so. It's now unlikely that any supports will be booked for Bowie's indoor shows at Wembley and Birmingham because, being shorter concerts, they'll be devoted entirely to the lad himself.

● The full address for tickets for the Murrayfield concert is S&G Promotions, P.O. Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ.

EDDIE AND HOT RODS RE-FORM

Mayall's Bluesbreakers: Marquee reunion gigs

JOHN MAYALL, one of the most influencial and innovative figures in the history of British blues, is re-forming his near-legendary Bluesbreakers specially to play three nights at London Marquee during the club's 25th birthday season — and guitatist Mick Taylor, who spent two years with the band immediately before joining The Rolling Stones, will be in the line-up for these shows on June 19, 20 and 21. We don't know the rest of the personnel — but over the years, such names as John McVie, Hughie Flint, Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Aynsley Dunbar, Peter Green and Keef Hartley passed through the group's ranks.

JOHN MAYALL, whose live album 'Primal Solos' is released by Decca this month — although available in the States for years, it's never previously been issued here, and among musicians featured are Mick Taylor, Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce.

● EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are another band re-forming specifically for the Marquee season. They'll be featuring their original line-up, fronted by Barrie Marshall, on May 20 and 21 — these are the dates vacated last week by Rock Goddess, due to other commitments.

● GIRLSCHOOL have now confirmed their three-night Marquee stint for June 28, 29 and 30. Other newly announced Marquee specials include The Glitter Band (June 2) and a Drum Clinic on June 6 featuring Clive Burr (Iron Maiden). Pick Withers (Dire Straits) and Simon Kirke (Bad Company), among others. Finally, two dates have been interchanged and are now Sad Cafe (May 18) and Terraplane (25), instead of vice versa.

● Tonight (Thursday) sees the appearance of a mysterious act called The Skyline Drifters — and we can now reveal that they are, in fact, Marillion. But we've only let the cat out of the bag because it's a sell-out, and it's useless going along without a ticket.

England Records, distributed by Spartan, are releasing a four-album set called 'The Marquee Collection' at the end of this month. It features 64 of the best-known artists who have appeared at the Marquee — among them Rod Stewart, Elton John, Eric Clapton, Genesis, Thin Lizzy, Black Sabbath and Roxy Music — and all the tracks have been licensed from other labels.

CS&N CONFIRMED

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH have now confirmed details of their British visit, plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* five weeks ago. They've evidently decided against playing an outdoor show, as originally intended, and instead appear for three nights at London Wembley Arena — on July 11, 12 and 13.

Tickets are £8.80 and £7.80 (including 30p booking fee), available now by post from CSN Box Office, RS Tickets, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd.", enclose SAE, and write preferred date on reverse of application envelope. For details of a special concert and travel package, with British Rail discounts from around the UK, ring St. Albans (0727) 34475/6/7.

A new CS&N live album titled 'Allies' — containing old favourites, solo tracks and some new items — will be issued by WEA to coincide.

STOP PRESS: Another date was confirmed for CS&N at press-time — it's at Birmingham NEC on July 9. Tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 by post from CSN Box Office, P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ — make cheques and POs payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises" and enclose SAE. Also available at the NEC box-office and ususal agents from this Saturday (14).

JoBOXERS, whose second single 'Just Get Lucky' is issued by RCA this weekend, have added two more dates to their debut headline tour — Nottingham Rock City (May 24) and Bristol Locarno (June 7). But they've had to cancel their projected May 30 show at Chippenham, due to a TV commitment in Germany.

SCREEN 3, the five piece band from Norwich, are to support Tears For Fears in their special show on Gt. Yarmouth Racecourse on May 27 — as already reported, it's being staged in a huge 4,700-capacity marquee. The band's new single 'Come Into My Jungle' was released recently by Epic and, by coincidence, this will be their 100th gig.

AMAZON have been re-formed by frontwoman Lori Chacko, with a line-up of Richard Cottle (keyboards), Gerry Moffett (guitar) and Andy Brown (bass), with a drummer still to be recruited. These also appear on Lori's new solo album 'Branded', due out shortly, on which Van Morrison's drummer Peter Van Hook guested. The new-look Amazon are currently lining up a string of dates — first confirmed is London Fulham Greyhound this Saturday (14).

CHINA CRISIS have added Lancaster University (May 19) and Southend Cliffs Pavilion (June 2) to their spring tour...and RIP RIG & PANIC have slotted another date into their outing at Bristol Locarno on May 24.

Record News begins here

● The album 'The First And The Last' by **New Race,** which received a highly favourable *NME* review four weeks ago when it was only available on import, has now been released here by Statik Records. The group consists of former members of Iggy Pop's Stooges, MC5 and Radio Birdman, and the LP is a live set.

● American actress **Gina Lamour,** formerly with West Coast group The Hollywood Blondes, has her single 'Move Over Darling' out on Glamour Records (distributed by IDS). It's a track from her first solo album 'Gentlemen Prefer Gina', due out shortly.

● R&B specialist label Red Lightnin release the album 'That's Alright' by renowned tenor sax star **King Curtis,** who is also featured on alto sax and guitar, as well as singing. On the same label, there's a 20-minute 12-inch single including tracks by **Bo Diddley, Billy Boy Arnold, Lester Davenport** and **Tony McPhee,** titled 'It's Great To Be Rich'.

● **Supa Rap** are a three-piece outfit led by one-time Chi-Lites member T.C. Anderson, and they have their debut single out on Night Hawk Records (through Stage One and other indies). Titled 'Bills', it's also available in 12-inch disco format.

WEA, POLYDOR, CHERRY RED BONANZA

WEA this week offered an appetiser of the albums they have lined up for summer release. **Rod Stewart** and **George Benson,** who'll both be playing major UK concerts in late June and early July, will have new albums released to coincide with their visits. They'll be preceded by a new LP by Detroit tunesmith **Marshall Crenshaw.** And waiting in the wings are new sets from **Talking Heads, Blackfoot, Grand Funk, Crosby Stills & Nash, Rickie Lee Jones, Joe Walsh, Bette Midler, The Doobie Brothers, Carly Simon, Sparks** and **Jackson Browne.**

POLYDOR album releases in May include a new **Barclay James Harvest** set 'Ring Of Changes' (also available as a compact disc) and the debut LP from **The Creatures** titled 'Feast' (on The Banshees' own Wonderland label). There's also 'All Alone With Friends' by **Hank Marvin,** 'Timepieces Volume 2 — Live In The Seventies' by **Eric Clapton,** 'Advantage' by **Clock DVA,** 'Private Collection' by **Jon & Vangelis** and the soundtrack album from the film ***Return Of The Jedi — Star Wars 3.***

CHERRY RED release a new **Eyeless In Gaza** single 'New Risen'/'Bright Play Of Eyes', with the 12-inch format containing two extra tracks 'Scent On Evening Air' and 'Drumming The Beating Heart', and the band's album 'Rust Red September' follows in June. The label has also signed Leicester singer, writer and guitarist **Kevin Hewick** (previously with Factory Records), and this month sees the release of his LP 'Such Hunger For Love', plus a three-track single on which the main title is 'Feathering The Nest'. Other new singles are 'If She Doesn't Smile (It'll Rain)' by **Fantastic Something** and 'Penelope Tree' by **Felt.**

MEZZOFORTE, who begin a major UK tour at the end of this month, release the follow-up to their recent hit single 'Garden Party' on May 20 — titled 'Rockall', it's on the Steinar label. They are also putting out a compilation LP, featuring the best tracks from their three Icelandic albums, previously unissued in the UK — called 'Catching Up', it will include a free 12-inch single of two earlier single tracks 'Shooting Star' and 'Dreamland'.

BILLY FURY's new single is a ballad reminiscent of his earlier hit singles. Titled 'Forget Him' and coupled with 'Your Words', it's out this week on Polydor. Neither track is available on any existing Fury albums.

PHIL COLLINS has a new single lifted from his hit album 'Hello, I Must Be Going'. It features 'Why Can't It Wait' 'Til Morning' and 'Like China', both tracks self-penned. It's released this week by Virgin.

MICHAEL FAGAN, the guy who popped in to see the Queen in her boudoir, has now officially signed to Charly Records — and they release his version of 'God Save The Queen' this week. It was recorded with The Bollock Brothers, and he'll also be featured on their upcoming album 'Never Mind The Bollocks 83'.

JAPAN have the single 'Canton'/'Visions Of China' released by Virgin this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats, the former edited and the latter full-length. It was recorded live at their Hammersmith Odeon farewell concerts last autumn, and is a foretaste of their live double album 'Oil On Canvas', scheduled for June release.

SPEAR OF DESTINY's new single 'The Wheel' is a track from their hit album 'Grapes Of Wrath', and it's coupled with a re-working of an old Theatre Of Hate number 'The Hop', with release by Epic this weekend. Initial pressings of the seven-inch format come in a gatefold sleeve with a free single, featuring live versions of 'Grapes Of Wrath' and 'The Preacher'. There's also a five-track 12-incher playing over 20 minutes.

KIDS FROM FAME have yet another album out this week, this one featuring music from the latest TV series currently being screened by BBC-1 (Thursday nights until mid-September). The title is 'The Kids From Fame Songs', and it's on BBC Records.

KIRK OF DESTINY

BACK BY POP-U-LAR DEMAND

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TENPOLE TUDOR and the hayrick band

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Monday 16th May	CAPTAIN SINBAD + RANKING TREVOR + URBAN SHAKEDOWN	£3.00
Tuesday 17th May	NICO + 1919 + DORMANNU + ZERRA ONE	£3.00
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Thursday 19th May	BRILLIANT + JAMES KING & THE LONE WOLVES + LOOK BACK IN ANGER	£2.50*
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Saturday 14th May	AMAZON + White Summer	£1.50
Sunday 15th May	THE DIRTY STRANGERS + Double Agent	
Monday 16th May	STRATAGY + Breach Of The Peace	£1.25
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12 Thompson Twins
12 UK Subs
13, 14 Dionne Warwick
14 The Higsons
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14 Julian J. Savarin
15 Sex Gang Children
16 Rip, Rig & Panic
16-29 Liza Minelli
17 Nico
17, 18 Rush
18 Spider
21 The Fall
21 Rush
21, 22 London Blues Festival
23 Kissing the Pink
23 Uli Roth
24 Respond Package
25, 26 Mink DeVille
26, 27, 28 Iron Maiden
27 Certain Ratio
28 Aswad
29 Little River Band
29 Gary Glitter
29 The Undertones
30 Clock DVA
30 Sugar Minott
30, 31 Kajagoogoo
30, 31 Robert Palmer
31 Midnight Oil

JUNE
2, 3 Weather Report
3 Steve Harley
4 Rip, Rig & Panic
4, 5 Motorhead
5, 6 King Sunny Ade
7 China Crisis
7 Magnum
11 Jah Wobble, Shriekback
17-19 Glastonbury Festival
19 Elvis Costello
19 Eddie Grant
24, 25 Curtis Mayfield
27 Rod Stewart
28 Residents
30 Mezzaforte

JULY
4, 5 Bauhaus
9,10 Men at Work
18 Echo & The Bunnymen

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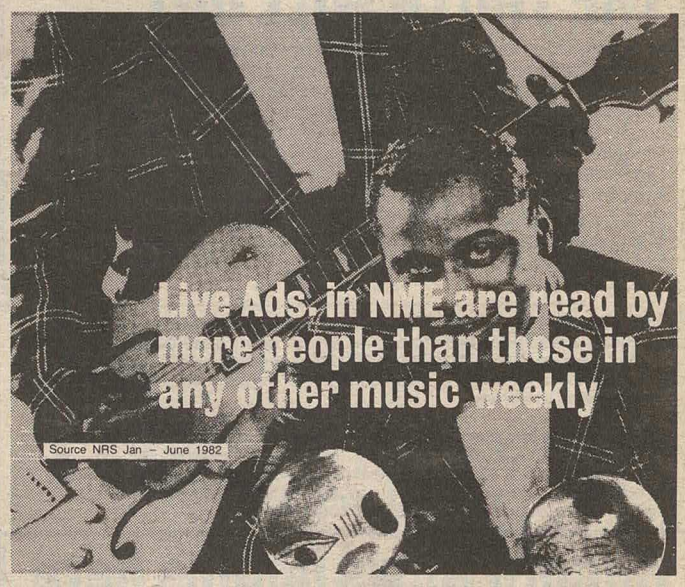

FAC 51

THE HAÇIENDA

Wednesday 11th May
THE BOX
Friday 13th May
PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND
+ COLLIN CURTIS
Wednesday 18th May
SECRET SEVEN
Saturday 21st May
FIRST YEAR ANNIVERSARY
Tuesday 24th & Wednesday 25th May
A PLAY
'TALES FROM THE NEWGATE CALENDER'
Thursday 26th May
ROBERT PALMER
Thursday 2nd June
THE BATCAVE
Wednesday 8th June
HOWARD DEVOTO
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061-236 5051

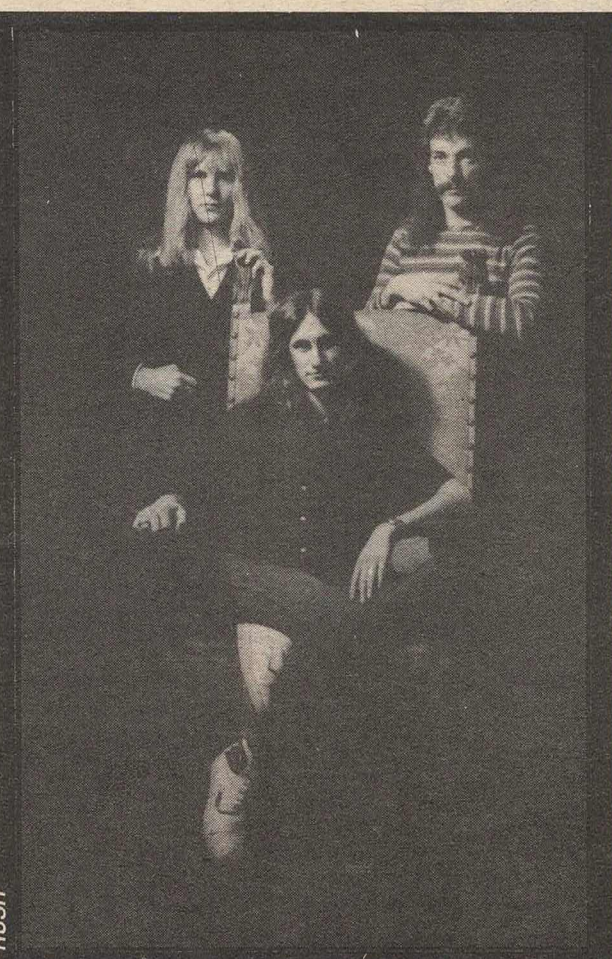
CHARLIE HARPER

SEVERAL significant tours get under way this week, and the act guaranteed to attract the biggest audiences — if only because they're playing the largest venues — is RUSH. The leading Canadian hard-rock outfit descend upon Birmingham NEC (Saturday and Sunday) and Wembley Arena (Tuesday for four nights), and those six shows alone should accommodate about 70,000 people . . . and DIONNE WARWICK, following her recent double-top in the singles and album charts, should also be playing to capacity houses when she opens in Coventry (Thursday), London Hammersmith (Friday and Saturday), Bournemouth (Monday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

PRINCE CHARLES, the self-styled Defender of the Funk (amongst other things), brings his City Beat Band to the UK for the first time — playing Manchester (Friday), London (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday) and Brighton (Monday) . . . MARTHA & THE MUFFINS have re-grouped and fly in for a short promotional visit, including London on Monday, when they co-headline with RIP RIG & PANIC.

Two old favourites are on the road again — THE MONOCHROME SET are in action at Kingston (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday) and Derby (Tuesday); and Charlie Harper introduces his revised UK SUBS line-up at London Brixton (Thursday) and Feltham (Friday) . . . And ERIC CLAPTON returns from Europe to pick up the second leg of his British tour, taking in St. Austell (Friday), Poole (Saturday) and Hammersmith (four nights from Monday).

Among London events worthy of special mention are the re-formed MAN at the Marquee on Friday and Saturday, as part of the club's 25th birthday season . . . THE HIGSONS headlining at the recently re-opened Electric Ballroom on Saturday . . . Electronics wizard BERNARD SZAJNER and his group, which includes HOWARD DEVOTO, making their UK debut at Hammersmith Lyric on Sunday . . . SEX GANG CHILDREN topping a four-band bill at the Lyceum on Sunday . . . and NICO playing a rare London concert at the Brixton Ace on Monday.



RUSH

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 12th

Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Combo Vitto**
Basildon Raquels: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Birmingham Odeon: **Maze/Second Image**
Birmingham Snobs: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Wrathchild**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **The Membranes**
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: **Foggy**
Bournemouth Academy: **Roman Holliday**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Warm Snorkel**
Bradford Benson's Videotheque: **Age Of Change/The Up-Zone**
Bradford Caesars: **Spider/Raven**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Subhumans/Anti-System/Underdogs**
Bridgnorth Leisure Centre: **Alvin Stardust**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Hank Wangford Band**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Space Monkey/The Tenfoots/Standard Issue**
Bristol Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Dionne Warwick**
Dartford Flicks: **The March Violets**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Brian Cookman**
Doncaster Japs Wine Bar: **Party Day**
Dundee Dance Factory: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Easington Kings Head: **Seconds Out**
Feltham Airman Club: **I.Q.**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Glasgow Henry Afrikas: **Kissing Bandits**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Box**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Hot Five**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Final Demand**
Hull Dingwalls: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Tony McPhee**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Household Name**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brixton The Ace: **UK Subs/Bad Brains**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Hack Hack/Nirava/Shoc Corridor/A Bigger Mercedes**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Wendy & The Whippets**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Serious Drinking/Herbert Music**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Poorboys**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Paul Shearsmith & Guests**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Baby Go Boom**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Diana Woods Band**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **New Age/Goodnight Forever**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Separate Energy**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Heartbeats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Apocalypse/Radio Moscow**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Inside Outfit**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Clockhouse/Five To Five**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Thompson Twins**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Tropics: **Duffo**
London Marquee Club: **The Skyline Drifters**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chaos/Malice**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Jumping Jack Gilbert/Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Mole's Pocket Cirkus/Wild Girls/Tymon Dogg/Steel An' Skin**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Smith Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Strand King's College: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Streatham Crown & Sceptre: **The Directors**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Johnny Mathis (until Sunday)**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **King Kurt/The Moths**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Spain**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Match Me Sidney**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Blueberries**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: **Dave Kelly/Tony McPhee/Sam Mitchell**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Manchester The Gallery: **Sneak Preview**
Manchester University Union: **Line-Up**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Stefan Grossman & John Renbourn**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Weapon Of Peace/The Pencils**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham The Yorker: **Fat Chicken Blues Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Fugitive**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Perth The Grill: **First Priority**
Portsmouth Rock Gardens: **Bande-A-Part/Export**
Preston Warehouse: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Alarm**
Reading Target Club: **Saracen**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Moving Hearts**
Sheffield The Marples: **Pulp/In A Belljar**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Laughing Clowns**
Stockport Dovecot Arts Centre: **Icon**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Twelfth Night**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 13th

Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Alarm/From Eden**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jasper Carrott**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Blackheart**
Brighton Royal Escape: **Stan Sulzman Quartet**
Brighton The Kensington (free): **Jo & The Moondogs**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Pendragon/Solstice**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Birth Of Sharon/Rule Of Thumb**
Burton 76 Club: **The London Cowboys**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Colchester Essex University: **Automatic Slim/Bullit Blues**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Vibrators**
Dublin Francis Xavier Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Dundee University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Pallas**
Edinburgh le Metro: **Surprise Surprise**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Feltham Football Club: **UK Subs/Vortex/The Skrews**
Galashiels Digby's Disco: **Combo Vitto**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Hanley The Place: **Visions In Glass**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Kajagoogoo**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Truffle**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Addicts/Filthy Habitz**
Hull Dingwalls: **Hanoi Rocks**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Ben Watt/The Marine Girls/Felt**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Edward's Voice**
Leighton Buzzard Cricket Pavilion: **Foggy**
Leicester Croft Club: **The D.T's**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Thompson Twins**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Moles Pocket Cirkus/Tymon Dogg/Wild Girls/Steel An' Skin**
London Brixton The Ace: **Hunters & Collectors/The Kind**
London Brixton The Garage Club: **The Directors**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bonsai Forest/Yellow Umbrellas**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Dog Dog Dog**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Farmlife**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Long John Baldry Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jackie Leven/The Complaints**
London Fulham King's Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Swimming To France/Primary**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dionne Warwick**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Cayenne**
London Kentish Town Forum: **Tokyo Olympics**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **John Burch/Gillie McPherson**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Reactors**
London Marquee Club: **Man**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Pleasure & The Beast**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Holloway Allstars**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Stewart Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Steve Lane's Southern Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Waso**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collins Rhythm Aces**
London Strand King's College: **The Go-Betweens/The Laughing Clowns**
London Twickenham York House: **Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seegar**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Climb/The Flying Stenapors**
London W.C.1 Central School of Art & Design: **Design For Living/Outbarsqueek**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Electric Bluebirds/Radio Moscow**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **The Electric Guitars/Crown Of Thorns/The Family Rico**
Maidenhead The Bell: **Saracen**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Prewax**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**
Manchester The Gallery: **Chris Tetley Rock Show**
Manchester University Union: **The In-Line**
Morecambe Pier Ballroom: **Spider/Raven**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Newquay Perranporth Airfield: **The Red Ice Cosmic Blues Experience**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Dancing Did**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Rochdale Castleton Community Hall: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/Andy T**
Rushcliffe Leisure Centre: **Stefan Grossman & John Renbourn**
Sheffield City Hall: **Alvin Stardust**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Wrathchild**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **John Mizarolli**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Eric Clapton Band**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Roman Holliday**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Wokingham St. Crispin's Sports Centre: **Geisha Girls**
York University: **Alexei Sayle**

saturday 14th

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Bentwaters Club House: **The Nashville Teens**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Spider/Raven**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rush**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kajagoogoo**
Blackmore Norton Heath Equestrian Centre: **Foggy**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jasper Carrott**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Sam Stephens & Ann Lennox-Martin**
Brighton Cockcroft Hall: **Sex Gang Children/Tales From The Tube/The Liquorice Allsorts**
Brighton The Kensington (free): **The Come**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Gymslips/The London Cowboys**
Bristol Victoria Rooms: **Ekome (lunchtime)/Black Roots & Blue Aeroplanes (evening)**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **Trux**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **The Destructors/Chaos/English Dogs**
Cardiff Nero's: **Roman Holliday**
Chesterfield Top Tank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tokyo Olympics**
Dublin Fnacis Xavier Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Dancing Did**
Durham Dunelm House: **Uproar/The Edge/Placebo Effect/Task Force/Dogs Body**
Evesham Public Hall: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Antisect/Amebix**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **The Flakes/Street Legal/She**
Glasgow University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Larry Miller Band**
Hanley The Place: **Radical Dance**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Apocalypse**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Xpertz**
Huddersfield Fallout Shelter: **Subhumans/Xtract/Two Fingered Approach/Corpse**
Hull Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly Band**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Purveyors Of Surgery/Child Of Scum**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Monochrome Set/Helen McCookerybook/Kevin Hewick**
Leamington Spa Centre: **Alvin Stardust**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Stampede/Black Rose**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Allies**
Leeds University: **The Alarm**
Liverpool Lincolns Inn: **Crosstalk A/V**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Talisker/Frankie Armstrong**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Bonsai Forest**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Limehouse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bouncing Czechs/Just A Ha Ha**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Higsons/Farmers Boys/Serious Drinking**
London Camden Musicans Collective: **Atazoa/JC¼/The Other Man/Culture Shock**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Alfawaves/Afro Combo Brothers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Swamp Children**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Long John Baldry Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool/Billy Brag**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Amazon/White Summer**
London Fulham King's Head: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Motion Lotion/West City 5**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Only After Dark/Playn Jayn**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dionne Warwick**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **John Burch/Gillie McPherson**
London Marquee Club: **Man**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Rednite**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Moles Pocket Cirkus/Tymon Dogg/Wild Girls/Steel An' Skin**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bob Kerr's 15th Anniversary Party**
London Putney Half Moon: **Clarence 'Frogman' Henry**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Groovy Two**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Martin Simpson**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Waso**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **African Dawn/Emile Sercombe/Michael Belbin/Clare Dowie**
London Victoria The Venue: **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Vibrators/Praxis**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre: **Stefan Grossman & John Renbourn**
Loughborough University: **Vicious Pink Phenomena/Still Life**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Thompson Twins**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Legends**
Manchester The Gallery: **Head Flaming Dance/The Organisation**
Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: **I.Q.**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Moving Hearts**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Wrathchild/Strange Brew**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Private Enterprise**
Poole Arts Centre: **Eric Clapton Band**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Neil Innes**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Keith James**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Artery/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Sheffield University: **Misty In Roots**
Wallingford The White House: **Fair Exchange/Shifting Sands**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 15th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Hanoi Rocks**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rush**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kajagoogoo**
Birmingham Powerhouse: **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Pallas**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Jasper Carrott**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Long John Baldry Band**
Brighton Richmond Hotel (lunchtime, free): **The Mystery Boys**
Brighton Sallis Benney Hall: **Neil Innes**
Brighton Top Rank: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Bristol Locarno: **The Thompson Twins**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Harry Lang Band**
Edinburgh Claremont Hotel: **Autumn 1904/Querelle**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Warrior**
Glasgow Henry Afrikas: **Osibisa**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Chasar**
Hitchin The Sun Inn: **Foggy**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel: **One O'Clock Jump** (lunchtime)/**Volunteers** (evening)
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Volunteers (lunchtime)/Let's Eat! (evening)**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **The D.T.'s**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Camden Dingwalls (benefit): **Hank Wangford Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Musawa & The Bush Masters/Lucky Monkey**
London Finchley Torrington: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames** (lunchtime & evening)
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Double Agent**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Snorkels**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Lennie Breslaw Quartet with Jackie Sharp**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Freehand/Monomix**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Bernard Szajner Group with Howard Devoto**

CONTINUES OVER

London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Domino (lunchtime)/The Breakfast Band (evening)**
London Marquee Club: **Trilogy/Airbridge**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Brian Knight's Kick Out The Jams (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Chevalier Brothers/Tommy Chase Sextet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moondance**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime)/Fred Hunt's All Stars (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Sex Gang Children/Crown Of Thorns/Brilliant/Play Dead**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Tom McConville**
London Wood Green Brabant Road Centre: **Moles Pocket Cirkus/Tymon Dogg/Wild Girls/Steel An' Skin**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **John Barnes-Roy Williams Quintet**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
Manchester The Gallery: **The March Violets**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Spider/Raven**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **F.B.I.**
Oxford Summerfield College: **The Gymslips**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Fretz**
Peterlee New Town Football Club: **Cuban Unit/Next**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Alexei Sayle**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Maxi & Mitch**
Reading Watermill Theatre: **Wayland Smithy (lunchtime)/Acker Bilk Band (evening)**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Legend (lunchtime)/John Renbourn & Stefan Grossman (evening)**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **The Plastic Heroes**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **The Drifters**
Whitney Rock Gala: **Twelfth Night**

monday 16th

Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Pallas**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Dionne Warwick**
Brighton Top Rank: **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Weapon Of Peace**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Neil Innes**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Kajagoogoo**

London Barbican Centre: **Lionel Hampton Orchestra**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Yip Yip Coyote/Rhythmic Itch/Nomadiks**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roxofun**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Marilyn Maye & Trio (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Spain**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow/Breach Of The Peace**
London Fulham King's Head: **Space Studio Show**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Please Return My Dog**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Broadcast/Jingo Huckster**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Eric Clapton Band**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Rip Rig & Panic/Martha & The Muffins/Orchestre Jazira/Laurel & Hardy**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **African Spice**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Litton & Neville Dickie (until Thursday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Park**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Demerara**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson & His Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Acedemic Hamiltons/Max & The One Armed Barber**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Liza Minnelli (until May 29)**
London W.1. (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **The Scene**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Mainsqueeze**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Summerhouse**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Vibrators/Red Alert**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Maze**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Prowler**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Reading Target Club: **Larry Miller Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Sheffield University: **The Monochrome Set**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Thatcham Silks: **Twelfth Night**

tuesday 17th

Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters**
Bradford University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Flash Cats**
Croydon Fairfield hall: **Helen Shapiro**
Derby Blue Note: **The Monochrome Set**
Glasgow Henry Afrikas: **The Ivory Coasters**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Alarm**
Hull New York Hotel: **The Winter Quarters/Excalibur**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechnic: **JoBoxers**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **Roman Holiday**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brixton The Ace: **Nico**
London Camden Dingwalls: **James King & The Lone Wolves/The Sines**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley's Chiswick Flyovers**
London Camden The Palace: **The Ghandi Sisters**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Shazam**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Billy Bragg (Spy vs. Spy)/Games To Avoid**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Worried Parachutes/Exposure**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny Pinko**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Model Trains/Timbukto**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Frank Chickens (upstairs)/Big Combo and The Jazz Butcher (downstairs)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Eric Clapton Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Rhythm Method/The Zodiacs**
London Leicester Square The Tribe: **Vortex**
London Marquee Club: **Zaine Griff**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Game**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The London Cowboys**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Neil Innes**
London W.1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **D'Rango Slang**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Mainsqueeze**
Manchester The Gallery: **Weapon Of Peace**
Middlesborough Ossie's Bar: **Rules Of Croquet**
Newcastle City Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Nottingham Lyrics: **Patterns**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Spider/Raven**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 18th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **First Priority**
Aylesbury Civic Centre: **Tokyo Olympics**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Solstice**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Clock Limbo/The Prehistoric Pets**
Bradford University: **John Otway/John Cooper Clarke**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Moving Hearts**
Clitheroe Stirk House: **The Houghton Weavers**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Wrathchild**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
Glasgow Henry Afrikas: **The Ivory Coasters**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Cliff Wheelan**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Neil Innes**
Hull Dingwalls: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Little Brother**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Vibrators/Monkey On A Rope**
Leeds Park Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Rod Melvin**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **Aiken Drum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Flash Cats**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **D. H. Moore**
London Covent Garden Rock Centre: **The Fake Club**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Zero Beat/Film Society/Rhythmic Itch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Broadcast/Lix Helix**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Moontier/Vin Ordinaire**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bad Detective/Marionette**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Eric Clapton Band**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Richard Callison/Mike Lee**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Prisoners**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hiss The Villain**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Creamies/The Anonymous Sisters**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Crazeology**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Time Dance**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wally Fawkes Quintet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Spider/Raven/Terraplane**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Loughborough Students Union: **Paul Young**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dionne Warwick**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Secret Seven**
Manchester The Gallery: **My American Wife**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **JoBoxers**
Nottingham Clarendon College: **If All Else Fails**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Sinatras**
Sheffield City Hall: **Kajagoogoo**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson**
Southport Gaumont Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Swindon Solitaire: **Blood And Roses**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**

MORE MUNDI

FROM PAGE 7

them. Take Palais Schaumburg. It might be hard to see how a Puerto Rican living in New York can relate to a band from Germany, but it certainly helped me develop as a producer. There wasn't much money in it, but it was good experience.

"I always *listen* to people when I'm working with them. When I first started working with August Darnell and Gichy Dan, I would always listen to what they were saying. I'd listen to their concepts and decide where I could fit in. It is the same with the groups I work with. I listen to what they want rather than try to come across as the star producer. It's only if they want me to that I'll change structure and start writing horn lines for them."

Hernandez is also set for a cameo appearance in the forthcoming film *Cat Crazy*, starring Malcolm McDowell, in which he plays a heavy metal guitarist. It isn't his first film, though, his infamous bit-parts in *Serpico* and *The Tempest* having already assured him of his place as a pimple on the face of film history.

But, as the numerous pithy Coati-Eastside playlets which enliven some of the drearier moments of the solo album show, one of Andy's main talents is as an actor and it is probably in film where his real future lies. His greatest ambition, he claims, is to star in a movie for which he himself has written and performed the score.

THE BIGGEST battle Coati Mundi fights is against narrow-mindedness, particularly in the States, where records are rigidly segregated along vaguely racist lines. His music is such a varied hybrid — with elements of funk, salsa, rock and pop all thrown in — that it is almost impossible to define. But the problem is not a new one, being something that he, August and any other mulatto music-makers have always had to confront.

"Right from the Savannah Band, through Kid Creole to Coati Mundi, we have suffered because our music is hard to define. We've always been trying to cross the barriers and knock them down. 'Fresh Fruit' was a good example of that, but in the States people just took it as a sign of confusion.

"I like people who can take influences from different cultures and produce something new from that. Someone like Joe Jackson does that really well, moving from jumping jive to something vaguely Latin to something else again. The only person I can't stand is Malcolm McLaren. He's so overt about what he does that I don't think he really appreciates the music he's working with. But I don't want to get political about it. It doesn't matter about the colour of the skin as long as the music is cool."

As if to emphasise his eclectic streak, Coati plays down the importance of the Latin inputs that provide the basic framework of his sound.

"Latin music is part of my heritage. It is a rhythmic feel that I can bring to a tune, but that in itself doesn't really turn me on. I want to bring together different elements.

"If you walk down a New York street, you see loads of different types of people, different stores, different restaurants and you hear different types of music. That's what I'm aiming for in my music — to bring all those different cultural influences together."

If Coati Mundi is going to be the prisoner of my principles, then his musical morals would seem to be the ones worth holding onto... don't knock the baldhead!

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A set of mainly Sixties inspired songs, all played with so much verve and attack that it's downright infectious. Recommended.

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with Bill Hurley (ex, Inmates Vocalist) and Johnny Guitar (Dr Feelgood) plus Throwing Stones
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Whips In Wonderland or Lust Under Leather
Featuring:
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£1 Workers 50p Concessions
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Sat 14th May
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BLOOD & ROSES
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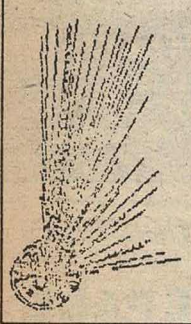

S/Z—Live at East Jazz Club 589-2069

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Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm—2am

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Wednesday 25th May £2.50 Adv
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Tuesday 31st May £3.00 Adv
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CHINA CRISIS

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords & Way Ahead Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Mirage, Leicester, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

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KEEP US TOGETHER
12" EXTENDED A SIDE
& TWO BONUS LIVE TRACKS
MY OH MY
LOVE WILL SURVIVE
NEW SINGLE
CHARISMA

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MCP by arrangement with SANCTUARY MUSIC presents

IRON MAIDEN

+ Guests GRAND PRIX

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THURS 26th / FRI 27th / SAT 28th MAY 7.30 p.m. SOLD OUT

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JOHN OTWAY
JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
NEIL INNES
Wed 18th May 7.30 p.m.

MAGNUM
+ Support
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MAY 21 at 7.30pm

Wembley Arena

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PLP present

SPIDER

TERRAPLANE

d.j. Alan Freeman

RAVEN

dumpys rusty bolts

WED. 18th MAY 7.30pm

LYCEUM BALLROOM

£3.50 box office, Wellington St., WC2, 01 836 3715 and usual agents

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MAIDSTONE CND presents

(First British appearance after New York season)

MIKE WESTBROOK

with

A LITTLE WESTBROOK MUSIC

Oakwood Park, Maidstone

Friday 27th May

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19/20 SOMERS ST. LEEDS TEL. 468287

Thursday 12th May

SEX GANG CHILDREN

+ Play Dead

SUNDAYS GIGS 7.30pm-10.30pm

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Derek Block presents

Weather Report

Thursday 2nd & Friday 3rd June

7.30pm

TICKETS £6 £5 £4

FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081

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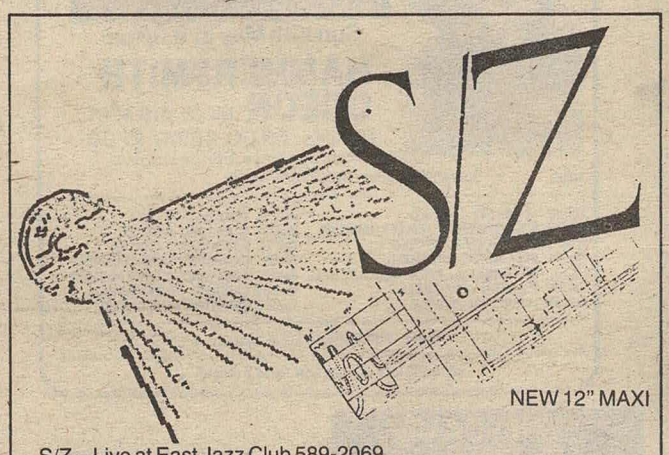

NEW 12" MAXI

S/Z—Live at East Jazz Club 589-2069

MCP presents

CHINA CRISIS

LONDON LYCEUM BALLROOM

TUES 7th JUNE 7.30 p.m.

PLUS SUPPORT

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MON 16	YIP YIP COYOTE RHYTHMIC ITCH NOMADIKS
TUES 17	JAMES KING & THE LONE WOLVES
WED 18	THE 1983 BRITISH ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP THE FLASH CATS HOSTED BY BBC RADIO'S BIG BOPPER & D.J. TONY INGRAM £1,000 FIRST PRIZE!!!!
THUR 19	THE COBRAS WIPEOUT
TUES 24 WED 25	MOVING HEARTS

LONDON

NEWCASTLE

Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle Upon Tyne. Tel. 0632 324156

THUR 12	WEAPON OF PEACE
FRI 13	RIP RIG & PANIC
SAT 14	See LOCAL ADS
TUES 17	NEW MODEL ARMY JOOLZ
THUR 19	★ JOHN ★ COOPER ~CLARKE
FRI 20	KING
SAT 21	NATURAL ROOTS
THUR 26	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS

HULL

38 46 George St. Hull Tel. 0482 20048

THUR 12	RIP RIG & PANIC
FRI 13	HANOI ROCKS
SAT 14	DAVE KELLY BAND
TUES 17	THE ALARM

BRISTOL

The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol. Tel. 0272 294312

WED 18	CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
THUR 19	The DANCING DID
SAT 21	ROMAN HOLIDAY
WED 25	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
THUR 12	★ JOHN ★ COOPER ~CLARKE
FRI 13	PENDRAGON SOLSTICE
SAT 14	LONDON COWBOYS THE GYMSLIPS
TUES 17	THE 1983 BRITISH ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP THE FLASH CATS HOSTED BY BBC RADIO'S BIG BOPPER £1,000 FIRST PRIZE!!!!
WED 18	See LOCAL ADS
THUR 19	MONOCHROME SET
FRI 20	MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS
SAT 21	SPIDER

SHEFFIELD

Unit 3, Furnival House, Furnival St. Sheffield Tel. 0742 21807

THUR 12	See LOCAL ADS
FRI 13	WRATHCHILD
WED 18	NEW MODEL ARMY + JOOLZ
THUR 19	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
FRI 20	SISTERS OF MERCY
SAT 21	TALISMAN
WED 25	COMING SOON MAGNUM

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 12th May £1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO
Friday 13th May £1.50
SWIMMING TO FRANCE
+ Primary
Saturday 14th May £1.50
ONLY AFTER DARK
+ Playn Jayn
Sunday 15th May £1.00
FREEHAND
+ Monomix
Monday 16th May £1.00
BROADCAST
+ Jingo Huckster
Tuesday 17th May £1.50
BIG COMBO
+ The Jazz Butcher + The Three Johns
Wednesday 18th May £1.00
BAD DETECTIVE
+ Marionette
Real Ale Served 7.30pm — 11.00pm

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 12th
De Niro double
TAXI DRIVER 1.00, 5.00, 9.00
+ **MEAN STREETS** 3.00, 7.00
Friday 13th
Wim Wenders
STATE OF THINGS 1.20, 5.00, 8.40
+ **LOS OLVIDADOS** 3.30, 7.10
Saturday 14th
THE ATOMIC CAFE 1.05, 5.15, 9.25
+ **THE WAR GAME** 2.40, 6.50
+ **NO NUKES** 3.30, 7.40

Saturday 14th
All Night — **PUNK** Ring cinema for further details
Sunday 15th
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL 2.00, 5.30, 9.00
+ **WEEKEND** 3.50, 7.20
Wednesday 18th
Dustin Hoffman double
MIDNIGHT COWBOY 1.20, 5.10, 9.00
+ **THE GRADUATE** 3.20, 7.10
Thursday 19th
BICYCLE THIEVES 1.20, 4.25, 7.30
+ **SHOOT THE PIANIST** 2.50, 5.55, 9.00

MCP presents

LITTLE RIVER BAND

Plus Special Guests CHRIS REA

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

SUN 29th MAY, 7.30 p.m.

Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00

Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081. LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse and Albermarle.

THEATRES

AT THEATRO TECHNIS
26 Crowndale Road NW1
May 11 - 15 18 - 22 8.00pm
Saturday and Sunday performances
Sat Matinee 2.30 Evening 8.00
£2.50 £1.00
Advance bookings
487 3440 387 6617
Nearest Tubes Mornington Cres. Kings Cross Camden Town

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Shakespeare Avenue

Friday May 13th

UK SUBS

+ Vortex + Skrews

Friday May 20th

RUBELLA BALLET

+ Screaming Bongoes

Feltham BR,
Hatton Cross Tube (Piccadilly Line)
Buses 90b, 285, 237, 116, 117.
01-751 2807 01-890 6979

LIVE

—DADDY— DIDDLEY BEATMASTER!

BO DIDDLEY
London 100 Club

IN THE early 1950s Eugene McDaniels — a classically trained violinist from Mississippi — was walking down a dirty, windy street in Chicago when he heard the sound of the mighty Muddy Waters blowing out from behind the shutters of a small juke joint. Eugene's ears pricked up — this was something else altogether! — the sound of pain and strength, of suffering and determination backed by a beat that had come out of the jungle, through the swamps and backwoods where alligators and rattlesnakes dwell, and into the heart of the bustling city.

Eugene liked what he heard, he stepped inside and had him a beer and he liked it even more. In fact Eugene McDaniel liked it so much that he became Bo Diddley and vowed to become the boldest, baddest rock'n'blues man of them all. He brewed up a potent variation of the big beat and never looked back.

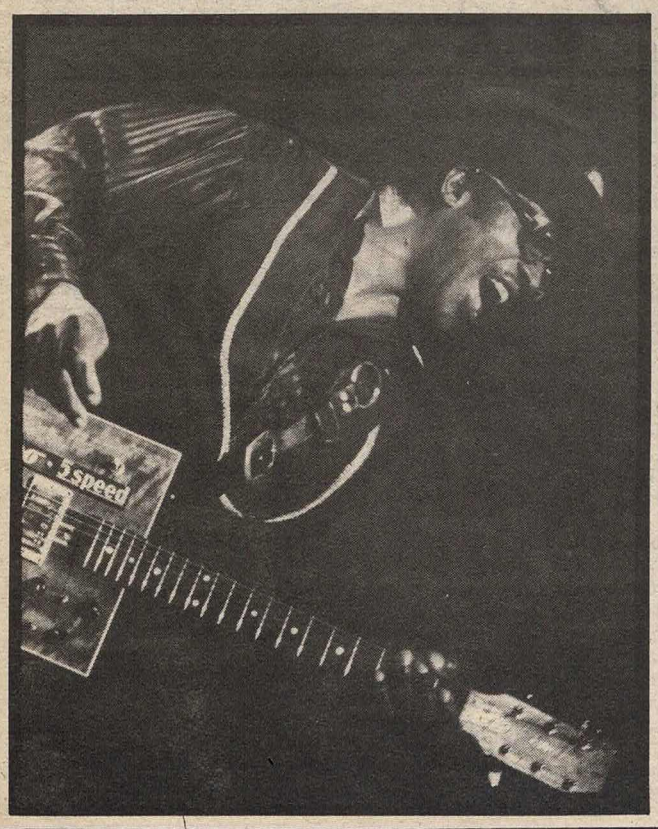
Thirty years later in the West End of London the music of the city has taken on many strange shapes and forms but Bo Diddley is undaunted — he still means business, still has the glint of menace in his eyes. A few days before his performance the man who gave him his early motivation had shuffled off the mortal coil but Bo knows the finest tribute he can offer is to make *his* music fresh, alive, to keep it pumping, spitting and seething the way it was always meant to.

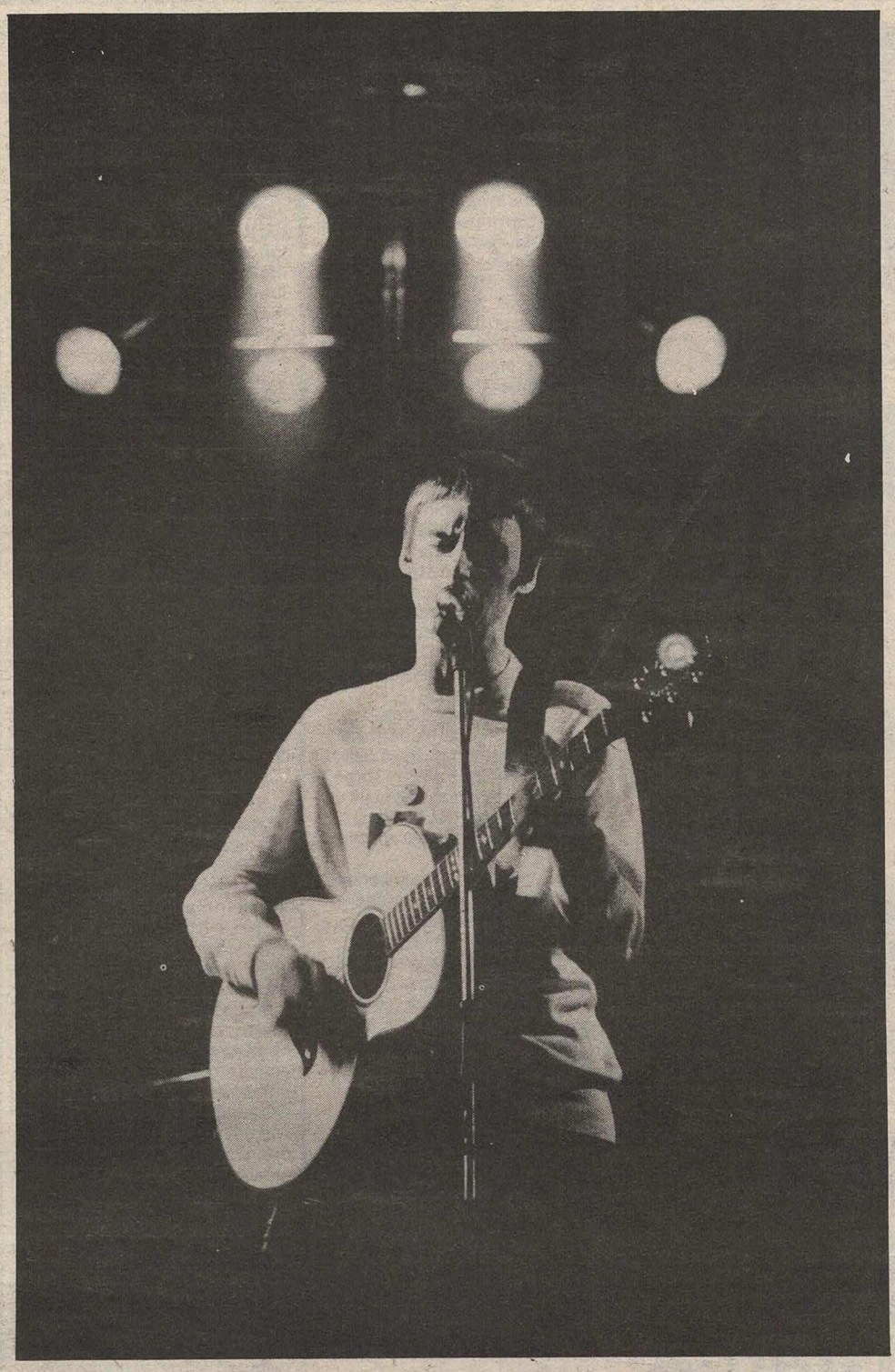
Bo is playing with a white pick-up band and there are early hiccups — he does a little bit of cross conversation (instrumentally speaking) with the other guitarist and bassist but it doesn't work — they aren't speaking the same language as him. Later, too, he tries to pace his set with a slow loping tribute to those that inspired him and those he inspired but it's mere padding. What he does best is deliver his beat — as vital and elemental as James Brown dynamics or Robert Johnson's early blues wail. It swirls around a centrifugal force on 'Mannish Boy' — the ultimate brag anthem — it comes from his superlative guitar from which he scrapes and slices a stuttering raging sequence of meshed chords. It's a style totally removed from the wailing, mewling ego extension that has been added on since he originally developed it. It's neat and crisp, it gurgles and bubbles and when it wells up, it can cut across like an acetylene torch through solid steel.

So Bo Diddley plays his great songs like 'Mona', like 'You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover' and 'Roadrunner' and that beat that he discovered walking past a Chicago juke joint 30 years is as pulverising as a herd of stampeding elephants — men have built railroads, blasted through mountains with the power that lies behind that beat.

And at the end of the performance he returned for one last time before going back to his farm and fall-out shelter in Florida. Bo Diddley sang and bragged and pounded his chest as he strutted in front of the crowd and right there and then, Eugene McDaniels knew that he really was Bo Diddley — the brashest, the boldest bluesman of them all.

Gavin Martin





THE BOLSHIE END OF THE SCALLY WEDGE

THE STYLE COUNCIL
THE FARM
HIGH FIVE
Liverpool Empire

TO CLOSE the bank holiday weekend of non-conformist euphoria, Youth CND planned this event to raise money for the Merseyside Unemployment Centre and to wave a flag for unity, but from the moment Alan Bleasdale opened, the tone was set for a calamitous evening.

Bleasdale began with what he believed to be a punch at the paunch of those in favour of bombs rather than jobs, a sharp poke at the words of Tebbit and Maitland. "I didn't understand it," commented one young girl, "it was all clever stuff".

Introduced by irritating, omnipresent Radio I DJ, Janice Long, two local bands, The Farm and High Five followed. There has never been a shortage of rough guts in Liverpool and with raw honesty The Farm burst songs for *now*. "This one's for my grandad who died for nothing — like a lot of people", explains lead singer Hooto, to the sound of the Last Post bugle call. High Five deliver more spring/swing and less cut, with simple rhythms and breath, grasping vocals — their style and spontaneity is uplifting.

These bands, probably more important for what they are than what they do, were wasted on the unsympathetic ears of the masses who came *only* to see The Style Council.

Rowdy impatience brewed fast in the audience and after another interval of under-age drinking, the Style Council ratepayers were in no mood for anybody resembling a platitudinarian.

Anna Joy David, Chairperson of Youth CND emerged and began a speech around the theme "Four million unemployed... who needs Cruise missiles?". She was smacked by a wall of abuse on the theme "Fuck the bombs . . . we want Weller".

After an abortive and desperate attempt to calm the senseless, chanting mob, AJD retired, but returned later with a silent and symbolic gesture — the removal of the 'Youth CND — A Future Without Fear' banner which backed the stage.

In response to the electric cave of frantic Style Councillors, the programme was quickly re-arranged. Janice Long looked nervous and ace Poet Levi Tafari was thrown way down the batting order.

God and Talbot skipped onstage to announce they will be playing to backing tapes. Et Tu Brute. Four non-commital songs including (natch) 'Speak Like A Child' and the new single 'Money-Go-Round' were met with Vesuvian response — a bubbling chemistry of white socks and Parkas. In the space of fifteen minutes, Style Council were *on*, heads down muttering something about "future" and "destiny" then *gone*. Weller showed a shoddy disregard for his fans who nevertheless made a frenzied exit to chase his coach.

Back inside the theatre, those who remained expecting SC to return with more songs were determined to let nothing stand between them and their misconceptions. Don "Iggy" Navarro (Shakehands from *Boys From The Blackstuff)* came forth with castigating words after the Everyman Youth Theatre's specially prepared anti-nuclear performance had been abandoned amidst a bitter slanging match. The whole event had become, in the words of JP McEnroe, "the pits".

A sour evening, wrecked principally by bad organisation. In the presence of teenagers, Alan Bleasdale should know better than to jump on a political high-horse. Paul Weller should have been more supportive to other, less dynamic, acts. His attitude was disgraceful.

Even with the best intentions, the idea was wrong in the first place and, for that reason, deserves all it got. Beyond dreams, you cannot get 'y'average yooth' interested in high-brow politics, a black poet from Liverpool 8, and a youth theatre group, when all they want, and are quite prepared to exploit the cause to get for 75 pence, is Paul Weller.

Sad but true.

Billy Mann

DON NAVARRO ASKS A HECKLING MOD HOW HE WANTS HIS HEAD. ONE LUMP OR TWO?

WELLER & NAVARRO PICS BY JOHN STODDART.

DR JOHN
Putney Half Moon

THE MISSISSIPPI runs as a spine down the United States. Fed by its tributaries like branches of the nervous system, it flows lazily south before disgorging into the Gulf of Mexico. At its mouth stands New Orleans, the point of final confluence before the Mississippi merges with the tides of the world. For many people Dr John, aka Mac Rebennack, embodies the music that converges at New Orleans.

Pale with jet-lag, the beard, beret and bulk of the good doctor gave a memorable performance in the tropically packed back-room of a South London pub. Apart from a few oddities such as Jerry Dammers, the audience was probably the selfsame as cheered him on his first visit about twelve years ago. Grown fat with prosperity, they yeahed and heehawed in cringe-making fashion. But no matter, because living history was unfolding before our very ears.

The melodrama of 'Stagger Lee', 'Saturday Night''s drunken romance, the old Dixie Cups standard 'Iko Iko', the Diddleyesque mania of 'Lights Out', written by Dr John 25 years ago and made a hit by Jerry Byrne...the rolling gait of his left hand maintained a constant laconic pulse throughout, counterpointing his wickedly playful right.

Mel Thorpe, from the beergutted, bespectacled pick-up band, wove a snake-charming clarinet into the serpentine voodoo of 'Walk On Gilded Splinters'. Then just the urgent hammering of those 88 keys accompanied that wise, sardonic croak, rich as history, for 'Right Place, Wrong Time'.

Brilliant renditions of tunes by the late Professor Longhair scattered the set: 'Tipitina', 'Go To The Mardi Gras' and 'Looka No Hair'. A betting version of Huey 'Rario' Smith and The clowns' 'Rockin Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu', and from last year's wonderful 'Dr John Plays Mac Rebennack', a cover of the Carmichael/Washington song 'The Nearness Of You'.

He breathed life into an old chestnut made famous by Shirley and Lee, based on the traditional cajun/zydeco tune 'Bon Temps Roulet'. 'Let The Good Times Roll' he urged, and Dr John did exactly that.

Mat Snow

THE WORD
Sunderland Annabel's

MAKING IT big in Sunderland, a Beginner's Guide...

Step One. First you find yourself an audience, and then — well, sad to say, there *is* no Step Two. The audience problem must be enough to strangle some groups at birth around here. There *is* no audience. It's a town with as many people as Newcastle, but there's nowhere geared to regular live rock music apart from pubs.

Local boys The Word are trying their luck with a weekend disco crowd, most of whom look impatient at the interruption to their staple diet of dance records. Still, The Word persevere, and I hope The Word will be heard.

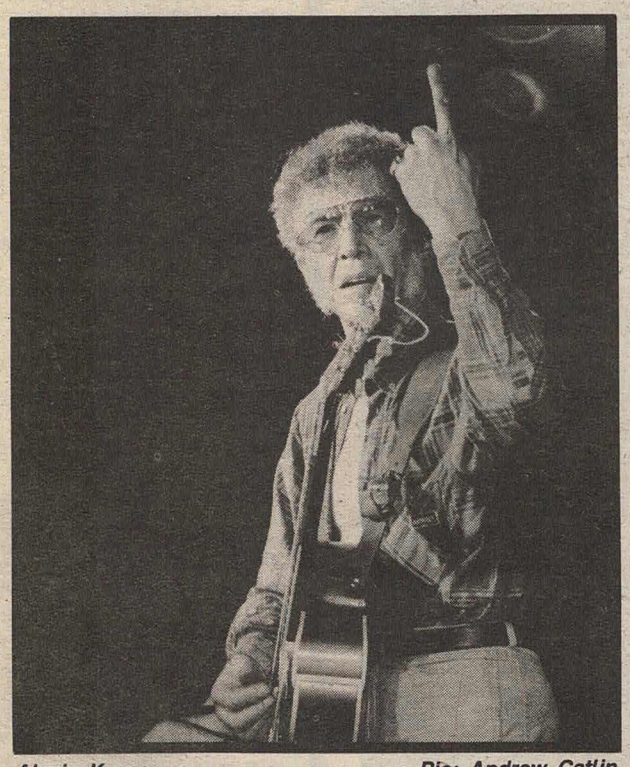
Leading the five-piece is singer Robert Coyle, an impressive performer that I've followed on and off for a few years now. On tonight's showing his songwriting gift has not deserted him: plenty of thought, care and talent have gone into numbers like 'Fashion Sense', 'White Africans' and 'Hurt'.

It's more difficult to assess the band's performance when the guitar (Colin McGuinness) drops out of sound so often, as do the sax and keyboards of Steve Clifford. Bass and drums (Tim Watson and Ian Byron respectively) fare better, although the total noise is given much less power than it really needs.

"Only a shadow of your normal selves tonight, lads," the manager tells them afterwards — over-reacting, maybe. Who knows, it could even be this evening has taken The Word one step nearer to Step One itself.

Paul Du Noyer

LIVE



Alexis Korner *Pic: Andrew Catlin*

THE POWER OF POSITIVE BLUESMANSHIP

ALEXIS KORNER & FRIENDS

London Marquee Club

OF ALL the chequered events that have taken place during The Marquee Club's 400-year existance, a Thursday in July 1962 — when The Rolling Stones made their West End debut depping for Alexis Korner's pioneering Blues Incorporated — now proves to be the most auspicious occasion in the club's often unprintable folklore.

Another Thursday at The Marquee — this time, almost 21-years on — and the appearance of the Bill Wyman/Charlie Watts power-pack wasn't a belated payment-in-kind gesture, but indicative of the esteem shown by musicians towards Alexis Korner, whose own musical philosophy — as both bluesman and broadcaster — continues to remain free of financial imperatives. Doubt has never been cast on the capabilities of both Wyman and Watts, and here, in a rare small club situation, the duo effortlessly reaffirm that only the teams of Levon Helm & Rick Danko and Duck Dunn & Al Jackson have ever come remotely close to their unique economy of style and ability to ride any given rhythm.

More than any other genre, the blues may have gone in and out of fashion faster than a trouser-leg width, but the essence of the music never truly deminishes, revealing itself in the best heartfelt music of each generation. Even in times like these, when so much music often appears unnecessarily dissolute and despairing, natural blues power as projected through the artistry of Yazoo's Alf, The Fun Boy Three, Gregory Isaacs and, this night, by Alexis Korner and a multitude of friends, proves to be an optimistic, uplifting elixir.

Mojos were frantically worked and tail-feathers expertly shaken in righteous celebration, by way of zestful accompaniment to Korner's familiar wood-smoked vocals, the brass-bite of Dick Heckstall-Smith's horn section, Georgie Fame's upful wail of 'Something You Got' and Geno Washington leapin' up out of a packed and sweat-soaked audience for a contemporized scene-stealing 'Lucille'.

As ringmaster, and rollin' and tumblin' raconteur, Alexis Korner was showcased in an ideal environment for his highly personalised delivery. As for two of his guests: Georgie Fame, once one of this country's most influential pace-setters, could be enjoying both the kind of commercial success afforded Joe Jackson and the critical salutations heaped upon Tom Waits, if only he could locate the right material. G-E-N-O (though never quite the icon young Kevin had many believing) has lost none of his extrovert showmanship. Indeed, one song, and, had he so wished, he could have persuaded the entire audience to form a crocodile and trundle out into Wardour Street.

It's the blues speckles that do it!

Roy Carr

THE COCTEAU TWINS

Glasgow Apollo

THE APOLLO was quickly filling up with devotees of the (dubious) charms of OMD, but, unfortunately, my body space was still occupying a small (and wishing it were smaller) corner of the foyer. 19.20 hours and only ten minutes left to stop this 'take me to your leader' wrangle with the door bouncers and still catch the beginning of the support band, The Cocteau Twins. At 7.30 precisely (beep beep) the beneficent smile of the charming manager allowed a desperate rush to the first circle, from whence, over the babble of chattering electro-boppers came small strains of music.

Oh shit they've started.

Vocalist Elizabeth stood centre-stage, flanked by Will, Robbie and machinery all bathed in a ghastly green glow that left their faces very much up to the imagination. The three tiny bodies floating in the distance bore little relation to the music booming from the speakers, but, swamped by size and so far away from us, the charismatic Elizabeth still reached out long fingers to stroke cool shivers down tense spines.

She dominated the proceedings, and with a small, still face tilted up to the microphone delivered a series of body-blows to the emotions. Marking time with the drum machine by a clenched fist beating her breast, she travelled through a catalogue of sultry, sexy innocence, fear, joy and cold enigma by way of melodies that gently undulated in Asian micro-tones and heart-wrenchingly pure notes ending in sighs. Sparking off the notes from the guitar with childishly stiff fingers, she conjures up a twisted stereotype of femininity — a child-woman, strange and ambiguous, contrasting sharply with the solid Scots types of Will and Rob.

In a Cocteau set, the individual numbers blend into a smooth whole, undifferentiated in music or rhythm except for the colours supplied by this diminutive Piaf. 'Peppermint Pig' is the only song favoured with an announcement and it drew greater response from an audience now at least partially mesmerised by this strange little girl.

When the last notes were over and Elizabeth had made a fleeting goodbye I left the ball quickly. Too good and too precious to be spoiled by listening to OMD. I even smiled at the penguins as I stepped into the street.

Andrea Miller

THE ART OF TOILET TALK

THE BELLE STARS

Birmingham Odeon

WOMEN WHO play to the gallery don't figure anywhere on my list of pet hates, if they do it well that is. Otherwise conspicuous flirting smacks of amateurism, bores rather than amuses, and goes down on the pet hate list next to deodorized men's socks, breakfast TV and football-size wristwatches. So imagine my dismay when Jennie told us that the boys in the gallery danced well, and it turned out that no one was there. I hate the exertion involved in rethinking that list.

Perhaps The Belle Stars' belly-flop into breakfast TV type mindlessness was inevitable. After all, 'Sign of the Times' (a fine example of unpicking the nerve-endings of the rhythm that must exist between sex, sociability and solitude for any of them to make sense) must be pretty hard to follow. But now the darlings have got that single under their belts, they think that we're going to keep them in the manner to which they are accustomed. Well, I'm sorry, it's just not on.

I might forgive The Belle Stars their undistinguished new songs, flat production and clumsy, over-projected bass. But I cannot overlook the lack of sinew in their cover versions (too forgetable to mention by name) and their

Any conversation in a girls loo over-rehearsed, thick-ankled flirtatiousness that misrepresents the skills that belong to my sex.

Any conversation in a girls loo during lesson time contains far more comic crispness, elegance of timing, playful sparkle and suss about male psychology than twenty Belle Stars gigs. And female loo conversations are part

MARC AND THE MAMBAS

London Duke Of York's Theatre

"THE CURRENT Mambas line-up was debuted in Tel Aviv, Israel, where the people, lovers of emotional music, lit candles during renditions of 'If You Go Away' and cried openly."

"Tuck your shirt in Marc," cried the voice of London.

Now certainly, to quote an old eccentric I used to know, one needn't be a master chef to appreciate a good meal but, Begin your pardon darlin', the good people of Israel are not particularly renowned for their own contribution to the modern song. And would anyone bat an eyelid to hear of the people from, say, Palma Nova, Majorca lighting candles and crying to the Mambas?

Besides Marc Almond himself of course, since his forthcoming double album 'Torment And Toreadors' threatens to bear witness to his growing "love of passionate flamenco and obsessions of Spain." (I'd be inclined to suggest that 'Torment And Torremolinos' would be a far more appropriate title, but that's beside the point.)

The major problem with the show is that Marc Almond now has his tongue tucked so firmly in his cheek that the resulting noises were so garbled and confused that even the PA system eventually splurted and gave up on the whole affair. "We're not like David Bowie who can bring out what he likes," Bananarama modestly informed a somewhat generous Lloyd Bradley. And Marc Almond lacks the panache to string two hours together with grubby innuendos: Larry Grayson, he is not. Exit the outrage, enter the caricature.

"Sod the purists — that's what I say." Well fine, but replace it with what? Trashy renditions of 'Caroline Says'? Mediocre guest vocalists? Half-baked ideas and a glossy programme?

The hiring of a cosy little theatre does not, in itself, constitute a valuable evening's entertainment.

You see, this Little Black Knight has not yet grown his wisdom teeth, and thus his Little Black Bite is irritatingly trite.

Kirsty McNeill

Michael Heseltine and friends canvassing the transvestite vote

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

THE BIG SLEEP

THE WAKE

Glasgow Tiffany's

THIS IS so predictable it's downright corny. So obvious that Factory should have their newest Scottish signing supporting their Big Hit Band on the northern leg of this New Order tour, so obviously perpetuating that Post-Joy Division funereal (no) sense of humour; so predictable that here is another band who can make fun a four letter word.

That is where The Wake come in. For background's sake, they are from Glasgow and feature a lead man who is The Original Missing Altered Image — from the days when A.I. were less snap, crackle and pop and more Siouxsie Sioux. He was, at least in part, responsible for songs like 'Dead Pop Stars' and 'Insects'. His name is Caesar.

Caesar is dreadfully upset about something. The skull-like head protuding from his turtleneck sweater wears an expression of despondency that at first you could assume was a longing for a square meal. But his problems seem to be more complex. Alienation from his surroundings (the post industrial decay thing), a disbelief in his personal reality (that ol' existentialist thang) and an inability to come to terms with his ignorance (the Education System Part One). Yeah, he's a pretty screwed up kid, y'know. Product of our sick society and first year sociology lectures, man, blah blah blah...

The really sad thing about The Wake is that if you could brush aside their cloying pretentiousness for even a second you would find some rather good musicianship underneath it all. Musically they combine synthesised and guitar sound in a quite fresh and even exciting way — making angular shapes over passive tones with a 'Lone Ranger meets John Williams' innocence. Unfortunately Wee C's vocal lines are flat and repetitive, irritating a backing that just hesitates before jumping with vitality. Songs with a hint of excellence such as 'The Old Men' and 'Uniform' are ruined even before they take their first breath, and not by vocal or ideological pretensions, but by tacky tricks with penny whistles and taped sacred choral music. I wouldn't be surprised if they bought a video screen to show Vietnam footage or pictures of dead babies.

The Wake bring out the cornball in me. I'd much rather bury Caesar than praise him. Wake me up when they're finished, will you?

Andrea Miller

Pic: Chris Clunn

DURUTTI

DURUTTI COLUMN

Manchester Hacienda

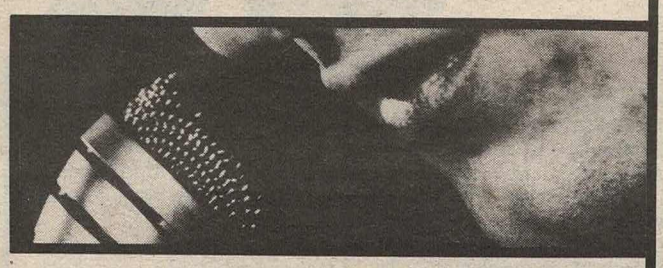
THE HACIENDA'S notorious acoustics took their skinny syncopation to play basketball in the rafters. The audience looked as if they'd turned out to see a car crash. And yet, as they don't say anymore, the band played on.

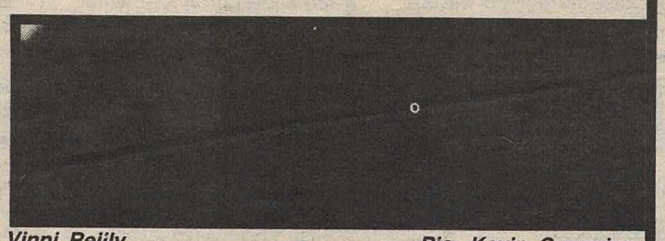
Unsung heroes to a man, Vinni Reilly and Bruce Mitchell exercise a rarefied elegance, a classy composure that separates Durutti Column's mellow electronics from the insipid and joyless monotony that besets most of their ilk. Reilly coaxes the tunes from a myriad of keyboards: a capricious instrumentation that's equally at home in soft focus, watery excursions and wry, sombre surrealism. The voice is a deadpan lament, a phonetic rather than semantic elegy. Durutti Column's aren't so much songs to remember as brief encounters to love and forget.

Worlds away from his erstwhile occupation as drummer with the lampooning Albertos, the amiably eccentric Bruce Mitchell still cracks Durutti's percussive whip with a smile on his face. As if in anticipation of his forthcoming appearance on BBC's *Last Of The Summer Wine*, Mitchell brings peals of laughter into Reilly's pastel chiming. And if his crisp changes of pace are occasionally over-zealous, it's only because he's taken a slug too many from a carefully secreted and cannily disguised whiskey flask.

When Durutti Column return in the Autumn, it will be with violas and violins and all sorts of unpronounceable instruments and this was to have been the last supper, so to speak. If nothing else, Durutti's last stand saw Mitchell and Reilly taking a dignified and cheery bow out.

Amrik Rai





Vinni Reilly *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

of a tradition of collusive collectivism which The Belle Stars haven't got an inkling about. There's an anarchic pleasure, delightfully snobbish group exclusivity and the sort of solidarity in soldiering that is killed outright by Jennie's ratbag-cum-cheerleadership and laid to rest by the passivity of the band's simple but empty rockist ambitions to appeal to the 'I-fancy-a-Belle-Star' mentality.

Little wonder that the high point in the evening occurred when one of the go-getters from the audience climbed on stage, put his arm round Sarah-Jane Owen, escaped detection by the bouncers by singing along to 'Iko', (I think it was singing...) and hey presto! You too could capture a Belle Star like a trophy from a gnome raid! Lovely. You're very well matched. But — oh no — I'm sure the boys from the gallery will be waiting outside.....

Amanda Root

ALTERNATIVE DANSE NIGHT

Birmingham Power House

UNREQUITED LOVE: put on your PVC mini, fishnets, black boots and leopard-skin top, and go down to this alternative danse music thing. In this far-flung part of the Clubland Empire, your honour, as well as your morals, will be guaranteed to remain intact.

In this era of the joyous but also sorrowful swan-song of New Romanticism, I can promise you these things because one's presence at a disco is an art form, and everybody knows it. Aesthetic morality was never stricter. Purify the dialect of the tribe by being changeable, arcane and decadent in the mid-week. Listen to the glassy cybernetic cynicism of languid but elegant depravity — pure pleasure, candidly contemporary and radically unattainable.

Take the music: unashamed disco. Dance music like this dwells on the demi-gods of the plastic, synthesiser Glam-Rock Heresies: Bolan, Bowie, Reed, Pop, not to mention the McLarenette Clans of the Dispossessed and the Great Songsters of the Roaring Forties.

Mix the voluptuous symbolism of the cha cha, the quickstep and the foxtrot with the mythologies of those Inbetweenies (Swans, Sailors, Nymphs and Sirens) and you get outrageous redrawings of the evershifting, impossible to define map of wilful damnation. But with a difference. Scavenging nostalgia can mean something new, and, drawing heavily on the exotically depraved images of that first demise of Romanticism: Baudelaire's 'Damned Women' (wickedly wonderful lesbians, the lot of them), this underworld cult of New Symbolists dreams up androgenous unattainability. If life and love can never meet, then the new etiquette graciously surrenders the gap to the imagination.

Bemoaned as a horrible American import alongside other well-loved items of mass-culture such as the jukebox, chewing gum and silk stockings, the disco has come of age. And I, for one, am glad.

Amanda Root

HORRIBLE SEXY VAMPIRES COMBO VITO FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

Edinburgh Square Earth Club

THE HORRIBLE Sexy Vampires have a girl violinist and a drum machine, their sound is like Dracula warming up on his vamp chart before breakfast. This is the Delmontes at 5mph, fairly tedious going I thought, and the audience seemed to agree, but when in doubt, do a Velvet Underground song.

Horrible Sexy Vampires somehow got a deal with Satellite Records. They say their music is atmospheric, multi faceted, and it embraces a variety of textures, they say that their melodies are haunting. I think I'd rather have a nightmare...

Combo Vito are from Perth. Formed around the guitarist and songwriting team from the R'B's. A dancefloor band who augment their sound with a synth player and a really nice black girl singer.

Exclusive! This is The French Impressionists' last gig and yours truly was present. Alive, just about, and reviewing. This is the age of young, nubile girl singers plundering the archives and plunging their necklines in a vain search for the hits. Little Margaret gives it her all, bopping and stomping through trad '40s and '50s fare. They were in the rhythm business and now it's all over.

The mesmerising factor is without doubt Louise Ness. Small and sweet. Giving it Brando Rules and pure enjoyment, clad in leathers and belting out 'Pick Up The Rhythm', The French Impressionists saved the evening.

Bobby Cisco

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PARA-SHOOTISTS

PRINT looks at army brutality — from both ends of the gun barrel — in El Salvador and Northern Ireland, two of the fires in imperialism's front yard.

CONTACT

by A. F. N. Clarke (*Secker and Warburg, £6.95*)

SO NOW the Government want us to all hold hands around the Berlin Wall. Fine, but maybe they could save us some money in bus fares by thinking of places nearer home.

I quote ex-lieutenant Tony Clarke, from the book he wrote after seven years service with the glorious paras: "The sectarian violence of the late '60s has left a permanent physical scar across the city, with miles of corrugated tin separating communities who speak the same language, do the same jobs, and live in the same square mile of city."

Another city split in two, another war between extremes, this time not Berlin but Belfast. *Our* war, Mr 'Bombs for Peace' Heseltine, or had you forgotten?

It seems like British politicians suffer from Northern Ireland amnesia unless someone outside tries to 'interfere' (ie, offer a solution) or the bombs start exploding on this side of the sea. But for most people living in the area, Catholic, Protestant, *and* the troops, the war does not switch off with the TV news, it's a 24 hour continuous show and the deaths are real; a fact Clarke's book, recently serialised in the *Daily Mirror,* makes chillingly clear.

It covers his two tours of Northern Ireland in '73 and '75, the first in Belfast and the latter in the troubled border country around Crossmaglen, and makes no attempt to offer any history or analysis of the 'troubles', any explanations or solutions; nor does it tell how Clarke joined the army or why he chose not to continue a military career. It is simply a journal of his time there with few visible attempts to gloss over or justify his actions or feelings. As such, it becomes a cold depiction of how war and army discipline can affect ordinary men, and is more frightening to me than any polemic.

He tells of blatant infringements of regulations, which the army saw as stupid interference from "wet" politicians and "social workers": putting pins and broken razors into rubber bullets, firing illegally over the border, refilling magazines so that it appears that less shots were fired than actually were. Adventures such as driving an armoured car into rioters; standing a passerby against a wall and for no reason other than plain malice, swinging a baton up between his legs; casually watching a woman thrashing around the floor in a fit during a raid on her house; or hoping for a few kills because it would be "good for morale". Join the Professionals.

"There are times," Clarke writes, "when I really would like to have the powers that the South African Police have, then perhaps we would get a bit of cooperation instead of being messed about all the time." This is 'our' army, don't forget, you and I indirectly paid our share to this man's wages...

But there is, of course, the other side; men crowded together, unable to get enough sleep for weeks on end, unsure if the 'friendly' local will put ground glass instead of sugar in their tea, or if the next bullet is theirs. "I don't want to know you," says one man, "because to me you will just be another number when I shovel what's left into a body bag." Another goes everywhere with his imaginary friend, a six foot white rabbit called Harvey (an idea nicked from an old James Mason film, incidentally).

This is the army. "Selling our morality to ourselves over and over again, with the help of war books, films, TV and sleep. Don't think of the rights and wrongs, just let the beast rise and enjoy the primeval passion." Smashing up a club, splitting a man's head open, became Clarke's idea of "fantastic fun", but as he points out, they were only doing their job: "We have spent months and years training, learning from pamphlets called 'Shoot To Kill', 'Fighting In Built Up Areas' and others. So now we're let loose on the streets trained to the eyeballs, waiting for a suitable opportunity to let rip."

Does this sound glamorous? It makes me sick and angry because the reality of war is a horrible carnage not an adventure comic or a chance to go "whoring and drinking" with the lads. Be a real man. Learn a trade. Earn money. See the world. It must look good to a lad leaving school with no prospects of going anywhere but the job centre.

But what the ads don't tell you, but this book does, is that if you join the forces you will learn to kill people. You will learn to obey without question. You will be sent to murder or perhaps die for the sake of party propaganda like the Falklands farce, or for a problem like Ireland which can only finally be solved by discussion. Odds are that you *will* come out alive, but at what price?

SHERYL GARRATT

PRINT

A SHARP INTAKE OF DEATH

SALVADOR

by Joan Didion *(Chatto & Windus, £2.95)*

SALVADOR IS the factual account of a summer spent in Hell. Joan Didion, one of America's foremost journalist writers, went to El Salvador in the summer of 1982, and this book is a record of her time there, and the death and decay that she saw.

No string of words, however brilliantly assembled, can capture the full extent of such horror and to her credit Didion makes no bones about the fact. By and large her book is not so much a chronicle of ideas as of experiences and if, at times, it reads more like a list than a narrative then it's because, in an environment infested with suspicion and deceit, the details of time and place very often constitute the only semblance of reality available. Lose that reality and you may lose your mind.

On December 13, 1981, martial law was imposed in Poland and for the next three or four months one might have been forgiven for thinking that nothing else was happening in the world. While saturation coverage was given to the two-hour bread queues and to the disappearance of many of the Poles' favourite sausage-meats from their food shelves, very little was heard in the British media about the daily disappearance of Salvadoran citizens.

In a country where disappearance is pretty much synonymous with death — be it by decapitation, garrotting, or being burned alive by bored members of the security forces — such an attitude was, and is, an abomination: just another nail in the coffin of Britain's pretensions toward any kind of superior political morality.

The latest civil war in Salvador began with the October '79 coup which brought Duarte to power and served as catalyst for US intervention in the country. Since then over forty thousand lives have been lost. The government's human rights record is appalling, yet last summer Thatcher refused to reduce the annual quota of financial aid to that government. It amounted to one hundred and fifty million pounds.

Much of Didion's book has been fashioned around extracts from declassified reports which illustrate the full extent of US involvement — covert and otherwise — in Salvador. Most disturbing of all is the cynical ruthlessness with which Washington accepts the atrocities, pleading with the top brass to exercise more *discretion* in their methods of slaughter: "If you clean up your act, all things are possible," is the way Jeremiah O'Leary, Assistant US Security Advisor, puts it to the Salvadoran high-ups.

Among the one-time confidential US Embassy memos which Didion has managed to secure are those listing the thousands of deaths attributed to the security forces or to 'unknown assailants'. These 'unknown assailants' happen to go round in army uniforms, caressing their beloved American G3 rifles. The civilians have a nickname for them — death squads.

An air of the illusive pervades everything in Salvador. There is time to catch the latest Hollywood video sent down for the news teams, gloat at the televised talent shows or bop to the beat of 'Great Balls Of Fire' in the hotel lobby, while out in the streets gunfire takes the place of birdsong.

It is a hazy, surreal world, where truth and meaning are purely situational. Uncertainty rules even the most intrinsic elements of existence. Just because you think you're well-in with a gang of troops holed up in the next village brothel, doesn't mean tomorrow won't find you a corpse on top of the local rubbish tip.

"Terror," we are informed, "is the given of the place." If you want to paint a picture of Salvador you only need one colour — red. Didion's prose cuts deep. Everything about her picture of the place seems to define truth as something to be mocked and scourged until it too bows in obeisance to the necessities of survival. No one with a conscience will read it without feeling shame.

Political solutions are ten a penny but none of them seem to work. Didion doesn't pretend that she has any to offer. In October '82, while she was completing her book, press offices in San Salvador were raided by machine-gun toting members of the Salvadoran National Police and 15 leaders of legally recognised political and labour groups opposing the regime disappeared. That same week the Reagan camp claimed it had "turned the corner" in its campaign for political stability in Central America.

VIV FONGENIE

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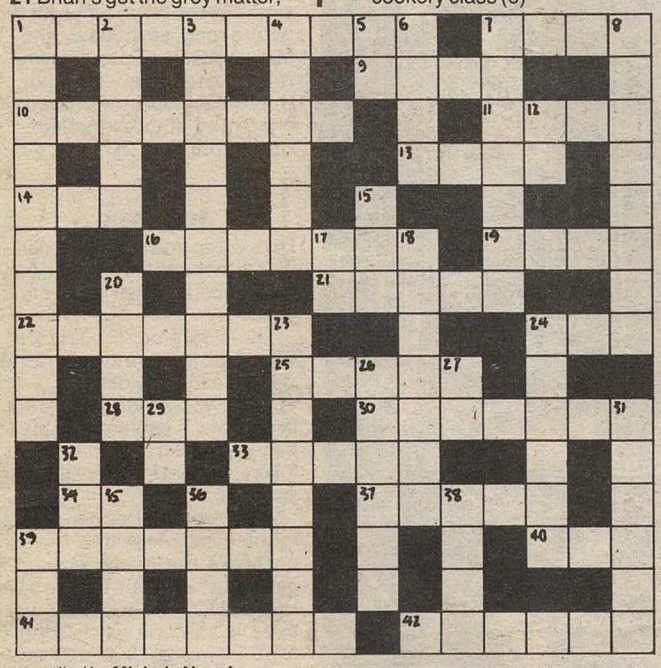
24 Stop at Marilyn's film for where Paul Simon's Gus gets on (3)
25 Ancient history, spooky denture (5)
28 Crass Libertine (3)
30 Once launched Soviet bound rocket. Stateside of course (7)
33 Taking quiet, obscure and adolescent polaroids in the land of the rising sun (5)
34 Anderson and Savalas pose questions of probability (2)
37 Snazzy dread (5)
39 see 6D
40 A Cab (3)
41 Eddy bops to the bomb (3,5)
42 Human League in their first cookery class (6)



compiled by **Michele Noach**

CLUES DOWN

1 Forbidden fruit time for old Joy and Clockwork Orange outfit (10)
2 Consumming and once very young punk punk punk band (5)
3 and 31D Sniffing glue has disastrous effects on Fun Boy Three (3,4,3,6)
4 Smack, having a similar effect on Lou, leaves him weighed down (6)
5 A radio for the people. Man. (1,1)
6 and 39A Manual instructions for fascination (4,7)
7 Doin' it for Jesus, in true Dada style (7)
8 see 1A
12 Chap who was born to run (to the river). Initials (1,1)
15 4 Down's most energetic song has the initials of the basics of education (1,1,1)
17 Hot Chocolate's front man. You guessed it, initials (1,1)
18 Carlos, a welcome amigo (7)
20 Pablo Porthos expires in front of us (1,3)
23 Music/'Lines'/'To Hell' (8)
24 Those responsible for putting a brown girl in the ring (5,1)
26 My clockwork agent drinks juice (6)
27 Service/Prison (1,1)
29 Schneider type, Bowie genus (2)
31 see 3D
32 Ten years ago you knew what to do with yellow ribbons and a tree (3)
35 Heads musicphobia (4)
36 One-time Sellers sweetheart, due for some London shows and certainly a famous daughter (4)
38 Three in a band is as easy as da da da (4)
39 These are not just our last days (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. We Are Detective, 9. TRB, 11. Never, 12. Give Me Fire, 14. Yardbirds, 16. Changeling, 18. Wishing, 20. Rossi, 21. Lopez, 23. Gruppo, 24. Ernie, 25. Ian Page, 27. Toys, 29 + 45A. Julian Holland, 32. Music, 33. Eel, 34. See 22D, 35. ORS, 36. Your, 38. Gee, 39 + 40A, Steve Severin, 42. Echo, 44. Tattoo You, 45. See 29A.

DOWN: 1. Wendy O. Williams, 2. Adverts, 3. Ear, 4 + 10D. Edgar Broughton, 5. Elvis Costello, 6. Temptation, 7. EMI, 8. Step, 10. See 4D, 13. Fad Gadget, 15. Blitz, 17. See 22D, 19. Grace Jones, 22 + 34A + 17D. Punishment Of Luxury, 26. ABC, 28 + 35D. Only Ones, 30. Nesmith, 31. Torch, 35. See 28D, 37. O'Dell, 38. Geno, 39. Set, 41. Eno, 43. OMD.

MAIL ORDER
ADS IN NME
ARE READ BY MORE
PEOPLE THAN THOSE
IN ANY OTHER
MUSIC WEEKLY
Source NRS Jan/June 1982

record NEWS

● An English-language version of 'Major Tom' by German singer and writer **Perer Schilling** is being issued by WEA International on May 27. It's been No.1 in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and has sold over a million in Europe.
● Fast-rising Leeds group **The Three Johns** release a five-track EP this weekend — it's called 'Men Like Monkeys', which is also the main track. It's on CNT Productions, through Rough Trade and The Cartel.
● This weekend, Illegal Records release a 12-inch version of the current **Crown Of Thorns** single 'Kingdom Come', and it contains three extra tracks — 'Guns In The Name Of God', 'Gone Are The Days' and 'The Treatment'.
● **Ruby Turner** has a new single 'Every Soul'/'The First Step' out on Sunflower Records, a label based in her home town of Birmingham. National distribution is by Pinnacle.

● **Karen O'Connor** is the blonde girl who featured in the Adam Ant 'Prince Charming' video, and this weekend she makes her own recording debut with 'Girl In The Uniform', which she co-wrote with Philip Jap. It's on the Legacy label.
● PRT release six more ten-inch albums in their DOW series, each featuring eight classic tracks by the artists concerned — who are **The Kinks, Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels, Tommy James & The Shondells, The Foundations, Sandie Shaw** and **Lovin' Spoonful.** The suggested retail price is £2.49.
● Sheffield-based **Floy Joy**, currently a trio but soon to augment to a five-piece, release their first single through Virgin on May 20 — '(Hear Me Calling) Answer Through Me'/'All Cats Are Grey'. Also available in extended 12-inch format.
● Two Polydor singles out this week are 'The Prize' by **Impulse** (7" and 12") and 'Just A Day Away' by **Barclay James Harvest** (also available as a limited edtion picture disc). They are followed on May 20 by 'Love Town' by **Booker T. Newberry III** (already a hot import) and 'The Other Side' by five-piece rock band **Stampede.**
● Editions EG (through Polydor) release a new album by trumpeter **Jon Hassell** titled 'Aka/Darbari/Java', integrating musical elements from Africa, Java, India and Hollywood. On the Polydor label itself, there's the **Jonzun Crew** LP 'Lost In Space'. Both albums are out this weekend.
● **Natalie Cole** has signed to Epic Records, and is currently recording her debut album for the label in Los Angeles with producer Stanley Clarke. It's due for summer release.
● Ex-Boomtown Rats guitarist **Gerry Cott** releases a solo single on Epic this week, 'Pioneers'/'Anchor Man'. A debut solo album is planned for the autumn.
● **The Laughing Clowns** have a three-track 12-inch single issued by Red Flame records this week featuring 'Everything That Flies', 'The Year Of The Bloated Goat' and 'Knife In The Head'. Their album 'Laughter Around The Table' is scheduled for late May.
● Two hot imports are now released here on the Streetwave label, through PRT — 'Mr. D.J.' by **Wish** and 'In The Bottle' by **C.O.D.** Both are also available in 12-inch form, incorporating added megamix versions of the main titles.
● **The Duplicates,** a London band currently working in Berlin, have signed to Shout Records and will have an album out in the near future. This week, the same label issues the album 'Industrial Warfare' by **The Headhunters.**

TWISTED SISTER have a new single issued by Atlantic on May 20, taken from their current album and titled 'The Kids Are Back'. The seven-inch B-side is a previously unissued live track recorded at London Marquee in March, 'Shoot 'Em Down' — and the 12-inch B-side features three different live tracks, 'What You Don't Know Sure Can Hurt You', 'Bad Boys Of Rock'n'Roll' and 'Run For Your Life'.

ERIC CLAPTON has a new single released on May 20 by Duck Records (through Warners), and both tiltes are lifted from his current EP 'Money And Cigarettes' — they are 'Slow Down Linda' and 'Crazy Country Hop'.

DON HENLEY, former Eagles vocalist and drummer, releases his new single 'The Unclouded Day' on May 20 on the Asylum label. And on the same day PATRICK SIMMONS, ex-Doobie Brothers guitarist and vocalist, has his debut solo single 'So Wrong' out on the Elektra label. Both these singles are available in 7" and 12" formats.

SUNFIRE follow their recent 'Young, Free And Single' hit with a new single on Warners called 'Step In The Light'. It's an editied version of a track from their debut album, though the full-length version is also available in 12-inch format.

THE POLICE have a new single titled 'Every Breath You Take' issued by A&M on May 20 — it's a foretaste of their upcoming album 'Synchronicity', due out in June, but the B-side 'Muder By Numbers' is not on the LP.

DAVID ESSEX releases the follow-up to his successful 'A Winter's Tale' on Phonogram this weekend — again produced and arranged by Mike Batt, it's called 'The Smile', also available in extended 12-inch form. The B-side is the self-penned 'Slave'.

AGNETHA from Abba releases her first solo album 'Wrap Your Arms Around Me' on Epic on June 3. The 12-track set was recorded in Abba's own Stockholm studios, and produced by Mike Chapman. It's preceded this weekend by a single from the LP, titled 'The Heat Is On'.

RAY CHARLES has two albums of 1949 recordings issued at budget price this month by IMS, the import branch of Polygram — 'Here I Am' was recorded with various personnel, while 'What Is Life' is a collection of blues tracks. Same label issues a MUD album featuring their versions of '50s and '60s oldies, two of which — 'Lipstick On Your Collar'/'Don't Ever Change' — will be released as a single.

ALTERED IMAGES return to the disc scene with a new single 'Bring Me Closer'/'Surprise', issued by Epic tomorrow (Friday). The band's third album, produced by Tony Visconti and Mike Chapman, is scheduled for mid-June release.

DIONNE WARWICK has a new single 'I'll Never Love This Way Again' released by Arista (7" and 12"), to coincide with her UK tour opening this week — it was produced by Barry Manilow and first appeared on her 1979 album 'Dionne'. It's also included in the newly released album 'Dionne Warwick — The Collection'. The B-side of the single is a live medley of some of her biggest hits.

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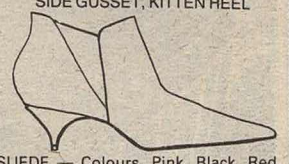

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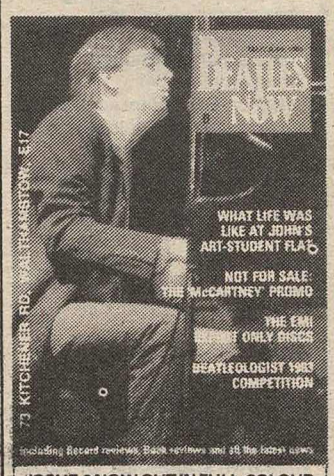
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SERVICES RENDERED

How nice of Don Watson to make his mates from Leeds, March Violets and Sisters Of Mercy, singles of the week.

Anybody who has encountered these 'humans' first hand will know that their respective Birthday Party and Bauhaus imitations are DROSS.

Still, it should be worth a drink or two for Don down at the Warehouse or La Phonographique.

Jason, (ex-of Bradford).

Actually you're wrong Jason. For making them 'singles of the week' Don accrued six grammes of coke and a Suzuki 750 (HM joke!). Sadly that's only little league stuff — Julie Burchill copped the complete works of Lenin for her services to Explainer whilst Paul Morley has the keys to a nifty little Puma chopper for his favours to the Joy Division collection. — DD

ON EVERYBODY'S MIND...

What is the meaning of the line: "You're about as easy as a Nuclear War"? Is this the return of the *social awareness* equalled only by the observation that: "This is Planet Earth"?

Is it really only several months to the year of the telescreen?

H. Pollock, Girotown, London E5.

No. In reality it's only several weeks to the month of the telescreen. Remember voters — June 9th is your lucky day. Win a super, colour 'telescreen' only with your VFM Conservative party. — DD

AND EVERYBODY'S LIPS...

Is it true that wearing trousers 'inside-out' gives relief to sufferers of genital herpes? Is there any evidence for this or is it just another sore point? Are there any problems with the rivets? Does this technique save on clothes washing?

If you have any information on these burning questions, please give a cool serious reply — so that I may pass it on to my patients.

Doctor Spot, The Clinic, Dunstable, Beds.

PS: If your answer is positive, please can you include advice on doing up the 'flies' — or is it best to dispense with these altogether?

Recent research into this remedy for herpes sufferers proves that it's a rash answer to an itching question. For a cool cure we suggest Lemon-AIDS which is quite colourful and a lot easier to get rid of. — DD

YOU DO CALL THEM SPANDY DONTCHA?

With Gary Kemp so much in the news at the moment, Brian has told me to write to you. He hopes that what I'm about to bring to your attention will gain us some publicity and bring some new customers to the garage. And does he need them? (Am I allowed to start a sentence with 'and'? And do I need a question mark at the end of a rhetorical question? I think that's what they're called. I heard Ken Barlow use it once. I don't know if he'd approve of me writing to a music paper what with the new disco and all that).

Anyway, Brian wonders if you've noticed the striking resemblance between the Kemp mouth and chin region and my own. Personally, I can't remember the last time Brian looked at me long enough to realize that I'm still alive, let alone discover such an obscure and unimportant resemblance.

Still, Brian seems to think that I should tell you. He has some strange ideas sometimes. I think he's working too hard, and he says I'm not feeding him properly. He can be very demanding at times, you know.

Gail Tilsley, Coronation Street.

PS: I'm writing this at Ivy's so it'll be a surprise for my Brian, although you know what Ivy's like. She's almost as bad as Hilda sometimes. She doesn't half go on.

Yeah. I know what it feels like. By the way you're not implying that Gary is 'chinless'? Are you? — DD

At last it's Number One — Spandau Ballet. But oh, that line: "Listening to Marvin *all* night long." Look, I saw the film, and nobody listens to Lee Marvin *all* night long! Remember *Paint Your Wagon* from which comes the Spands and Marvin's hit 'Wandrin' Star' and soon after 'Paint Me Wagon' (or was it 'Paint Me Down'), paint me uncle's fence more like! Another first for film buffs.

Mick Hobbs, Aylesbury, Bucks.

PS: You do call him Marvy don't you?

Andy Gill reckons you call him Marvel but that's a bit milky so you can call him Marvy if you want. By the way you've hit the wrong road, as they say, the Marvin that the Spandies are referring to is Marvin Hagler, the current World Middleweight champion. Another first for boxing buffs. — DD

THE GOOD...

Here we go again. Another case of 'We featured them before they were famous. When they were good!'

The latest group to suffer are Wah! First they are accused of a cop-out over the video (an apology was hidden away at the bottom of a *T-zers* column) and now something really hard to follow (or more to the point, make sense of).

Wah! "cribbed Kevin's ideas", to quote Paolo Hewitt in his piece on Dexy's. Had it not been so pathetic a statement I would have found it funny. Over the last two — three years I have watched the *NME* get worse (OK it's still the best) and now in some articles we see sensationalism creeping in (re Spandau piece, also by Hewitt).

I'm not naive enough to think that this will make you look at how things are done but maybe you'll print the truth about Wah! and groups like them who won't shit on their fans because they've a hit record. Oh for the days of Paul Morley.

The Maverick, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria.

Well, Maverick, you have my heartfelt sympathy. To make amends we're going to arrange for Pete and the boys to come down and shit all over you. By the way, never trust an *NME* journalist. — DD

THE BAD...

Once again Mr Morley has let us down.

Sandra Fenniak, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

I warned you. I really did warn you. — DD

THE UGLY...

Congratulations on printing the most inaccurate pile of shit I have ever read in any of the pox-riddled capitalist press. Just what have you sour old bastards got against OMD?

'Dazzle Ships' is a masterpiece. On the three times that I have seen them on this tour they were brilliant. Truth is, if it were not for jaundiced, pretentious twats like yourselves the world would be a better place.

Thomas Paine, Sheffield.

And presumably without people like yourself. — DD

AND THE DEAD?

I live in Luton. There, I've said it. I've said it. I've laid my cards on the table. I've admitted to an obvious lack of artistic understanding. I have stated my handicap.

Lou Town, 123 Vauxhall Street, Bogsville.

Succinct, witty, sharp and probably true. — DD

Illustration Peter Muller

MONSTERFESTO

Politics offers no solution to any problems, Labour are equally as bad as the Tories — there is *no difference* between them — and the SDP are saying loads of profound bullshit, praying to God they won't get elected as they don't quite know what to do.

If you've seen reality, travelled the world and seen *real* deprivation and poverty, you know what a load of crap politics is and how totally unconcerned with people politicans and parties are.

What's my answer? Vote Monster Raving Loony to show those twats what we think of them and pray that someone with real vision (not tunnel) will come along.

Tim Cully, Church Crookham, Hants.

Speaking for myself (and other closet loonies at the office) I have travelled the world, I have seen real poverty and deprivation and I have decided; from now on I'm going to vote Monster Raving Loony. Tim, you're right, you really are right. — DD

WHEN ELECTION?

THE PARTY OF MODERATE PROGRESS WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE LAW

We, the august central planning committee of the PMP, wish through the columns of your esteemed newspaper to bring up our startling new proposals for solving the world's problems.

The greatest minds in our party have studied long into the night in fetid garrets raking through the bowels of half-digested economic philosophy to bring this pearl before the likes of you.

As with all great ideas this is simple minded; we intend to introduce a *sliding scale of time*!!! To elucidate, society is torn between the haves and the have nots or to be more precise, the *rate* of having or having nothing! If for example a poor person bought a pint of beer for 73p per second then he is spending his money at the rate of 73 times the number of seconds in the year; that is twenty three million pounds in a year. Now, if people earning large amounts of money have the number of seconds in their year reduced in proportion, then everybody will earn 23 million a year. (Simple, isn't it?)

However, don't let our prospective voter go away with the idea that that's all there is to this wonderful new theory; take if you will the case of a very rich person whose hour equals one year at the poor person's rate. It follows that in a little over one week his working life would be over, he would moreover owe a lifetime's taxes. If the tax payable were to be dealt with in any one month then this would represent an increase in productivity of some 60,000% by the Inland Revenue and without doubt the slashing of unemployment at a stroke.

Won't the longevity of the rich stir up resentment amongst the poor, we hear you say? No, is our answer. To the poor the rich will appear incredibly slow (eg House of Lords), highly taxed and given amazingly long prison sentences when up in front of the beak. Of course, we know this to be absurd but strange things occur in economic relativism. (Historical note: from radiocarbon dating of the thigh bone of Cro-Magnon man and our economic theory we estimate he made approximately £12,000 p.a. with £3,000 held in a company pension scheme taxable at 25%. This has been confirmed by fossilized cheque stubs found by Dr Leakey in Africa).

To the rich, on the other hand, the poor will seem very fast indeed; it follows that the richer one is the faster one's dustbins would be emptied.

Now the scientifical types among you, thinking ahead, might ask the question, what if a filthy rich person were to buy a pint of beer from a filthy poor one? A good question, and we're glad you put it; not here 73p per second but 73p times infinity; it is a sobering thought that we have entered the realms of quantum economics and the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. We take a humble pride in being so uncertain that we don't know what we're doing at all. And surely, dear voter, we are the only party to say that.

The first meeting prior to the general election will be held in the Bridge Hotel on:

Saturday 1983 (unwaged and OAPs)

Saturday 2047 (£10,000-£40,000 income bracket)

Judgement Day (NCB directors, tennis players, Shergar)

WHAT WE STAND FOR

1. Sliding scale of time.
2. Massive pay rises for all civil servants involved with drawing up the electoral register.
3. The retention of only those laws which people enjoy breaking.
4. Yachting marinas in all riot-torn areas and vice versa.
5. Total equality where this does not offend against the status quo.

I'd liked to have commented on this letter but unfortunately being very rich I'm now redundant (thank God!). — DD

THE TRUTH

Attila The Stockbroker is as divorced from the English language as the *NME* is from relevance.

Lucian Pollington, 68 Losne Road, Bath, Avon.

Exactly! As I was saying to Don 'Charlie' Watson over a line of the old snort, I said: "Don, we are divorcees in the registry office of relevance!" Clever that — nearly bleedin' relevant even. — DD

DOCTOR SEX

Dear Tracie, I've decided. I want to make, mad, passionate, kinky sex with you.

Tucker (Possible spelling mustake here?), Filton, Bristol.

But what about the single? — DD

CONSUMERISTS AND CONMERCHANTS

In your 'Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer' we don' t want to read a list of bourgeois likes and dislikes with the same things coming up week after week. (Italian food, *Coronation Street*, Hippies, Beatles, bad breath, Arthur Koestler, not getting up, not getting it up etc, etc).

It's generally an excuse for some dullards to indulge themselves in being 'witty' or 'arty'. What we want to know is what our idols put into their shopping trolleys at Safeway, what they'd plump for in a MacDonalds, what size and brand underwear they buy, and where they go on holidays etc etc. It'd be a damn sight more interesting, nine times out of ten, than listening to their boring old records.

Deng Xiao-ping, Acton, West London.

Come on now Deng, you don't actually believe that since the Cultural Revolution *STARS* do their own shopping? Or, horror of horrors, they indulge in such blatantly capitalist fantasies as 'underwear'? Where have you been living? The Walled City or somewhere? — DD

Further proof that anything to do with Paul Weller is moronic:

Most people would have trouble in selecting just a few favourite 45s: Not Tracie! (Portrait Of The Artist (?) As A Consumer) — she has so few she has to invent them. 'Broken Man' by Q Tips has only ever been released on vinyl once and that was on the 'Live At Last' album, not as a single. Who's she trying to impress? Perhaps her Mr. 'Some Kinda Wonderful', Paul Young? By now, he's probably thinking she's as dopey as she sounds.

The Bracknell Bitch, Reading.

PS: I saw her drooling in the front row of Paul Young's Venue gig. The things she'll say just to get his trousers off.

But what about her voice? — DD

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T-ZERS

THE GENERAL *T-Zers* Election will be during opening hours on Thursday June 9.

This announcement signalling the great new struggle for political power on the last page was issued by the **Rt.Hon. Lord 'Ron' Teaser** after a hastily convened cabinet session in The Sun And Thirteen Cantons this afternoon...

The official statement said: "The TM has today asked the **Queeny (Neil Spencer)** to proclaim the Dissolution of The *T-Zers* column. His Majesty has been graciously pleased (a number of times) to signify that he will comply with this request."

The announcement came as the climax in a day of fast-moving low-life drama at the *NME* offices.

First there was a special meeting of the cocktail cabinet. With the glow of gossip in his eyes, the *T-Zers* Minister told the **Dots** that the die was cast, the beer was open and the 'fancy' cigarettes were in the draw nearest to the Lego box. It was his decision that they should all get 'right out of their boxes'. They concurred.

The Cocktail Cabinet session lasted just four rounds of *Killer Zombies* — long enough to make emergency arrangements for completing this week's tome of lies and slanders and for Lord 'Ron' to wish his Dots 'luck' as they prepare to go over the top in their character assassinations and other such muck-raking activities.

The Cocktail Cabinet was dry by noon and after a quick talk with **Sir Well Ropey Baker** about his chances of obtaining 'some of the authentic gear', the TM was in the loos with **Mr. Parkinsons**, the Doti Party chairwoman. On returning from the third cubicle along the Teaser Minister sent rude letters about the election to *Gasbag* and the *Live!* section. Mr. Parkinsons was left to tell the leaders of the small sections including the *Silver Screen's* **Andy Gillkins.**

Comrades, the fight for the freedom to tell wapping great fibs about famous people is on. Join the Doti Party in this noble crusade. Help us to lie to you! Like this...

NOTED MANCHESTER City supporter (snicker) **Kevin Cummins** wishes it to be known that, contrary to vicious rumour, he did not record the *whole* of Radio Two's Saturday evening *Sports Report* via transatlantic telephone in a New York hotel room, sponsored by Virgin Records. "I only taped half-an-hour's worth of results and reports," quoth our Kevin. "I was a bit worried that the guy from Virgin in New York might have been a bit upset," he continued, "given that he had to foot the bill (about £60). But he seemed quite keen to listen to it as well."

Who was that drunken rat? This was the question reverberating around Bayswater's puzzled Columbia hotel the night after the **Birthday Party**'s adieu to the Poms bash. At the tail end of the proceedings, *NME* photographer **Bleddyn Butcher** and **Fiat Lux** members **Steve Wright** and **Ian Nelson** were astounded to discover someone even drunker than themselves. After failing dismally in their attempts to revive the totally insensible young man, the tipsy trio had no option but to lug his catatonic form towards a vacant bed. With difficulty, our Three Musketeers delivered the gentleman, somewhat damaged in carriage, to the room of the third Fiat Lux member **David Crickmore,** who was rather un-nerved to find this foreign form in the neighbouring bed the next morning. All enquiries as to the identity of this young stranger were met with evasion until the exasperated Crickmore handed him three pound notes and urged the lad to take himself elsewhere, which he promptly did. The question being asked at *T-Zers,* however, is this: has our erstwhile structuralist stringer **Ian Penman** — for, yes, it was he — fallen on such hard times that he has to receive handouts from dodgy synth-poppers? And, if so, will lovable **Lon** still be able to afford a weekly visit to the barbershop for a short back and **Tin-Tin?** And where does all this fit in the **Nietzschian** theory? The Dots don't know but I think we should be told...

Q: What do the well-dressed producer and bassman about town do while their recording engineer completes the tedious task of perfecting the drum sound? A: They nip out and shop for clothes...spotted assembling their new summer collection at London's fastest-growing attire emporium Demob when they should really have been busying themselves on the fifth **Madness** album in nearby Air Studios were nutty bassist **Mark Bedford** and producer **Clive Langer.** Clive went for a pair of chic black strides while Mark's fashion tips extended to a natty new range of African shirts. Bedders is also set to turn his own production talents towards Camden's fast-rising **Flips**, hotly-tipped by diminutive pub rock correspondent **Adrian Thrills** in a recent live review. Back in the nutty bunker, meanwhile, things are running well — the sessions for the new LP are proving fruitful, a new single is finished and ready for release while self-styled recluse and man of mystery **Mike Barson** is *not* leaving the band. Their appearance at the weekend's CND rally was also a success. Says Bedders: "We went down well but, to be honest, I was shitting myself before we went onstage. I haven't been so nervous about a set for years..."

Not so nervous these days is **Country Jock McDonald**, however, who is over in New York on **Bollock Bros** biz. His weekly *T-Zer*, though, is still present and correct and this week concerns **Michael Fagan**, whose touching tribute to the Royal Family has already been banned by the Beeb. Apparently the producer's panel at Radio One felt that airing the masterpiece might cost them their jobs. Undeterred by the thumbs-down from the jocks, Jock has already persuaded Fagan into recording a follow-up, a computerised verion of 'Pretty Vacant'...

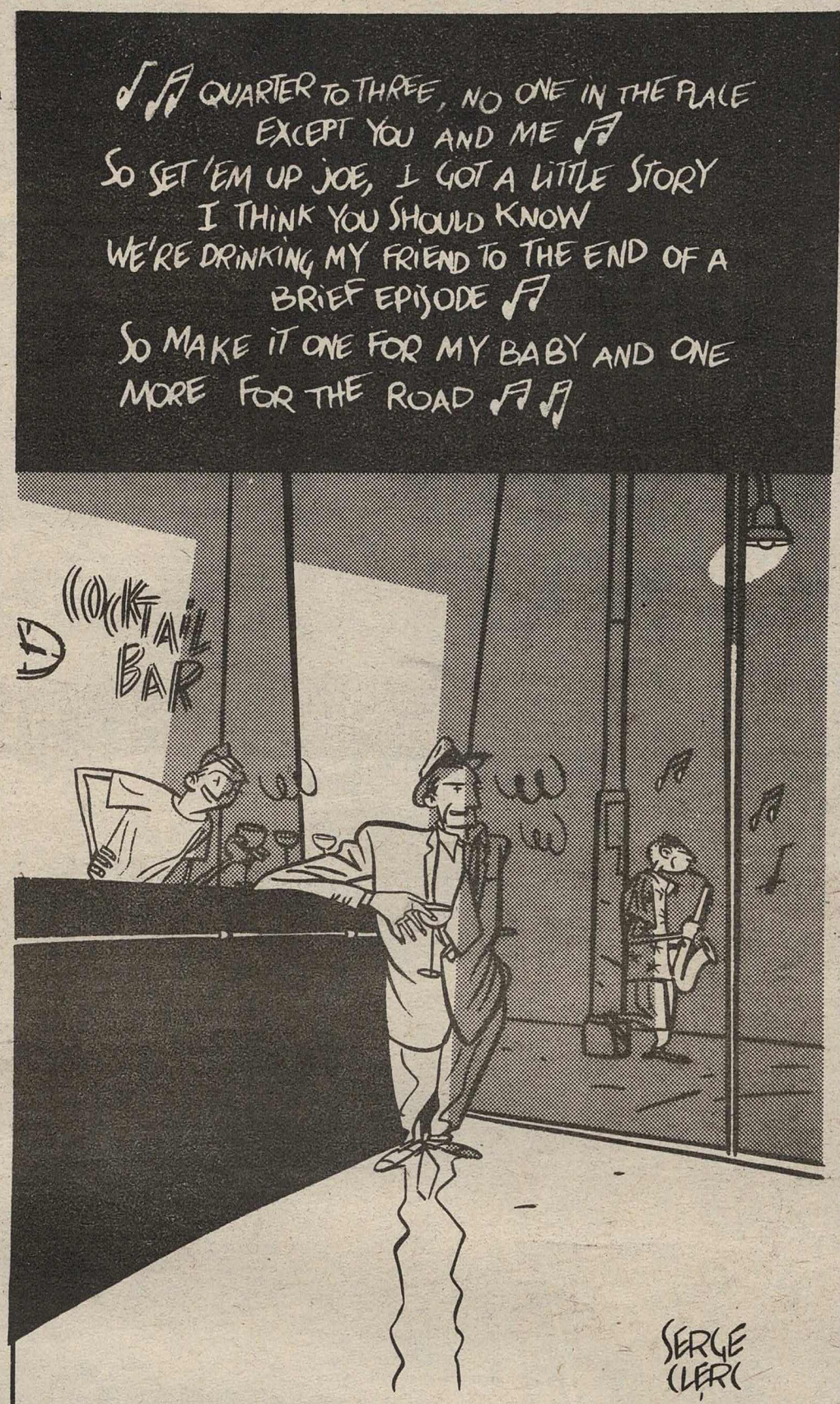
In their latest move to find a scapegoat for poor sales, the film and music industries have joined forces to try and push a bill through parliament outlawing the sale and manufacture of tape machines and video recorders! Though it is highly unlikely to succeed, the bill is due to go to committee stage sometime after the General Election. Proposed by **Lord Ted Willis** — the creator of *Dixon Of Dock Green* — the bill seeks to amend the copyrights act by banning video recorders and preventing libraries from lending records and tapes...

Glasgow's Ultratheque nightclub have invited **Rusty Egan** north of the border to deejay a night of tribute to The Palace. Among the guests are **Paul Haig** and two fashion shows, although noted royalist Michael Fagan is not on the bill...

More bizarre trendsetting is scheduled to take place at this year's Alternative Fashion Show at St Martin's School of Art. Of the 35 new designers taking part, one — **Mike Hughes** — has initiated a range of 'Zoo' suits, comprising Elephant trousers and Giraffe jackets, all designed for London electro-pop band **Dance On A Telephone**...

SHOCK! HORROR! Sex in chains! Scandal! *The News Of The Girls* is pursuing a story that **Boy George** and **Dirk Brandon** used to "go out together". George's response (or was it Dirk's?) "Not true. Still, I've been trying to get this kind of publicity for years. Can you make sure I get the front page?" Cheeky S.O.D...

And now the true, behind-the-scenes story of how a humble weekly soap opera became the greatest figure to bestride television and ruler of the most glorious Empire the BBC has ever known. We refer of course to that remarkable show


QUARTER TO THREE, NO ONE IN THE PLACE EXCEPT YOU AND ME
SO SET 'EM UP JOE, I GOT A LITTLE STORY I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW
WE'RE DRINKING MY FRIEND TO THE END OF A BRIEF EPISODE
SO MAKE IT ONE FOR MY BABY AND ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD
COCKTAIL BAR
SERGE CLERC

Top Of The Hit List. The most popular girl at the bash was Leaguette **Susanne Surly**, who was seen flirting with all and sundry and being dragged off into the lift (finally) by **Mr. Steve 'Sundry' Wright**...

Those who came to better fates included the lovely **Ingrid Iceburger**, the **Fun Boy 3** backing singer. Ingrid had to be poured into a taxi after attempting to break **Bananarama's** land speed supping record at *TOTP's* 1000th birthday shindig...

The Decline Of The Great, Part 1: It seems that dinky little **Nicky Heyward** has been driven to drink after the failure of his group **Hairrollers 1000**. He was spotted only last Sunday at **Ronnie Scott's** during a **Taxidermist Nightlife** gig crying into his pint mug of lemonade. Rumours are flying through the air at the moment as to the possibility of him having a **Makka** type love child hidden away in South London. Can it be true?...

On the subject of children, why won't **Chrissie Hynde** allow her record company to release the name of her baby daughter? (*I can get you a bootleg of that for a couple of quid — **Roy Carr***) After all the truth about little **Ermentrude's** moniker is bound to come out one day...(on pink vinyl Disco Mix, we hope)...

The Decline Of The Great, Part 2: Proteus Books, publishers of numerous rock tomes, are rumoured to be closing down, due to debts of over £2 million. Distraught hacks are even now wandering the streets of Soho, their pitiful cries of "Spare change?" rising through the clamour of the hustings for the *T-Zer's* Election...

OH WOE is *T-Zer's!* For while **Paul Du Noyer** fiddles, Liverpool burns. It appears that a 'mystery fire' has destroyed The Warehouse (often known as Club Fiasco), the town's leading club gig. Curiouser and curiouser...days later, Adam's Club just around the corner from said charcoal tip also went up in smoke (reputedly during a **Flamin' Groovies** set). Meanwhile the local Dingwalls has closed for sinister 'alterations' after a shaky few months. This all follows the closure of top pub venue, The Masonic, for live music. Is the **Beatles** backlash finally coming home? Has the Mersey Beat scene drawn the short straw in Britain's musical lottery? Who knows? Who cares? One thing we are sure of though is that there is nothing now to keep the scallies off the streets...

And now we go to sunnier, more exotic climes...yes, Bolton, where the **Wasted Youth** fan club now numbers seven. Could this herald a major World Tour for the group in the Spring? We hope not...

A country not quite as tropical as Bolton is Taiwan. Interesting that, innit? In this land of golden beaches and island paradises (cue **Alan Whicker**) the locals are becoming increasingly concerned with the state of Western Pop Music. To liven things up a bit these inscrutable orientals have taken to translating the names of Occidental bands into their own nippy Chinese dialect. For instance, **Blondie** translates as 'Golden-Haired Rock Queen Singing Group', **Human League** as 'Men Race Club Singing Group', **Tom Tom Club** as 'New Wave Band' and their single, the very popular 'Wordy Rappinghood' as 'Nonsense'. We are still waiting with bated egg foo yongs as to their versions of **Kajagoogoo** (probably 'More Nonsense'), **Duran Duran** (probably 'Nonsense Nonsense') and **Culture Club** (maybe 'Nonsense You Bet' but more probably 'Black-Haired Rock Queen Singing Group'.) We may *never* find out what **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** means and if they're lucky neither will they...

Shut-That-Bloody-Bass-Up Dept: it transpires that up and coming (soon, hopefully) supa group **Death Cult** have now found a new bass man...and a drummer. **Ritual** meantime have split (probably into **Rit** and **Ual**) after losing their drummer and their guitarist (who also plays bass)...could it be...only time will tell ('cos we're not telling ya!)...

The Associates (*I told you* nobody *remembers them—Ed*) are all still alive. There, I've said it. Oh, you want more?...well **Alan Rankine** (the one with the satin dress) is producing Virgin's big (as in BIG) investment band the **Pink Showers**. **Billy Idol** (the one without the satin dress) is now under the mixing desk of erstwhile knob twiddler **Martin Rushemthru**. Long may he remain there...

Others who may well be featured (and not before time) in this regular new space include **Jerry Lee Lewis** who owes a lot (as in LOT) of mazooma to the ole US taxman. So much in fact that they are considering auctioning his 'famous' Baby Doll Piano...

But remember to *abolish* taxes, bombs, work, school, **Billy Idol**, insect life, prunes and waiting for buses, vote *Doti*. It's a promise...

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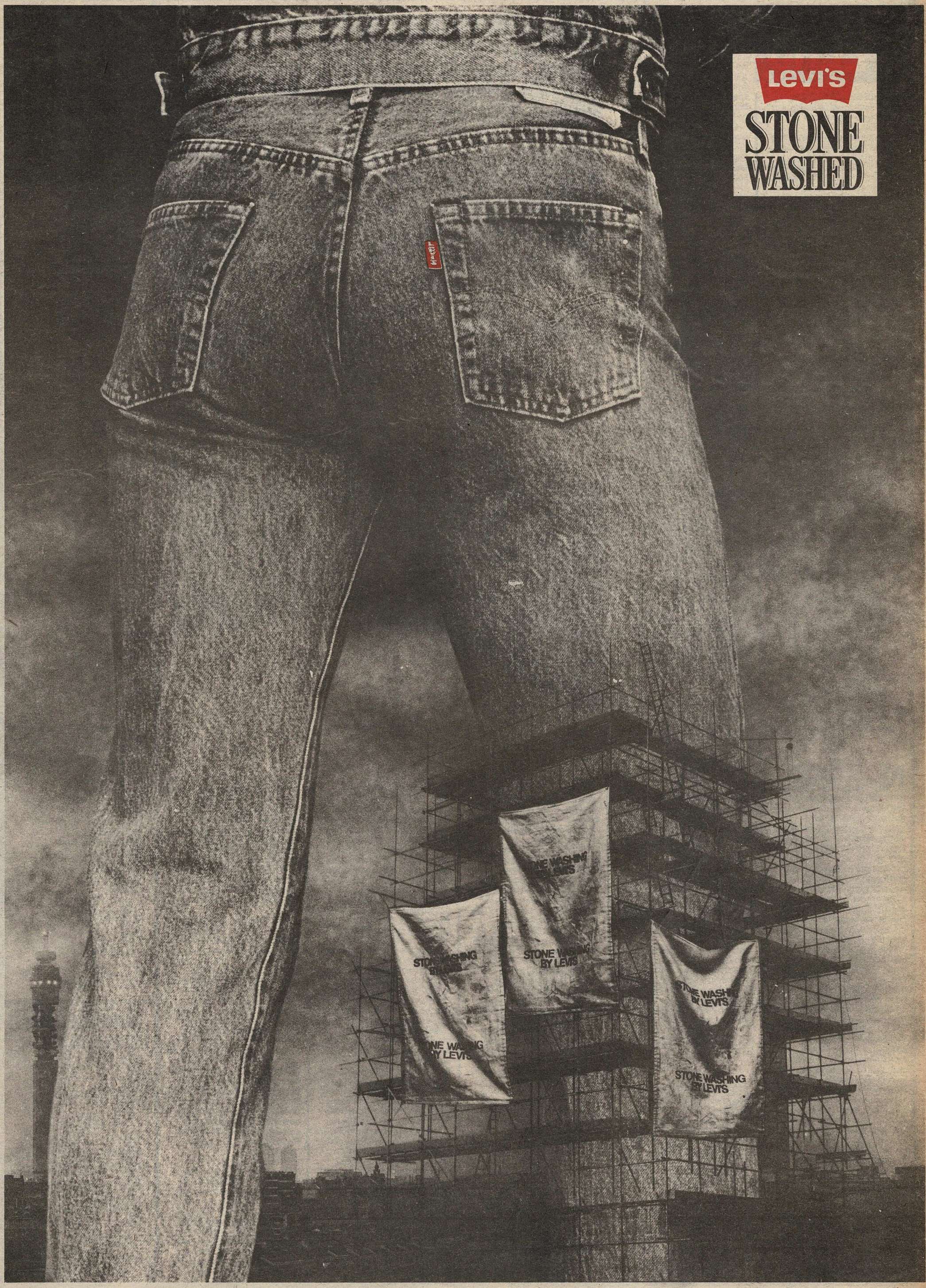
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